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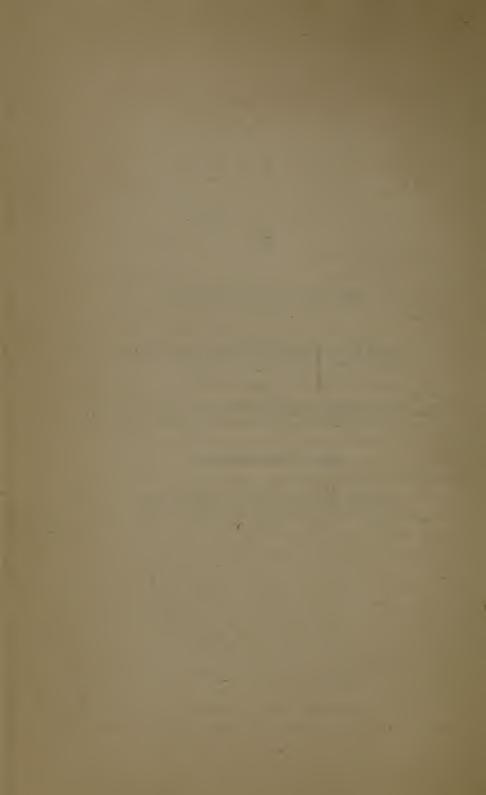
My Old and Dear Friend,

LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK,

MY DAILY COMPANION DURING THE PROGRESS OF THIS WORK,

IT IS, WITH PROPRIETY,

Most Affectionately Inscribed.





To Louis GAYLORD CLARK:

MY DEAR FRIEND: Inasmuch as you stand responsible for the Dedication of this book, you also must endure the Preface. You watched the growth of this volume, and the toilsome study by which it increased, and was at length finished. Therefore, I naturally say to you the one or two things that have come into my mind about it.

Many will say, "What on earth is wanted of a new life of MARY. Queen of Scots?—what new thing can be said about her?" I answer, the contents of nearly five hundred letters and state papers, since the discovery of which no one has written, or attempted to write about MARY, except excellent and faithful AGNES STRICKLAND, and her work is not yet complete. A Muscovite noble, of all men. the Prince Alexander Labanoff de Rostoff, has collected from royal libraries, university archives, state-paper offices, records of private families, and other sources, nearly eight hundred papers relative to, or written by, the unfortunate Princess. He has found hitherto unheard-of cotemporary memoirs and private correspondence, which, but for him, would still have been slumbering in the dust of Italian, and French, and Austrian family-record rooms. He gives in his seven splendid octavos all these papers in their originals, or in certified copies in Latin, Italian, quaint old French. and quainter old Scottish and English. To those volumes, as you know, I am chiefly in lebted for anything new I have to say about my subject.

Two other things I have also endeavored to do: To show that with reference to the murder of DARNLEY, and the crimes con-

PREFACE.

nected with it, of which MARY STUART is even yet, ignorantly or maliciously, accused, she was prosecuted by her deadliest male enemy, MURRAY, before her deadliest female enemy, ELIZABETH TUDOR: and, although denied admittance to the presence of her judge, although refused a sight of the criminating papers, and never confronted with her accusers or their witnesses, still she was tried, declared by that high, inimical court spotlessly innocent; and the absurd papers, prepared to work her ruin, were thrown out of court!

Yet, on those discarded papers, in spite of that rendered verdict, have after writers, since her death, built up new structures of calumny, which have passed, and do pass with the world, for history. Mr. Abbot and Charles Dickens take them, and either unwilling or too idle to inquire into their truth, re-produce them for children, and prejudice their young, pure hearts against as gentle and stainless a lady as God ever made. In his new book, Dr. Doran re-echoes them with his customary cold, envenomed sneer; and even Thackeray forgets his English sense of fair play, his bravery as a man, his chivalric duty as a gentleman, and his dignity as an author and teacher, to turn himself into a literary grave-rat, and gnaw, unprovokedly, at the reputation of a Woman, dead nearly three hundred years.

And again, I have sought to destroy in the ordinary reader that laziness, which so willingly receives and retains a falsehood, because it would be some trouble to examine into its refutation. This idleness is the great source of the immortality of slander, the most notable instance of which is the extensively-believed evil opinion of Mary of Scotland.

How I have succeeded, the public will decide. Of your verdict, and that of many another loyal and truth-loving heart, I am already sure: and that, and my own self-approval, will be some reward for my earnest and honest labor.





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BOOK I.

Mary, the Queen.

"Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny."

HAMLET, Act iii., Sc. 1.





Mary, Queen of Scots.

Chapter I.

The "Poor Man's King."

Eighth in descent from the heroic Robert Bruce, James V. was as remarkable for his kingly virtues as for his stately personal beauty and elegant accomplishments. Inflexibly just and brave, he was the very soul of chivalric honor. Restraining his turbulent chiefs and nobles, he was the kind and idolized protector of the people, among whom he loved to move incognito, like a Scottish Haroun al Raschid.

His mien and features are described by all as majestic and unusually beautiful; skilled in all manly exercises, his frame was lithe and agile as that of a stag from his own wild hills; romantic and adventurous, a poet and excellent musician, the best jouster in the tourney, a good harpist in the hall, he was the beau ideal of a king and preus chevalier, even in the days when Francis I., the accomplished and gallant knight, ruled the fair realm of France.

He had lead a varied life. His gallant father fell on the terrible field of Flodden, when he was but a child, and the long regency that followed was but a struggle for the possession of his person. Long kept prisoner by the Douglas, his kingdom was ruled absolutely by Angus, head of a portion of that ancient and powerful House. Many attempts were made to rescue the young king by force, but all failed, and it was with only a single servant that he at last succeeded in escaping from Falkland Castle, and reached his mother's Castle of Stirling, where he found safety.

He now, for the first time, began to govern his own realm. Calling such of his nobles about him as were jealous of the Douglas, he, with their aid, assisted in overthrowing that family, and banished them from Scotland. Next he attacked the powerful border chiefs, and broke the strength of one of them after another. Then he turned his attention to the fierce lords of the Highlands, and met with the same success, so that at last, he found himself indeed a king of the ancient realm of Scotland.

This course was not exactly calculated to win the love of the nobles, but James was the idol of the people. He loved to go about among them unknown, calling himself the Goodman of Ballengiech, and many are the legends told of him, most pleasantly to be read in good Sir Walter's "Tales of a Grandfather," or in the text and abundant notes of "The Lady of the Lake."

Many and wise were the laws that he made for the punishment of crime; the restraint of violence, the government of his people. He first established the legal profession in Scotland, setting apart learned men to be trained in the study of the laws, and styling them the College of Justice, now the Civil Supreme Court of the Kingdom, He founded a navy also, and he himself sailed round his country, making an accurate coast survey of it. He called experienced miners from Germany, and set them to work among the Clydesdale hills, where he found both silver and gold. From the gold the famous bonnet piece was coined, which afforded him more than one opportunity of displaying regal magnificence.

On one occasion, after treating the continental ambassadors to a hunt, and giving them only the game they had killed for dinner, he apologised for the absence of luxuries, but hoped that the fruit at dessert would recompense them The Southerns looked over the barren Crawfordsmoor, and at the bleak, heathy or bare granite hills, and wondered where the fruit might grow. But the king pointed to the covered, dishes before them, and each man lifting off his cover, saw the dish filled with bonnet pieces.

Though a zealous encourager of science, art, and learning he found time enough for many a romantic

adventure, not only in his own kingdom, but abroad. For he visited the French court with a small retinue, and almost unknown; tilting at the tournaments, dancing in the hall, singing his own songs in the bower, and winning first the fair Magdalene of France, and afterwards the heart and hand of Mary of Lorraine.

But troublous times were at hand. Henry VIII. of England had renounced the authority of the Pope, and declared himself Head of the Church. He earnestly desired that King James should follow his example, offering to create him Duke of York, and give him, being then a widower, the hand of the Princess Mary in marriage But James doubted the good faith of the wife-murdering Monarch, and after many fruitless negotiations, refused to ide with him: whereupon the hot-blooded, sensual Bluebeard declared war, and marched his troops against Scotland. At first the Scots met with success, and might have given Henry cause to repent of his rashness, but the disaffection, nay, the disloyalty of the Scottish nobles, discouraged the people, and disheartened the king. He had, in person, led his troops to Fala, on the English border, and was preparing to enter that country, when the nobles apprised him that they disapproved of the war, and that, although they were ready to obey him in defence of their own land, they would not follow him a step into the enemy's country.

Only John Scott of Thirlstane offered to follow with

his spears, wheresoever their monarch chose to lead them.

The king, disgusted with his unreliable lords, returned to his capital, to meditate reprisals on the English. He soon raised a force of ten thousand men, and conferring the command upon his favorite, Oliver Sinclair, sent him to enter England. They reached the Moss of Solway which forms part of the Border line between Scotland and England, and here the disaffection of the chiefs again broke out. They despised and disliked Sinclair, and refused to follow him. The ranks were broken; the tides of the Frith, deep and strong, began to roll swiftly shoreward. There was no array of the Scottish lines. Then five hundred English borderers led on by Thomas Dacre and John Musgrave, charged upon them, and the ten thousand Scots without striking a blow, fled from before the handful of Jackmen, and Sinclair and others were captured.

The king's heart broke. A fierce fever took possession of him and only yielded to a settled and incurable dejection. Sleepless, and sad he tossed about upon his bed, repeating constantly, "Fie! fled is Oliver! Is Oliver ta'en?" or, he would sink into a stupor as of death, from which he would awaken to smite his breast in paroxysms of despairing pain.

For a week this continued, then on the first of December, he silently quit his capital, and attended only by Sir William Kirkaldy of the Grange, retired to Hallyards in

Fifeshire, the residence of that gentleman. Here he remained sunk in mute, irreparable sorrow, and when the aged lady of the house would try to comfort him, he had but one reply.

"My portion of the world is short, I shall not be with you in fifteen days."

"Where will it please your Grace, to hold your Christmas feast?" the servitor asked.

The poor king smiled bitterly, and mournfully,

"I cannot tell; choose ye the place: but this I can tell you, that ere Yule Day (Christmas,) ye will be masterless, and the realm without a king."

Then back to his fever again, and his mournful reiteration, "Fie, fled is Oliver! Is Oliver ta'en?"

In a few days, he retired to his palace at Falklands, and took to his bed, saying to his attendants:—

"I will rise from this no more."

He would see scarce any one save the oldest of his friends, the preceptor of his infancy and his loyal servant, the poet herald, Sir David Lyndsay, of the Mount, Lord Lion King at Arms, who wrote the history of these last sad hours. Only once he sent for some of his lords spiritual and temporal, to confer with them about the welfare of the throne, but ere they arrived, he had sunk again into dejection. By this time, a messenger arrived from Linlithgow palace to tell him that the queen had borne a child.

"Hath a man or woman been born to me?" he asked.

"'Tis ane fair daughter!" was the answer

"Farewell then," said he, "to the crown of Scotland!

It came with a lass;* it will pass away with a lass."

"And so," says Sir David Lyndsay, "he commended himself to Almighty God, and turned his back to his lords and his face to the wall."

His speech did not return, but they saw, by his demeanor, that he was perfectly conscious, and in his right mind. So, silently, the end drew on. The clouds of death were gathering o'er his eyes; the pulses of that proud but broken heart were beating feebly; the high chivalric soul was ready for its flight, when he turned towards his nobles, looked at them kindly and smiled. And then he kissed his hand in token of farewell, and extended it to receive the last act of homage that they should pay him forever. "This done," says Lyndsay, "he held up his hands to God, and yielded up his spirit."

Thus died James Stuart V. of Scotland, in the prime of life, his thirty-first year, December 13, 1542.

There was great "moan and dole," throughout the realm, for the people dearly loved him on whom they had conferred the sacred title of "The Poor Man's King."

On the infant forehead of Mary, last queen of Scotland, fell the mournful shadows of her father's death.

^{*}The lass by whom the crown of Scotland came to the Stuarts, was Margery struce, daughter of the heroic King Robert, and wife of the ancestor of James, Walter, High Steward of Scotland.



Chapter II.

Mary of Lorraine.

A LINEAL descendant of Charlemagne, daughter of Charles, Duc de Guise and Antoinette de Bourbon Vendôme; widow of Duc de Longueville, first, and now of James V., King of Scotland, Mary of Lorraine, at the age of thirty-six, found herself Regent of that ancient kingdom as representative of her infant, Queen Mary.

When James began to recover from the grief which the loss of his "sweet transplanted lily Magdalen," caused him, his thoughts reverted to a lady who, next to his choice, had pleased him at the court of Francis I. Magdalen, the darling daughter of Francis, had blessed her husband and his people for only forty days; then she drooped and died, July 10, 1537.

The king's thoughts naturally reverted to France, and comewhat lovingly to Mary of Lorraine, who had become widow about a month before the death of Magdalen. They had seen and knowr each other, when James was

wooing his fair bride in France, and doubtless she remembered the handsome Scottish knight, "first lance in the tourney, lightest foot in the dance." In a word, she was promised to the royal Scot.

But, that excellent Henry the Eighth had just got rid of his queen, Jane Seymour, and proposed to marry Madame de Longueville himself. He was told that she was betrothed, but it took some time to convince him that betrothal was an obstacle to his desires, since he had not yet found even marriage to interfere with them. Francis I., however, made it clearly comprehensible to him that Mary of Lorraine, was to marry none other than James; and to his next proposal, that a bevy of princely French ladies should be sent to Calais or Boulogne for Bluebeard to choose from, the French monarch returned a rebuke, polite but stern, for the exceeding indelicacy of the request.

Still Henry persisted. He made a proposal in form, to the lady herself, and was refused. He disregarded all the suggestions of the king of France, as to the proper princess to address, and continued to importune him for the hand of Mary. Francis offered his own daughter, who was peevishly rejected as too young; then Mary's sister, who was also rejected; then Mademoiselle de Vendôme, but Henry "would have none of the king of Scotland's refusings," and so he was obliged to get along as well as he could with the help of Anne of Cleves, Katherine Howard,

and Katharine Parr, while Mary of Lorraine became the wife of the chivalric and woman-honoring king of Scots.

The queen, landed in Scotland on June 12, 1538, and sent word to her august husband that she wanted his instructions as to her future course. That gentleman did not stop to converse with the courier, but ordering his lords to follow him, leaped upon his horse, galloped off to Balcomie to welcome his bride, and there being joined by all the peers, spiritual and temporal, conducted her in triumph to St. Andrew's. There the keys of Scotland were delivered to her by "a fair lady most like an angel, in sign and token that all the hearts of Scotland were open to receive her Grace;" and there she was "instructed to serve her God, and obey her husband, according to God's will and commandments."

Then followed the wedding, in the magnificent cathedral of St. Andrew's, soon after reformed, and not now existing save as a shapeless mass of ruins, and the widowed duchess of Longueville, Mary de Lorraine, was queen of Scotland. Hawking, archery, hunting, tournament, and ball, welcomed the lady to her throne. The king was twenty-eight years of age, and the handsomest cavalier in christendom; she an eminently, stately young widow of twenty-four. Two clouds, one full of the angry hate, so often disappointed, of England, and the other grim with the civil and religious storm so soon to burst upon the unfortunate realm of Scotland, hovered o'er that nuptial feast.

We must pass by Mary's life with brief notice, that we may come at once to her daughter,

" That sunbeam, strayed from fairy climes, to fade upon a throne."

James loved his queen passionately and she loved him. Her initials, M. R., surmounted by the fleur-de-lys, were sculptured upon all his palaces; the royal account books exhibit a mass of rich dresses, jewelry, and costly coffers obtained for her; and she was attended and courted by the royal gentleman, her husband, as devotedly as when he first wooed her by letter, at her cousin's and adopted father's court.

In the May of the next year, Queen Mary bore a prince, and great were the rejoicings therefor. Next year another son, but both blossoms faded while their mother's bosom was still their shelter, and Scotland had yet no heir born of her darling king. The mother's heart was stronger and braver than the father's under these domestic inflictions, and she comforted him with hope; "they were both young," and that God would bless them with more offspring, so they only were loyal to Him."

There came, in the end, one more, but only when the broken heart of the splendid, people-loving king was beating its way slowly through arctic ice-fields of death, on into the unknown seas, thence to return never more.

Mary, Queen of Scots, was born in the Palace of Linlithgow, not very far from Edinburg, on the 7th of December, 1542. Her father never saw her, nor she him, and already she became the object of contending ambitious rivalries and hates, which were to pursue her remorselessly to the melancholy end. But that will be seen in its place. Enough just now that the sweet heather bloom of our bills and moorlands is born; born amid sighs and wild exultant huzzas, beneath the tears of a realm, and the sunshine of momentary popular pleasure.

From the tall cataract-guttered hills, where sleeps the eternal snow, white, cold, and silent; from the purple moorland where the bee hums in the summer, and the stately ptarmigan and black cock lurk and brood; from the glen, upon whose side the ten-tined stag feeds with uplifted ears; from the still lo h, silver or black, or "burnished sheet of living gold," as God's shadow, or sun or moonlight chanced to fall upon it; from the rough river, where golden salmon leap against the rapids; from clusters of larch and fir trees stirred by the northern breeze, came the full sough of pain and joy. Solwav is lost, but Scotland hath an heir.

The grim border baron heard it in his fortress, and if his name were Maitland, or Douglas, it "garrt him grue" with pain. The wild chief of the sounding Hebrides, Rosshire and the hazel and juniper gorges of the mainland heard it; and their hearts grew bigger as they felt more and more Scottish forever. Grim Henry, the Bluebeard, heard it, and began to dream of alliance with Scotland, but he

being now some fifty years of age, and the young heiress only seven days, he nobly resolved to make her not his seventh queen, but the wife of his son, Prince Edward.

Across the water, in the Gallic land, Lorraine and Guise, and Marie de Medicis heard and began already to plot and scheme about the unconscious baby, asleep upon her mother's bosom by the shadowy tarn of Linlithgow. There let her rest until her fortune begins to separate from those of the queen mother, the "old queen," as Henry the Eighth called her, when in her twenty-eighth year.

Mary of Lorraine gained no new power by her husband's death, but indeed was obliged to shut herself and infant up in the old castle, lest the child should be taken from her, whilst the stormy strife for the Regency went on. Cardinal Beton claimed it by virtue of the king's last wishes; James Hamilton, Earl of Arran, claimed it as next heir to the throne; and before the mother had left her bed, he called upon her to propose a future marriage between his son, then seven years old, and the infant queen.

Beton, it will be remembered, was conquered, and Arran was declared Regent, or Lord Governor of Scotland, a post which he held for some years, first as leader of the Reformers, and afterwards by consent of the Catholic party.

King James had been carried from Falkland to Edinburg, and was there laid beside his beloved Magdalen, in Holyrood. Upon his death ensued a peace with England, the relations of which kingdom with that of Scotland must be briefly stated here.

Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, had long been at xile in England. A great many other gentlemen had been taken prisoners at the disastrous battle of Solway Moss, among them the Earls of Cassilis and Glencairn, and the Lords Gray, Maxwell, Oliphant, Fleming, and Summer ville, all peers of Scotland. At first, Henry treated these persons with contumely, but when newer schemes had developed themselves in his mind, he changed his conduct, and became kind to them.

So soon as he proposed that the young queen should be betrothed to his son, he, with characteristic modesty, demanded that immediate possession of her person should be given up, and that her education should be carried on at his court. This refused, he resolved to obtain the child by corce, and to aid in his design, he purchased the seven base men and disloyal gentlemen whose names are written above. They were richly pensioned, and permitted to return to Scotland after they had pledged themselves that they would make the uxoricide governor of Scotland, admit English garrisons into the principal Scottish fortresses and deliver the person of their infant sovereign into Henry's hands. Failing in this, they were to return to captivity in England.

In addition to this, Henry sent to the Scottish court an especial minister Sir Ralph Saddler, half resident ambassa-

dor, half spy, with instructions to use his utmost exertions to render the mind of the Queen Mother and the nation favourable to his views, and with a full purse for such "itching palms" as were willing to barter honor for money.

The first, of course, failed. Mary of Lorraine was prepared to exhibit the courage of the lioness, or to learn and practise the wily wisdom of the serpent; to employ the powers of her naturally strong and well cultivated mind, or use the coquetry of a beautiful woman; to do anything, in short, rather than let her innocent and darling child fall into the hands stained crimson with the blood of Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard. The purse was, however, more successful, and Sir Ralph Saddler was enabled to buy up every traitor in Scotland.

Saddler, however, learned from the popular sentiment, how useless his attempts must prove. When pressing the adoption of his views upon Sir Adam Otterbourne, that statesman asked him shrewdly:

"If your lad were a lass, and our lass a lad, would you then be so earnest in the matter? and could you be content that our lad should be king of England?"

Saddler, who, of course, had no fear of a hypothesis, answered affirmatively, but Sir Adam said stoutly:

"Well, if you had the lass and we the lad, we could be well content with it; but I cannot believe that your nation could agree to have a Scot to be king of England; and I

agree to have an Englishman king of Scotland; and though the whole nobility of the realm would consent to it, yet our common people and the stones in the streets would rise and rebel against it."

So Saddler eased his mind by speaking of the people as proud and beggarly Scots."

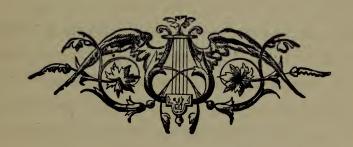
The Queen Mother was aware of all these manœuvres, and saw her imminent peril. Neither could she trust the Lord-Governor Arran, since he was next heir to the throne, and not of a character to make a proper guardian for the royal child. The Reformation too was making rapid, and to her, hostile advances, and she had no resource to look to but Cardinal Beton, head of the loyal party, and France, her native country.

But the first correspondence with the French court was discovered, and Beton was arrested and imprisoned. Eight guardian lords were appointed for the child, but the queen mother kept her always with herself.

Henry, at length tired of waiting, issued a peremptory order to separate the mother and child, and the danger of the queen mother increased, shut up as she was, almost poweriess, in Linlithgow. But there was help at hand. When the need was the sorest, Earls Lenox and Bothwell, with other gentlemen, pronounced in her favor, called to their aid the loyal "lads from the hill," and at the head of ten thousand Highlanders and borderers, with pibrochs

sounding and gay tartans streaming in the wind, marched into Linlithgow, rescued their queen and her mother, and conducted them in triumph to the royal fortress and castle of Stirling.

Then Arran and the Cardinal were reconciled, and proceeding with other nobles to Stirling, solemnized the coronation of the infant queen there on the 9th of September, 1542.





Chapter III.

Rough Wooing

So soon as Henry had seen that his schemes were useless, as far as regarded their peaceful accomplishment, he threw away his diplomatic mask and exhibited, at once, all the unbridled fury of his temperament. He at once declared war, and issued his orders to the Earl of Hertford to invade Scotland.

"Do what you can," says he, "to beat down and over-throw the Castle (of Edinburg). Sack Holyrood house, and as many towns and villages about Edinburg as you conveniently can. Sack Leith, and burn and subvert it and all the rest, putting man, woman, and child to fire and sword, when any resistance shall be made to you. And this down pass over into Fife land, and extend the like extremities and destructions in all towns and villages whereunto you man reach conveniently, not forgetting, among the rest, to suppoil and turn upside down the Cardinal's (Beton's) town of St. Andrew's as the upper stone may be the nether, and me

one stick stand by the other, sparing no creature alive within the same."

Edinburg, after a well defended three days' siege, was taken on the 6th of May, 1544, and in two days after was plundered and laid in ashes. The Abbey and Palace of Holyrood were destroyed; the new tomb of brave King James defaced: Leith and all surrounding towns and villages destroyed, and thousands of families cast homeless and penniless out upon the world.

At the same time another army, under Sir Ralph Ewers and Sir Brian Latoun, were devastating the border. In one of their forays two hundred fortified places were destroyed. In another, seven monasteries, sixteen castles, five market towns, and two hundred and forty villages, were laid low Neither abbey, nor mill, nor hospital, was spared. Even beautiful Melrose was destroyed; its tombs were rifled, and its walls riven open.

This was too much even for the traitor Douglas. Ho might be false to his country; he might sell his queen, but he still had family pride, and some reverence for the tombs of his ancestors. He instantly declared against Henry, and hearing that that monarch had given the lands he had caused to be devastated to the knights above-mentioned, he cried out,

"By St. Bride, I will write the instrument of possession in blood-red-ink, and with sharp pens, upon their bodies!"

And he kept his word.

The Scots were fiercely aroused. Factions were reconciled, and feuds were healed. The Queen Mother and Arran renewed their old relationship of amity. Even Henry's friends could not endure such ferocities.

"I like," said one noble, "I like the marriage well enough; but I like not the manner of the wooing."

Angus and Sir Walter Scott of Buccleugh, commanded the host that was soon accumulated, and on the 27th of February, 1545, they met the English troops at Ancrum Moor, and in one hour defeated them, though numbering five to one, slaying eighteen hundred men, and both their generals. Lord Angus had kept his word, and written with "sharp pens and blood-red ink" the title deeds of Henry's gift.

But dissensions were soon renewed among the Scots lords; the Catholics and the Reformers had broken out into civil war, and were killing one another, and burning and destroying churches and monasteries; and Cardinal Beton, the Queen Mother's strongest friend, was murdered in his palace at St. Andrew's.

In the meantime, Henry VIII. of England was called away to "give an account of the deeds done in the body." What reward he got after that accounting, it is not our business to suggest.

Somerset, Lord Protector of England, resolved in all things to carry out his master's plans, and redemanded the young Queen of Scots. Being refused, he once more declared war, and marched an army of eighteen thousand men to Pinkie Cleugh, near Edinburg, and near the sea. But this is not a history of Scotland, and, therefore, suffice it to say, that the Scots were totally routed, after a hard fought battle. They accused the English of making more use of gold in the Scots' camp, than of weapons in their own.

"It was your gold and our traitors wanne
The field of Pinkie, and noe Englishmanne."

It was the last great defeat the Scots ever received from the English, and was fought on the 10th of Sept., 1547.

It is an odd fact in the history of national warfare, that during all the long centuries of conflict between these two kingdoms, although Scotland sustained several defeats, England never won the slightest solid advantage from her victories. This was the case now; their defeat merely exasperated the Scots, and increased their hate for their powerful neighbors. They threw themselves into the arms of France, asked aid from Henry II. of that realm, and proposed the hand of their young queen in marriage to the Dauphin Francis. Entreaty nor force could win them to ntrust her to the English court for education, yet they offered, unasked, to send her into France.

The proposition was hailed with delight. Henry sent over five thousand men to the help of his ancient allies, and an abundant escort to bring the young queen back.

She had been sent, before the battle of Pinkie, for

safety off to a wild highland glen, where, on an island called Inchmahone, in Loch Monteith, under the shadow of Ben Lomend, she and her four Maries, waited until the storm had passed, guarded by Highland hearts and Highland arms, that English gold could neither buy nor paralyze.

Now she was sent for, and with her attendants, came to meet her mother and her new French friends at the mouth of the Clyde, on the "castled crag" of Dunbarton. There was a beautiful widowed queen, still young; there were ladies fair and noble, and stalwart, tartanned mountain chiefs, plaided and bonnetted; and powerful lowland lords, and gallant gentlemen from beautiful France, but the fairest sight of all was that of the five lovely children, each in her fifth year, Mary Stuart the Queen, Mary Beton, Mary Seton, Mary Fleming, and Mary Livingston. They had been her playmates from birth almost, and were now to follow her and her fortunes into France.

It was a sad parting, doubtless; but that was the course that matters were to take, and so, with tears and hopeful prayers those five young Scots girls, bade farewell to home.

The date was August 7th, 1548.

Of Mary of Lorraine's feelings, let a woman judgethat trave and excellent historian, Mrs. Agnes Strickland

"More than ten years had passed away since Mary of Lorraine had seen her first born son, and now she had deprived herself of her last treasure, the sweet babe in whose smiles, she had found an endearing solace for all her other bereavements. The pangs which wrung her heart, may be imagined when her exciting part in the drams had been performed, and she stood on that rocky promon tory, surrounded by flattering courtiers, and all the proud externals of royal splendor, but in childless loneliness, watching the receding galleys that were swiftly bearing her beautiful and beloved little Mary, from her longing eyes."

For Mary was beautiful as well as beloved. An actor in that parting scene, M. Beaugué, writes thus:—

"The young queen was, at that time, one of the most perfect creatures the God of nature ever formed, for that her equal was nowhere to be found, nor had the world wother child of her fortunes and hopes."



Chapter IV.

Maidenhood.

The kingdom of France was no ordinary school under the reign of Henry II. and his queen, Catherine de Medicis. The aniversity of Paris, remodelled by Francis I., the present king's father, had for its head the great cardinal of Loraine. There were Latin, Greek, Hebrew, mathematics, moral philosophy, and medicine, taught gratis. No religious qualification was needed, but Catholic, Jew, and Protestant, sate side by side, and drank from the same free welling fountain. It was court fashion to be learned; and not superficially so, but deeply and thoroughly. Beza, Seve, Pelletier, were the heavy guns, Ronsard and Jodelle were masters in Belles-Lettres.

About the court, were Louis, first prince of Condé Francis le Balafré, Duke of Guise, old Marshal Mont morency, the last of the Montgomerys, Margaret, queen of Navarre, author of the Nouvelles; the learned chancellor Michel L'Hopital, and Catherine, the heart'ess but accomplished and erudite queen.

Such was the society, such the influences which greeted the child Queen of old Scotland, on her reception in France. She had not gotten into that country without trials, difficulties, and menacing omens. The passage thither had been stormy winds and waves had barred ner from the vine-clad shores; many were the perils by sea that her little fleet encountered before it cast anchor in the harbor of Roscoff, and permitted her to set her feet upon Gallic soil.

On the 20th of August, she proceeded to Morlaix, where she was met by the Seigneur de Rohan, and where a Te Deum was celebrated, in honor of her safe arrival. Returning from church, a drawbridge at the city gate, over which the procession was passing, was broken by the weight of the crowd, and fell into the stream. The Scots houted "Treason!" and a serious rencounter might have teen the consequence, but for the loud cry of the Breton noble, as he walked beside the young queen's litter. "Never was Breton guilty of treason."

After a reasonable period of repose, the march towards Paris was renewed. Everywhere the royal child was greeted with tumultuous joy. City gates were torn from their posts, and in every town through which she passed all prisoners, except murderers, were set free. Truly she must have appeared to the French people as an Angel of Mercy, a character which her wonderful beauty and gentle ness almost deserved.

King Henry and his queen were absent in Burgundy but the dauphin, and the other royal personages of the court, received Mary at the Castle of St. Germain-en-Laye, where she was to be educated. A suite of young Scottish nobles under the Earl of Livingston and Lord Erskine, attended her; those two gentlemen being entitled the Lord Keepers. Her grandmother, the Duchess of Guise, was her immediate guardian, and her illegitimate brother, James Stuart, Prior of St. Andrew's, was near her to win her affection by his hollow professions of loyal love, and to found upon her gentleness that course of ambition that made him eventually Earl of Mar and Murray, Regent of Scotland, traitor to her and murderer of her husband.

It is usually said that the young queen was sent to a convent for her education, but the statement is like a good many others which pass for history; an assertion made by some one without authority, and copied by future writers without question. What is certain is that she was constantly in the palace, where she and her four Maries grew up with the young princes and princesses of France, and that in the whole of her voluminous correspondence with her mother, no single letter is dated from any convent whatever.

The king and queen were charmed with the child; finding her, says Catherine, "so wise and good that we see nothing we could wish altered." She remained a year at St. Germain, and when the French princesses were sent to

the convent of Poissy, Mary retired with her own house hold to Blois. She was very fond of study, particularly of poetry and music, for which latter art she had an hereditary passion. George Buchannan made her one of the best Latinists of the age, and she is praised earnestly by Brantome in his "Vies des Femmes Illustres." Ronsard and Jodelle instructed her in poetry; the best masters aided in her education, and with all her application to study, she had time to learn to be the best dancer on gala lays at court, and a bold and graceful little rider in the thase, for which she inherited her gallant father's fondness.

Being the pet at court, her name is recorded as chief in all the fêtes; her warrior kinsman, the Duke of Guise, bund sylvan amusement for her, and talked to her of battles, and inspired her courage, which had already been proven worthy of her race, and so between her duties and her pleasure, the days slipped on and brought her to her ninth year.

Three important facts signalize this year 1551.

A visit from her mother, who tore herself from the troubles of her government in Scotland, to give a few months to her darling in France, to bestow that heart-instruction that only a mother can bestow; to see that her infant's mind was as she desired it to be; to be beside her in her first terrible danger, and then to fold her once more to her bosom, to go back to the cold realm of Scotland, and to see her child no more on earth forever.

The second fact is the formal demand of her hand for Edward VI. of England, by the Marquis of Northampton, to which demand the little lady gave a decided No.

And the third is the horrid attempt to poison her by an archer of the Scots Guard, Robert Stuart by name. He ningled the deadly powder in her favorite dish, and accident alone prevented the accomplishment of his fiendish design. He was tried, found guilty, and executed, but did not divulge the reason of his crime. He was an adherent of Matthew, Earl of Lenox, a pretendant to the Scottish throne, and may have been instigated by him. Or, likelier still, as he was of the reformed religion, a fanatical hatred of his royal mistress, for her creed's sake, may have been the motive which urged him to so base, cruel, and disloyal an attempt.

The next six or seven years were passed at the court, at Blois, or at Mendon with her brave uncle, Francis of Guise, who did his best to spoil her by indulgence, and who received from her the truest filial affection that child could pay. Some troubles she had even in this haloyon time and tide of youth, among which was a wretched tease of a governess. This was Madame Parois, in whose favor Lady Fleming had been superseded, and who united the querulous disposition consequent upon chronic ill health, to the peevish wilfulness of a religious bigot. Mary's letters to her mother are full of complaints of this person, who seems to have grumbled at everything, from attendance at

from the little queen's wardrode. Mary indeed complains Litterly to her mether of not being allowed to reward her serviteurs, "whereby," she says, "I have acquired the reputation of being niggardly," a reputation which her Lounding generosity and affectionate heart must hav felt as a terrible imputation.

At last the Cardinal of Lorraine writes to his sister that Madame Parois must be removed; calls her an improper person for the charge, and at length says to the mother, "You and all your race will have cause for lasting regret if her remaining cost you the life of the queen, your daughter, who has with extreme patience endured much that she and I have thought could not but be known to you. But time at last unveils many things which it is no longer possible to bear." Worse than this is found in the child's own letters. "She has done what she could to deprive me of the affections of my lady grandmother, and of the queen of France." "My uncle, the Cardinal, has bade me speak boldly, and tell you I think she has been nearly the cause of my death." "She has not slept in my chamber two nights for five months," and again, "I have not seen her for three months."

How such a governess as this could be kept in her position is explicable only to the preoccupation of the Queen Mother's mind with the stormy times of Scotland; but eventually the negligent and querulous invalid received

permission to retire, and Madame de Brene, an excellent ady of high rank, was appointed in her stead.

Two hours every day continued to be given to hard study, and the mind of the royal child ripened and expanded wonderfully. At nine years of age she composed and recited a Latin oration for some court pageant, and more than one copy of adulatory verses from George Buchannan, the best Latinist and basest heart of his age. Her French was perfect, and is frequently praised by quaint old Brantome.

But it was not all study with her; sometimes Uncle Cardinal carried her away to his own estate; sometimes the soldier Francis had her with him, to listen to his story of battles, and to hunt with him in his spacious forests. On one occasion, her dress caught in the branch of a tree; she was thrown from her horse and nearly ridden over by some of the hunt, who did not see her. Even the hood she wore was trodden on by horses' hoofs. She, however, gathered herself up, and arranging her soft and luxuriant chestnut hair, rejoined the chase, without manifesting any alarm whatever. Indeed, personal courage was one of her most remarkable qualities.

"My niece," said the admiring warrior to her, "there is one trait in which above all others, I recognise my blood in you. You are as brave as the bravest of my men-atarms. If women went into battle now as they did in the ancient times, I think you would know how to die well

This was nerited praise, as she showed by all her conduct during the perils that beset her, when she marched at the head of her armies to punish her rebel lords, and when she confronted the undeserved death of a criminal with the heroic and patient fortitude of a martyr.

Not less remarkable, at this period, as throughout her life, is her constant and affectionate remembrance of and care for all who served her. She constantly asked favors for them from her royal mother, and when the day of her power came, she heaped benefits upon all who had the slightest claim upon her. She was the idol of the court and of the people. No ball, nor tournament, nor festival, was complete without her, and the people would throng about her when she went abroad, to look on her and bless her. It was about this time, when walking in the Candlemas procession, a poor woman, struck by her transcendant beauty and youthful grace, broke through the crowd, threw herself at the child's feet, and asked her if she were not an angel.

So went n ner sweet, pure child life, already dimmed in its lustre by the cares of the heavy crown, yet, ever loving, ever thoughtful of others. In one letter she gives her mother power to create a prince; in another she begs for some Shetland ponies to distribute among her young friends. Never, but once in this time, is one personal complaint heard; no utterances but tender gentle, loving ones come from her; and how it was possible for

men to hate her and to seek her life, even at this period is a marvel and astonishment to the present writer.

So passed the maidenhood of la petite Reinette Ecossaise, as Catherine de Medicis loved to cal' her, until her sixteenth year, when King Henry's formal proposal of the Dauphin's hand was laid before the Scottish Parliament. By this body, nine gentlemen were appointed to go over to France and arrange the marriage articles with his most Christian Majesty. Unluckily they encountered a storm, by which the two vessels which contained all their jewels and other finery, were lost; but they proceeded to Paris, where the marriage was agreed upon after signature given to the following articles:—

The arms of Scotland and France to be borne by the young couple on separate shields, surmounted with the Gallic crown. That the eldest son should succeed to both realms. If only daughters were born, that the eldest should be Queen of Scotland, with a dowry, as French Princess, of 400,000 crowns. That Mary should now receive, as Dauphiness of France, an income of 30,000 crowns, to be increased to 70,000 on her husband's accession to the throne; and that a sufficient jointure should be secured to her in case of widowhood.

It is asserted that Henry abused the confidence and youth of the Queen, by obtaining from her, in private, certain papers, which rendered the foregoing articles null in fact, and secured to him the reversion of the Scottish

kingdom, but it appears most probable that the papers which exist, are forgeries; at all events they were ineffectual for good or evil.

On Tuesday, the 17th of April, 1558, the solemn betrothal of the Dauphin Francis and Mary, Queen of Scots, was celebrated by the Cardinal of Lorraine, in the presence of the Scottish Commissioners and the French Court. The signing of the contract was followed by a grand ball, and on the next Sunday the nuptials were to be publicly celebrated.

So passed away the years of sunshine and peace, the guileless and generally happy days of maidenhood, and then, Fate, the inexorable, closed the relentless gates of Time upon them.





Chapter V.

Wife and Widow.

On Sunday following, April 22, the solemn ceremonial was performed by the bride's uncle, the cardinal, with all the pomp and splendor that the beauty of the ritual and the magnificent style of the times could allow. The chroniclers, ancient and modern, vie with each other in the minute description of the scene; poets poured in their epithalamia by dozens, most eloquent and enthusiastic among whom was Master George Buchannan.

Mary was, of course, looking exquisitely; her fresh bloom of sixteen years was clad "in a robe whiter than a lily, with a regal mantle and train of bluish gray cut velvet, richly embroidered with white silk and pearls." She, like her mether, was considerably above the ordinary size of women, and exquisitely formed, particularly her hands and feet. Her hair was very abundant, and of a rich chestnut color, her eyes large and very dark hazel, and complexion that of a delicate brunette, clear, but without much color.

So she stood at the side of her young husband, b'ancis the Dauphin, in the open pavilion, erected before the doors of Notre Dame, and heard the blessing pronounced which was to make her eventually, queen of France, while the shores of the Seine rung with the acclamations of the delighted and enthusiastic people.

Then followed the grand dinner at the palace of the archbishop, and then the courtly ball, which terminated at the very reasonable hour of five o'clock in the afternoon. After that, back to the palace, where supper and rich pa geants had been commanded. A hundred gentlemen served the meal; a hundred more, raised on a daïs "discoursed most excellent music." Francis le Balafré, heroic Duc de Guise, was master of the ceremonies: the vases, flagons, and basins, fresh from the magic chisel of Benvenuto Cellini, flashed on the board. Fleurs-de-lys in gold, studded the azure ceiling, and from the walls, in statuesque repose, looked down the lengthened line of Gallic kings from Pharamond to Henry father of the bridegroom.

The guests bore names still wonderful in history. Condé and princely Lorraine, and the stern constable of France, old Montmorenci. Angoulême and d'Este, and Catherine de Medicis and Jeanne d'Albret, the saintly queen of Navarre.

First in the pageant, when the meal was ended, came the seven planets marching in succession, Mars in his armor, Dian with her bow. Then five-and-twenty steeds, each bearing a young prince, defiled before the Scottish bride. Then coaches full of pilgrims, chaunting songs: then a triumphal car filled with musicians, and drawn by silver cords. Next came twelve princes on twelve unicorns, supporters of the arms of Scotland.

But the finest pomp of all was after the dancing had been ended, when six fine galleys with silver masts sailed in, each guided by a prince, who as they passed the groups of ladies, seized and carried off one of them as the wild Norse Vikings used to win their brides. The Dauphin caught his fair young wife, the king of Navarre his pious old one, Protestant Condé won the duchess of Guise, head of the Catholic party; and thus, in the regal halls, ablaze with light, the mirth went on, while outside, the heralds scattered money among the shouting people, and Paris was tipsy with joy.

Why, even in sober old Scotland, across the sea, they were feasting and making merry in honor of their darling young queen's nuptials. There were "fyres and processions," and a play was acted in Edinburg, and even old Mons Meg was fired, and prudent Sawney sent after the bullet, and ten shillings were paid out to somebody for bringing up the huge gun, "to be schote, and for the finding and carrying of her bullet, after she was schote fract Wardie muir, to the castle."*

[•] When the Scottish Lords were about to leave, after the marriage, Mary gavber portrait, (that from which our frontispiece is taken;) to the Earl of Cassille,

It was a very young couple, that royal pair, Francis being but fifteen, and Mary, thirteen months his senior, in her sixteenth year. But they had grown up together, and he, though somewhat timid and feeble, was sincerely loved by his girl wife, and returned her affection with passionate tenderness.

But the marriage sports and the feasting are over, and earnest life has begun for the queen Dauphiness. Now, led by ill-judged counsel, she sows the first seed of discord, to ripen into venomous maturity, between herself and Elizabeth of England. Henry the VIII., whose divorce from Katharine of Arragon no Catholic had ever recognized, caused to be passed an act of parliament, declaring both his daughters illegitimate, as indeed, Elizabeth was, and leaving the crown to his son Edward VI. But, on the death of that young prince, the parliament rescinding its former act, called Mary Tudor to the throne, and at her death, Elizabeth.

Mary of Scotland, was the great grandaughter of Henry VII., and unquestionably had a better title to the English crown, than one who was born of such wedlock as Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn's, and who had been declared illegitimate by her father and by the supreme legislative

whose representative, the Marquis of Ailsa, it is still treasured at Culzean Castle, Ayrshire. To the other commissioners, she gave golden lockets containing the portraits of herself and the Dauphin, so contrived that, when they were closed, her face reposed upon his breast.

pody of the realm. Nevertheless, it was unwise to insist upon the matter now, while her own realm was in so disturbed a condition, or to adopt the device which she did—the crowns of France and Scotland, and the motio, Alianque moratur. It made the Duke of Alva say, "This bearing of Mary Stuart's will not be easily borne in England." Yet at the same moment, Elizabeth obstinately retained the style of Queen of "Great Britain France, and Ireland."

English gold was busy with Scottish traiters, English spies were set about the youthful queen; all the seditions in Scotland were carefully fomented, the passions of the Protestant party were nursed, their fears enhanced, their terror of a Catholic Sovereign cultivated to the utmost, and when at last Mary fell very ill, and seemed about to go into a decline, and to perish in the bloom of her youth and beauty, the news made glad the heart of Elizabeth, who was now already souring down into the venomous astringency of ancient maidenhood.

Mary's illness at this time appears to have been a general debility of the system, attended with frequent and dangerous fits of fainting, loss of appetite and so forth. Much of it was doubtless produced by her close and affectionate attendance on her husband, who, constitutionally delicate, suffered almost constantly. Be that as it may, she soon recovered her health and eminent beauty, and by so doing added another pang to the grief of her English cousin.

But more serious sorrows were at hand. The dauphin had tried his first armor on, under the Duc le Guise, and had returned from camp, when his father determined to celebrate Mary's claim to the English crown by a splendid tournament. This joust was held in the Place Royale, on the 6th of July, 1559, and Mary was ushered to her place by heralds who cried, "Place! Place! pour la Reine d'Angleterre." And the people shouted, "Vive la Reine d'Angleterre!" as she sate down under the escutcheon of Scotland and England, and beneath an inscription which hailed her as queen of those realms, and queen dauphiness of France.

Never forgotten, never forgiven were the acts or the words of that day. Unexampled in the annals of human atrocity was the vengeance that fell upon the lady of that festival. A fearful omen cut short those rejoicings. The king, her kind friend, and father-in-law, would break a lance in honour of his daughter. They tried to dissuade him in vain. He armed himself, and entered the lists. The rest of the story is known. A splinter from the breaking lance of the Count of Montgomery entered his eye, pierced upward into his head, and he was borne dying from the tourney. Three days he languished in his agony, and on the fourth he died.

And as they left the chamber, Catherine de Medicis, stopping at the door-way, said, in her haughty sorrow, to her daughter-in-law, "Pass, madame, it is for you to

walk first now." Mary of Scotland was also Queen of France.

The results of the sudden death of Henry are well known. The power of Catherine, of the Constable Montmorenci and of Diane de Poictiers, Duchess of Valentinois, feil with the king. Although the dauphin complimented his mother with the title of Regent of France, she soon discovered that it was but an empty honor. Franci- gave all real power to his wife, and she to her uncles, the Guises. The Duke Francis and the Cardinal of Lorraine really ruled France, and Mary was guided too much by their counsels in the affairs of Scotland.

Nor is it strange that she gave up so much to them, for they had been her guardians and instructors since child-hood, and she, clever as she might be, was, after all, but; girl of seventeen. As for Francis, she was his kingdom and leave him free to worship her, he cared little how mat ters went. But the thwarted Catherine soon learned to hate both her son and her daughter-in-law; and when the day of her power returned, was not slow to use it vindictively.

In the meantime the Scottish Parliament had granted the crown matrimonial to the husband of their queen, and they reigned under the titles of both realms. The solemn coronation of the dauphin was celebrated at Rheims, in September, 1559, Mary looking on as a witness simply, as her present dignity forbade her to receive the French ferred merely as a favor by the husband

The continued infirmities of Francis kept them moving about the country from one royal residence to another, and as his incapacity for government threw all the influence into the hands of the Guises, the breach between them and the queen-mother was irremediably widened. Closely did that lady lie in wait for her daughter-in-law, but she could find no fault in her; no point that she might openly blame.

She therefore joined the conspiracy formed for the over throw and death of the Guises, the imprisonment of the young sovereign, and the securing of the government to the Prince of Condé. In this were implicated the king of Navarre, the Admiral Coligni, the Constable Montmorenci, and others; but they were betrayed by the Huguenot lawyer Avenelles, deserted by Catherine, and the youthful king and queen were obliged to witness the bloodshed and horror that followed the discovery.

George Buchannan was implicated in this plot, and sentenced to death, but, with great difficulty, his mistress managed to save him. His style of gratitude is a matter of history, to be read by-and-by.

This marriage year of Mary's was a year of much sorrow and bereavement to her. Her father-in-law had fallen by the lance of Montgomery; she had innocently acquired the hatred of the queen-mother; she was

watched by the spies, and pursued by the implacable enmity of Elizabeth; the troubles in her own kingdom, to be reviewed hereafter, had advanced so far that the Protestants had asked aid from England against their own country, and a force of six thousand Englishmen had marched to Edinburgh.

Bravely and long had Mary of Lorraine struggled to maintain her daughter's ancient kingdom in loyalty and harmony. Had any one been able to do it, she had succeeded. "For no princess," says Robertson, "ever possessed qualities more capable of rendering her administration illustrious, or the kindom happy. She was of much decernment, and no less address; of great intrepidity and equal prudence; gentle and humane, without weakness; zealous for her religion without bigotry; a lover of justice without rigor." Yet all this did not avail to avert the fatal hour from Scotland, and when at length the English troops appeared, her high spirit broke and was resigned piously unto Him who gave it.

She died in June, 1560, leaving to her darling child one of the most mournful inheritances that princess or peasant ever received.

On the morning of the fatal tournament, a lady of the court had described a dream, from which she had suffered the preceding night. "She had seen," she said, "the king fall," and added, "that a splinter from Montgomery's lance had struck the dauphin on the ear and stretched

him dead." It seemed like a prophetic vision; for now, December, 1560, he was attacked with an abscess in the ear, and an acute inflammation of the brain.

Tenderly did his young queen watch and nurse him, but he sank gradually until the 5th of December, when he yielded to his disease. When the last offices were administered to him, the feeble boy king asked for absolution for all the wicked deeds that had been done in his name by his ministers of state," and when the religious duties of the solemn hour were over, he appeared to have no earthly hought but for the pale, fair girl who sate by his pillow weeping. Earnestly he conjured his mother to be kind to ser, to love her as a daughter: as earnestly he asked his prothers to promise that she should be a beloved sister to them; and so, in his 17th year of life, in the 17th month of his reign, Francis II. died.

With his death the Guises fell, and Catherine de Medicis was once more Regent and Mistress of France, and prepared to avenge upon the Queen of Scots whatever slights she had borne during that short sad reign.

Mary was now an orphan and a widow: her protector, Henry II. was dead; her uncles fallen; her royal mother in-law and cousin her implacable enemies; her birth realm torn by conflicting parties; she herself a poor, young, friendless queen. "She was," says the English spy, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, "a heavy and dolorous wife, as of good right she had reason to be, who by long watching with him

through his rineteen days' sickness, and by painful dili gence about him, but especially the issue thereof, is not in the best time of her body."

So writes Throckmorton to her foe Elizabeth. "Take care of her for my sake," plead the dying king. "O Francis," exclaimed Charles IX., looking at her portrant, "happy brother! Though your life and reign were so short, you were to be envied in this, that you were the possessor of that angel and the object of her love."

John Knox, recording the death of Francis, speaks of him simply as "the husband of our Jezebel."

Mary has recorded somewhat of her own feeling of bereavement in a letter to the king of Spain, and in the verses that close this chapter.

"You have consoled," she writes to Philip II., "by your letters, the most afflicted poor woman under heaven, God having deprived me of all I loved and held most dear on earth, and left me no other comfort save that of seeing others deplore his loss, and my too great misfortune. God will assist me, if it pleases Him to bear what comes from Him with patience, for without His aid, I confess I should find so great a calamity too heavy for my strength and little virtue."

And these are the widow's verses :-

The voice of my sad song
With mournful sweetness guides

My piercing eye along

The track that death divides;

Mid sharp and bitter sighs,

My youth's bright morning dies!

Can greater woes employ
The scourge of ruthless fate?
Can any hope, when joy
Forsakes my high estate?
My eye and heart behold
The shroud their love enfold.

O'er my life's early spring,
And o'er its opening bloom,
My deadly sorrows fling
The darkness of the tomb.
My star of Hope is set
In yearning and regret.

That which once made me gay
Is hateful in my sight;
The brightest smiles of day
To me is darkest night;
No keener pangs contend
Than mine their stings to blend.

On memory's steadfast throne
One image ever reigns,
Whose outward name alone
My garb of woe maintains.
And violets paint my cheek
With hues that lovers seek.

I find on earth no rest,

Unwonted source of grief,
Yet changes may be blest,
If they can bring relief.
The world, whate'er my fate,
Alike is desolate.

When to the distant skies
I raise my tearful sight,
The sweetness of his eyes
Beams from the cloudy height.
Or from the clear, deep wave,
He smiles as from the grave.

When day's long toil is o'er,

And dreams steal round my couch.

I hear that voice once more,

I thrill to that dear touch.

In labor and repose,

My soul his presence knows.

No other object seems,

Lovely though it may be,

What my sight worthy deems,

For others or for me.

My heart shall ne'er o'erthrow

The summit of love's woe.

My song, these murmurs cease
With which thou hast complained.

Thine echo shall be peace!

Love, changeless and unfeigned,
Shall draw no weaker breath,
In parting nor in death.*

Such, for her perished youth, her orphaned loneness, and her dead boy-husband, such was the lament of "Jezebel!"

• I find this translation in Mrs. Strickland's admirable life of Mary. The author is not given.





Chapter VI.

La Blanche Reine.

In Christendom, at this period, royal ladies were white as mourning for forty days; and this, from head to foot, was Mary Stuart's attire. But instead of keeping the perfect seclusion ordered for newly widowed queens of France, she, in her frank Scottish way, went about so continually among the poor, relieving and consoling them, that they all knew and idolized her, John Knox's Jezebel as she was. They found that her voice was sympathy, her touch balm, her presence relief, and they idolized, the poor people, that pale young royal girl, who was their suffering sister, yet tender friend and consoler; and to this very day, there exists among the Parisians, thoughtless as they are called, affectionate traditions of the Fleur d'Ecosse, la Reine Blanche. Brantôme, in his Vies des Femmes Illustres, quotes one poem of many, inspired by her touching and wonderful beauty during the period of her mourning.

In that gloomy "mourning chamber," she passed her

eighteenth birthday, alone and secluded, in tears and in prayer; and here she would have continued in communion with her husband's memory had not the penalty of her birth prevented her. How touching was the device and motto upon a medal which she caused to be struck, and which she made constant use of at this time; the device, a shrub of liquorice, a most bitter plant whereof the root only is sweet, and the motto, *Dulce meum Terra tegit*, Earth hides my sweetness.

But she was soon taught that queens have not the privilege of humbler women, to bewail their dead in peaceful seclusion, but that she must find time also for the duties, however unpleasant, of her position—must come out again into the stormy world, and take part in its interests, its warfares, its struggles, its pomps, and its griefs.

She was obliged to receive ambassadorial visits, and was, even at this time, and until she left France, under incessant surveillance. Catherine watched her like a cat; and Sir Nicholas Throckmorton kept steadfast vigilance upon her words and even her manner, reporting faithfully to his queen. But he could only write, "She hath showed, and so continueth, that she is both of great wisdom for her years, modesty, and also of great judgment in the wise handling of herself and her matters, which, increasing in her with her years, cannot but turn to her commendation, reputation, honor, and great benefit to her and her sountry."

A package containing treasonable letters from some of her false subjects, had been entrusted to a merchant named Francis Tenant; but that loyal Scot, instead of giving it to Throckmorton and her other enemies, gave it to his liege lady and mistress. And from it she in the gloom of sorrow, learned of the baseness of many whom she trusted; of the cruel machinations of Elizabeth, and of her own exposure to espicage. Tenant is never heard of again. As Throckmort n recommends him, however, to the tender mercies of 'e ecil we may guess shudderingly at his fate.

Alresty her re-marriage was the prominent point of interest among the intriguers of all parties. Elizabeth, now Living with Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who had murdered his wife, Amy Robsart, would have prevented any match with Mary, and desired nothing so much as to get that unfortunate princess into her power. suitors for the white hand of la Blanche Reine, were abundant. The Kings of Sweden and of Denmark and the brave young Prince of Orange entered the lists. The Prince of Spain was backed by the Guises. The Earl of Arran, for whom she had been demanded when only four years old, renewed his suit, backed by Montmorenci, and the King of Navarre, although at that very time Arran was in the pay of England, and the Protestant Monarch was plotting to divorce his own excellent wife, Jeanne D'Albret, that he might himself sue for the hand of Mary.

The Emperor was anxious that she should wed his son the Archduke of Austria, and the Lady Margaret Lenox had sent her son, Henry, Earl of Darnley, to visit and if possible to ingratiate himself with his royal kinswoman But all these suits were vain. Mary's sorrow for her young husband was as deep and sincere as her affection for him had been; and when the white mourning had been laid aside, after the customary period had elapsed and the ordinary black of widowhood was assumed, she wore it constantly for four years, long after her return to Scotland.

From her dim chamber Mary had written to Scotland, to inform her nobles of her husband's decease, to thank those who were loyal to her, to offer full pardon to all those who had offended against her person or crown, and to express her intention of returning soon to assume the government of her realm.

She was visited here by the young King Charles IX., who was excessively fond of her, and by all the royal family, but the resolute enmity of the Regent was manifest to her, and when the days of her mourning were accomplished, she had no desire to go to Paris, but, as Sir Jame. Melville says, "seeing her friends disgraced, and knowing herself not to be well liked, left the court, and was a sorrowful widow, at a gentleman's house, four miles from Orleans."

Her strongest desire now was to retire to Rheims, and

spend the residue of the winter there, in the Convent of St. Peter, of which her aunt, Renée de Lorraine, was Abbess. From this, however, she was prevented by the arrival of the Earl of Bedford, as especially ambassado from Elizabeth, to condole with her on her bereavement.

This nobleman and Sir Nicholas Thockmorton, with whom he was instructed to act as colleague, were received by the Queen, at Fontainebleau, on the 16th of February, and delivered the letters and messages with which they were charged. Mary thanked her "good sister" for her kindness, and promised to reciprocate all the affection which that princess expressed; she urged the necessity of amity and friendly relations, for she said, "We are both in one isle, both of one language, the nearest kinswomen that each other has and both Queens." But when those replies had been received by the Englishmen, the real motive of that mission of condolence, was expressed. Would her Majesty be pleased to ratify the Treaty of Edinburg, which had been made in July of the past year?

The religious and political condition of Scotland have not been touched upon as yet, from a desire to keep the personal narrative as unbroken as possible. A retrospective chapter, giving a résumé of such matters will be given a few pages hence. Here it is only necessary to state, that the treaty of Edinburg recognized, in the strongest terms, the right of Elizabeth to the English

throne, and bound Francis and Mary never to make use of the arms, nor to employ the titles of King and Queen of that realm.

Many interviews were held and many arguments made use of, but the young sovereign had but one answer to give. For past acts, she said, she had been under the guidance of the king, ner husband. For present or future actions, she reminded them that she was young, alone and unadvised; that she proposed soon to return to Scotland, and that once there, she would consult with, and be guided by, her natural and feal advisers, the nobles and counsellors of her kingdom.

In vain they argued the matter with her. Mary had but one answer. It concerned her country, and the wise men of that country must help her to decide. Alone, and in France, she would do nothing; so she recommended herself to the amicable feelings of their queen, and dismissed them, baffled. And this disappointment, as well as the proof of wisdom and prudence, thus exhibited by Mary, exacerbated the already chronic malignity of Elizabeth.



Chapter VII.

Farewell to France.

To escape from the constant annoyances to which she was subjected, Mary at length, March 26th, set out for Rheims, where she was received by her grandmother and uncles. And there it required the whole influence of her family to prevent her immuring herself absolutely in the convent, from taking solemn vows, and relieving her already world-wearied heart of the heavy weight of royalty. But this was not to be. Bright, beautiful delicate lily though she were, the shadow of the cloister wall was not to shelter her; her place was on the mountain top, and in the storm; the storm that was to destroy and send her, stainless still, but broken, to the grave.

She remained at Rheims but a few days, to celebrate the festival of Easter, and get strength from earnest prayer, and then departed for Joinville, on a visit to her grandmother, Antoinette de Bourbon. It was a sad visit, for that princess had never left off mourning since the death of her husbard, but led the most austere life, secluded in her own

black tapestried apartments. After a short delay, she set out for Nancy, in Lorraine, there to spend some time with her kinsfolk.

On the road thither she met and received a deputation from Scotland, inviting her to come back to her kingdom as soon as possible. Both parties had sent delegates; the Catholics commissioning John Lesley, Bishop of Ross, the Protestants sending her base brother, the Lord James Stuart, then Prior of St. Andrew's, afterwards the Regent Murray

The former wanted her to land at Aberdeen, where an army of twenty thousand of her co-religionists would receive and welcome her; but her unwillingness to apply any force in putting down the opposite party caused her to reject the offer. The Lord James promised her obedience, assured her of the willingness of all the Protestant party to return to their allegiance, and urged her to come at once to Edinburg. And at this very time, when her old affection for him had renewed itself, and she treated him with a sister's confidence and affection: at this very time he was communicating everything he could discover, and betraying all that she said to Throckmorton, the spy mbassador of Elizabeth.

On her arrival at Joinville she was waited upon by everal Scottish nobles, among whom were the Earls of Eglinton and Bothwell; the latter so fatal to her in after rears; and who, at this time, continued in attendance upon

her for four months. The Lord James remained but a few days and then returned through England, where he met Elizabeth and revealed to her all he had learned, and laid plans with her for the future unhappiness, dethronement, and destruction of his sovereign and sister.

Meantime, everybody but Mary was busily anxious about her marriage; giving her away now to one prince, again to another; but Mary went quietly on her way to Nancy, where, at least, she was sure of sincere affection.

She had been here, however, but a little while before she was attacked with a fierce tertian fever, which so seriously threatened her life that it was found necessary to send her back to Joinville, where she might receive the unremitting and assiduous care of her grandmother. Even at this time it was with difficulty that Throckmorton was prevented from importuning her with renewed entreaties to ratify the treaty of Edinburg.

One pleasant fact relieves us for a moment from the record of her sufferings, of court intrigues, and national treacheries. During her convalescence, Mary, in her rider about the country, observed that all the women and children were occupied in straw-plaiting, and that this poorer class was happier and more prosperous in Lorraine than elsewhere. She connected the industry with the prosperity, and resolved to introduce it into her own kingdom. Accordingly she engaged a troup of plaiters to go with her to Scotland, where she protected them until her power

was taken from her. After the accession of James VI. to the throne of England, he removed the little Lorraine colony to Bedfordshire where they prospered; and thus for the now immense manufacture of straw hats for which ingland is celebrated, she is indebted to the importation of these Lorrainers by Mary, Queen of Scots.

The young queen did not recover until the middle of June, when she went to Paris, making a public entry into that capital, being received at the Porte St. Denis by all the princes of the blood. The wonderful respect with which she was treated in this gay court, proves as much for her dignity and stainless reputation, as the love of all the royal family but Catherine, and the almost idolatry of the people, does for her gentleness and winning kindness of disposition.

Throckmorton stuck gallantly to his Edinburg treaty; but annoy and importune as he would, he could get no more from Mary than before, except indeed expressions of hope that the queen, his mistress, would not encourage the Scots in disloyalty and disobedience to their own liege. Then he would talk of religion with her and with about the same success. She promised perfect freedom of conscience to her subjects, but exacted resolutely the same for herself.

"I mean," she said, "to constrain no one of my subjects, and I trust they will have no support to constrain me,

The religion that I profess I take to be the most agreeable to God, and neither do I know, nor desire to know any other."

Meantime she had sent an ambassador, M. d'Oysell, to England to notify her "good sister and cousin" of her intention to return to Scotland, and to ask for free passage and safe-conduct through Elizabeth's territory. This was instantly and peremptorily refused!

Poor Mary! Invited by her loyal subjects to join them, she felt obliged to refuse them, because she would join no party as such. Invited treacherously by her brother and other great nobles, whom she knew to be in the pay of England, and of three of whom, the Lord James, Lord Morton, and the laird of Lethington, Randolph, Elizabeth's spy in Scotland, writes, "They wish that she may be stayed yet for a space; and were it not for their obedience sake, some of them care not if they never saw her face." Refused safeconduct by the queen of England, and knowing that the Queen Regent of France was careless whether she ever reached her kingdom or not; with the knowledge of the divided condition of things there, this widow of nineteen certainly found herself in no enviable plight.

But she had now only one duty left in France; it was to go to Fescamp, in Normandy, there to superintend the solemn burial of her mother. This lady's body had lair nine months in Edinburg Castle, and nearly three at Fes

camp, and now only was it removed, with fitting core monial, and laid down to its final rest in the church of St. Peter at Rheims.

Finally, in the month of July, Mary left Paris forever, escorted by the court as far as St. Germain en Laye, where she had first resided in France, and where she would now have taken some repose, had not the inevitable Throckmorton appeared again to attack her with his eternal treaty of Edinburg. Had she ratified that, he said, Elizabeth would have given her a safe-conduct, and entertained her right royally.

Now, Mary Stuart had warm blood in her veins. If she had been patient hitherto, it was from principle, not from lack of strength or fervor; and her whole stock of endurance being exhausted, she gave her whole mind to Sir Nicholas in a discourse some quarter of an hour long.

First she accuses herself of lack of dignity in asking any favor from Elizabeth; then she reminds the ambassador that Henry VIII. tried unsuccessfully to catch her on her road to France; and that by God's help, his daughter's endeavors to prevent her return would be equally fruitless. She recalls Elizabeth's expressions of amity, but suggests that that sovereign prefers cultivating friendly relations with Scottish traitors rather than with their lawful queen. "I do not," she says, "trouble her state, nor practise with her subjects." "She says I am young; she might say I were

as foolish as young, were I to transact such vital business without counsel or advice." "What is the matter, I pray you, with the queen, your mistress, to make her so evil affected towards me? I never did her wrong, either in deed or speech."

Then, with an argument proving the absurdity of the request that she, next in succession to the English throne, should promise never to assume its arms and style, when the only obstacle in her way was an unmarried woman of thirty, she dismisses the question finally. At the same time, she gives congé to M. l'Embassadeur, with these words:

"I trust the wind will be so favorable that I shall not come upon the coast of England; but, if I do, then sir, the queen, your mistress, will have me in her hands to do her will of me; and if she be so hard-hearted as to desire my end, perhaps she may do her pleasure, and make sacrifice of me. Peradventure," she adds sadly, "that casualty might be better for me than to live. In this matter God's will be done!"

So Mary prepared for her journey, as also did Nicholas Throckmorton. He, good man, advised the English to be constantly on the alert, for Mary trusted no one with her plans; so that "if you mind to catch the Queen of Scotland, your ships must search all and see all."

The queen was so poor, that she had to borrow for necessary expenses 100,000 crowns, and give, for the use of

the money, a mortgage on her dowry. This obtained she, attended by all who were noblest and bravest in France, set out on her journey to Calais.

Meantime, Throckmorton gave all the information about her movements that he could get to Elizabeth, and she sent out her vessels of war, with instructions to capture the Scottish Queen. Robertson suggests that her object was only to rid the sea of pirates, and gives, as proof, her own assertion to that effect. If such were the case, why was the galley in which the Earl of Eglinton and other lords were, taken and carried to England, and why was Mary's own galley chased for hours?—and why did Throckmorton recommend vigilance, "if you expect to catch the Scottish Queen?"

Mary had been royally received at Calais, where she was obliged to wait five days for a favorable wind. At last, that being obtained, two great galleys were placed at her disposal, and she prepared to embark. The Duke and Duchess of Guise, and the Cardinal of Lorraine, accompanied her to the shore. More than a hundred gentlemen of the best blood in France, both Catholic and Huguenot, had constituted themselves her guard of honor to Scotland. And now, when the last moment had come, and Mary saw the troops of weeping servitors around, she broke out into a passion of sobbing. Then, embracing her kinsfolk in silence, followed by her four Maries and her suite of nobles, she went on board her ship.

Scarcely had she mounted the deck when an vil omen occurred. A vessel coming into port struck a rock and sank, and many were drowned in her sight. "Ah, my God," she exclaimed, "what a portent for our voyage is this!" The sails were bent, the galley slaves worked at their oars, the sea hissed round the advancing bow, but she stood motionless upon the deck, her streaming eyes fixed upon the receding shore. "Adieu France!" she sobbed! "Beloved France, adieu!"

And there for hours she stood. Her attendants begged her to go down into the cabin to take some repose; to refresh herself. But no, there she remained until to use her own words, "the darkness like a black veil, shut out the sight of land," only repeating, "Farewell, O France, I shall never, never see thee more."

She would not go below, but ordered a couch to be made for her on deck. Then, requesting the helmsman to wake her at dawn, if land were still in sight, she lay down and sobbed herself to sleep. They made but little headway and at daylight the sailor awakened her. She rose and turned once more toward the home of her childhood and youth, until its shores grew dim and faded away. Then with one more earnest cry, "It is past! Farewell to France, beloved land that I shall behold no more," she subsided into mournful silence.

Her own beautiful song of farewell is well known, yet bught to be reprinted here also.

Adieu, plaisant pays de France,
Oh, ma patrie
La plus chérie,
Qui a nourri ma jeune enfance.
Adieu, France! adieu, nos beaux jours!
Le nef qui déjoint nos amours
N'a eu de moi que la moitie.
Une part te reste; elle est tienne.

Je la fié

A ton amitié,

Pour que de l'autre il te souvienne.

Once only, in the misty haze, the English cruisers caught sight of her galleys and gave chase. Then she was saved by love for her gentleness. When she embarked, she looked pitifully at the poor galley slaves who were to help the progress of her vessel and bemoaned their fate. She had no power to set them free, but she did what she could; she commiserated their forlorn condition and ordered that none of them should be struck or otherwise maltreated. And when the English vessels hove in sight, these unfortunate men remembered the tender pity of the beautiful young queen and bent to their oars till the galley fairly leaped over the waves. The enemy was distanced, and the coast of Scotland reached in safety. As aforementioned, the other galley was captured and carried to England.

Yet for two whole days a blinding mist kept them beating on and off the coast, not knowing where they were but at length the sky grew clear, and they landed, happily in the port of Leith.

Down crowded from the capital the Scots of every degree, to welcome, with or without sincerity, their beautiful liege lady; and for that one day, at least, English intrigue and Scottish treachery had no power to annoy ber. Even Knox has not a word to say against her, though afterwards he blamed her for the fog, which "was so thick and dark," he says, "that scarce might any man espy another the length of two pair of buttis." "That forewarning," continues that gentle and saintly man, "God gave unto us; but alas! the most part were blind."

And now, Mary Stuart's earlier and happier life is done, so far as we have the writing of it, and we have but one remark to make. Her after detractors accuse her, during this period, of levity, giving as their only reason, that she ived in a frivolous court and must have been so. Yet stern Catherine de Medicis, her enemy, the indefatigable spy, Throckmorton, any and all who watched her, never uttered one accusing syllable against her demeanor, while each and all have twenty times recorded her unusual gravity, dignity and wise deportment.

The time has now arrived for a review of the religious, social, and political condition of Scotland; and that grave topic once discussed, the personal narrative of Mary's life shall not again be interrupted until the axe shall have fallen.



Chapter VIII.

Condition of Scotland.

WE must see how that realm of hers had prepared itself to receive Queen Mary.

Politically it was vexed by the rivalries of the great nobles, the Douglas, the Hamilton, loyal Huntley and even "fair and false Argyle." Many were the paid instruments of England, nearly all were turbulent and hard to rule. They were as Mary wrote afterwards, "a people as factious among themselves and as fassious (troublesome) for the governor as any other nation in Europe."*

Religiously considered, Scotland was in a very disturbed condition. As early as 1536 or '7, Henry VIII. had endeavored to induce James to forsake the old religion, offering him as bribe the dukedom of York and the hand of the Princess Mary. But James said he would die in the creed of his fathers, and so, when he was called away he left his realm, still nominally a Catholic one, to the regency first of Hamilton, duke of Châtelheraut, and afterwards of Mary of Lorraine.

This lady, though a wise and moderate woman, was at the same time a zealous Catholic; and she did all she could, without having recourse to violence, to restrain the progress of the new opinions.

But under the leadership of John Knox and Murray, then the Lord James Stuart, the Reformers increased rapidly in strength and numbers. In 1557, the people were exhorted by a proclamation to "separate themselves from the congregation of Satan, with all the superstitious abomination and idolatry thereof." On the feast of St. Giles, patron of Edinburg, when the usual assemblage of "priests, friars, canons and rotten papists," was formed for the usual procession, that pageant was broken in upon by the reformers; the image of the saint seized and its head "dadded against the pavement." Its predecessor had been purnt and then drowned in the Norloch.

The breaking of the procession is elegantly described by Knox. "Then might have been seen as sudden a fray as seldom has been seen. Down goes the Cross, off go the surplices, round caps and cornets, with the crowns. The Grey Friars gaped, the Black Friars blew, and the priests panted and fled, and happy was he who first got the house; for such a sudden fray came never among the generation of Antichrist within this realm before." Then, when the victory had been gained, "the brethren assembled themselves in such sort in companies, singing psalms and praising God, that the proudest of the enemies were astounded."

Mary of Lorraine now resolved, if possible, to put a stop to the further progress of the movement, and, with that view, summoned the leading ministers of the Congregation, as the Protestants were now called, to her presence at Stirling. They came, but attended by so great a host of their people, that the Regent saw that any attempt to coerce them would be vain. She accordingly refused even to receive them, coming as they did in such masses, and so they dispersed, the principal men amongst them retiring to Perth.

Here Knox preached a sermon against "Idolatry," which inflamed his adherents to the utmost, a talent which he eminently possessed, being characterized even in his old age as one "fit to ding the pulpit into blads and flie out of it." After the sermon, when most of the audience had retired, a priest entered and began to prepare the altar for telebrating mass. But the passions of the people were aroused; a stone was thrown at one of the pictures and gave the signal for a general onslaught. Altar, images paintings, tombs and everything were demolished; in a little while, nothing of the edifice was left standing but the bare and battered walls. Meantime, the rest of the Reformers stormed through the city, sacking church an imonastery, and convent; razing even to their foundation the splendid structures of the Grey and Black Friars

"Pull down their nests and the rooks will fly off." Ford

advice you may turn to his biographer, M'Crie.*

The Congregation and its backers were now declared to in open rebellion, and the queen raised what few troops she could in Scotland, and procured from France an aid of some twenty-five hundred men. The Reformers, however, put themselves at once on a military footing and prepared to resist any coercive measures on the part of government, until the arrival of the French. Then, the Congregation applied to Elizabeth for aid, who furnished about six thousand men.

The first attempt, on their part, was to besiege Leith, then strongly fortified; but it was stoutly defended by the royal troops and the effort proved unsuccessful. What might have been the result of a continued condition of such things we know not; but a stop was put temporarily to civil war by the approaching death of the Regent. That high-spirited and excellent princess, wearied and heart-broken at last by the turmoil and fret of so stormy a life, found that her end was drawing nigh and turned her thoughts to heaven and to peace.

She called the nobles round her, expressed her sorrow for the rent and suffering country, and advised that all foreign troops, French or English, should be sent out of Scotland. She begged their love and reverence for

^{*} Ed. Presbyteman Board of Publication, Philadelphia, pp. 174, 176.

their young sovereign, her daughter, and professed her own affection for the realm which she had tried to rule well. Then, bursting into tears, she embraced them, one by one, begged their forgiveness for aught wherein she might have offended them, and lingering thence painfully through the night, she died in the early morning June 10, 1560.

Her body was refused the rites of Catholic burial, but being encoffined in lead, lay in the Castle of Edinburg until the following March.

Four days afterwards, the Treaty of Edinburg, so frequently alluded to in the last chapter, was signed and the French troops were withdrawn. The Congregation, backed by the English, had everything their own way. Leith and Dunbar were dismantled; a new Confession of Faith was set forth, the Catholic religion abolished, and its offices forbidden to be celebrated under a penalty of death for the third offense.

A glance at the principal leaders of the Congregation is necessary here, for the better understanding of the condition of Scotland at the queen's arrival.

The first and most considerable was her base-born brother, James Stuart, afterwards and better known as the Regent Murray. His valor, sagacity, perseverance, and unscrupulous ambition entitle him to the first place. At the early age of seven, his father, James V., made him Commendator of the Priory of St. Andrew's, the richest

benefice in Scotland, avoiding the proper appointment of a clergy to that office, that its revenues might accrue to his son. While Mary was a child, at Dunbarton, before her departure for France, he used every possible exertion to secure her sisterly affection, and so deep an impression did he make upon the heart of the gentle child, that she never afterwards could distrust him with that perfectness of sentiment which he so eminently merited. When he visited her in France, he renewed his professions of absolute devotion and obedience, and received in return her unlimited confidence, so far as to induce her to desire to give him a commission to govern the realm in her absence. The confidence he betrayed to Queen Elizabeth: even advising her as to Mary's projects of return, and of the best means to intercept and make her prisoner. Cambden, in his annals writes, "James, the bastard, having returned from France to England, gave advice underhand to intercept her, both for Elizabeth's security and the interest of religion."* His late life is interwoven with hers.

Another leader was James Hamilton, Earl of Arran, and son of the Duke of Chatelheraut, who had been Regent for a time after Mary's birth. He was, at the same time suitor to Elizabeth, and the Queen of Scots.

James Douglas, Earl of Morton, who played fast and loose with the Congregation until he found them the stronger party, was a third. These were the chief lay

leaders. With their subordinates the reader's acquaintance will be made more rapidly than admiringly. Other principal foemen of the queen were clerks.

George Buchannan, a very learned man, was Latin tutor to the queen, and attended her luring her residence in France, lauding her as an angel upon earth, praising her accomplishments and wondrous beauty, writing the most enthusiastic epithalamium on her nuptials with Francis II.* She saved his life in the blood bed which followed the conspiracy of Coligni, and heaped favors and benefits upon him, among others, a pension of 500 pounds per annum, then an enormous sum. He also will find his place in this record of the life, sorrows and death of his mistress.

And last, and principally, John Knox, the great leader and mainspring of the Scottish Reformation, equally remarkable for his great, rough eloquence, his singularly spiritual power and his unchecked and illimitable brutality. He was ordained priest in 1530, after having studied at the University of Glasgow. Twelve years later he joined the Reformists, married, became a preacher, soon celebrated as such; and for his enthusiasm suffered a short confinement in the French galleys. He was soon acknowledged head of the Congregation, and deserved that position by his reckless courage in the contest of that body with government. He was twice obliged to abscord. Some

time he passed in Geneva, and on his return from that celebrated seminary of the new religion, he became once more the most notable of the Scottish opposition.

We have already noted some of his acts with reference to Queen Mary, of Lorraine, and will see, in the course of the narrative, his influence in the misfortunes of her suffering daughter. His love for the former may be guessed at by his notice of her illness and death:—"Within a few days after began her belly and loathsome legs to swell, and so continued until that God did execute his judgment upon her." "She was clapped in a coffin of lead, and kept in the castle until carried to France. God, for his mercy sake, rid us of the rest of the Guisean blood. Amen."*

His indomitable, persevering and inhuman hatred for Mary, Queen of Scots, is one of the most singular idiosyncracies in history. He maligned her very birth, asserting her to be the daughter of Cardinal Beaton. He called her, as a child, "a plague to this realm." He welcomed her arrival in Scotland with these words, "The very face of the heavens did manifestly speak what comfort was brought with her into this country, to wit, sorrow, darkness, dolor, and all impiety," and, in this spirit, he pursued her to the grave.

There are but three suggestible causes for this feeling.

First, that it was from motives entirely religious, that his intense horror of the Catholic church made him also abhor any princess or other powerful person who was an adherent of that church. Secondly, that it was s hallucination, like that of the Thugs, or of the New Haven Wakemanites* of our own day; arising from the ardor of his most excitable mind, and the great animal heat of his blood. Or, thirdly, that it was instilled into him by his patron, Douglas of Longniddrie, in whose family he was tutor, and who was one of the most shameless of Scottish traitors and of spies in the pay of England. One of this worthy's letters is preserved in the State Paper Office, wherein he betrays, to the Lord Protector Somerset, the Regent's design to send the little queen into France, and reminds him of the promises made by his grace to his (Longniddrie's) wife, saying "that ne had done all in his power to serve the English cause, both during the battle of Pinkie and since, by which he had taken great skaith, and was yet without his expected reward, and hopes his grace will take such services into due consideration."

If this excellent man were the creator of Knox's ideas of his sovereign, that reformer's treatment of her and his devotion to England can be accounted for thus. In the meantime, we have only to record his share in Mary's life, for which he has already answered elsewhere.

^{*} Appendix A. 2. † Mrs. Strickland's Queens of Scotland, iii. 25.

Sach slight sketch of the country's condition, and of the chief actors in the drama to follow, was necessary to show how Scotland stood when its young and widowed queen set her foot upon its shores at Leith amic the tumbling breakers and the dank and eerie mists.





Chapter IX. First Year in Scotland.

1561.

THE queen landed, as we have seen, at Leith, but so quietly had all her arrangements been made that the royal salute fired by her galleys gave the first notice of her approach. Then the people poured down from Edinburg, to greet and welcome her back to her kingdom. Holyrood was not ready for her reception, and she, her four Maries, and her other immediate attendants, were obliged to wait in the house of one John Lambie, at Leith, until the afternoon.

Then Lord James and other of the nobles came down with such material for the reception of their royal mistress as they could get together. Mary's fine French palfreys with their trappings, had been taken in Eglinton's galley, and were now in England, and nothing in horse shape appeared but the rough, uncouth ponies of Scotland Indeed, so shabby was the whole reception,

when compared with the splendor to which she had been accustomed, and so hurt did the young queen feel at the first impressions which her gallant French attendants must form of her realm, that her eyes filled with tears. However, the procession was formed and she turned her face towards her capital.

The trades, with their banners and devices, were drawn up on the roadside, and such music as Edinburg could furnish at the time preceded the cavalcade. Before reaching the city, a body of craftsmen met her and throwing themselves at her feet, besought her pardon. It appeared from their story, that the Congregation had, at one fell swoop, abrogated their ancient sports as doings of the evil one; a measure to which they were disinclined to succumb. Accordingly, they had organized a band for the representation of the old play of Robin Hood, one Kellone performing the part of that knightly outlaw. But they had chosen Sunday for their celebration, for which gross profanation their sports were broken up, and poor Robin condemned to death. The crafts however, rose to protect their fellows, and the magistrates were kept at bay until the arrival of the queen, when the offenders sought and obtained her grace.

The city was illuminated, and bonfires kindled in the streets as Mary made her way to the palace. Here, through the livelong night, yea, for three nights, her devout lieges serenaded her with ill-played violins, the

• tertainment being elegantly interspersed with nasal psalmody, so that the poor lady was nearly distracted with discord and want of sleep.

One of her Maries reminded her of Bishop Montluc's advice to her in France, "Is any one merry, let him sing psalms," and inquired if this were the style of music to which his lordship had referred.

"Alas!" said the poor, tired queen, "this is no place for mirth. I can scarcely restrain my tears." That nothing might be wanting to the perfection of this concert, bagpipes also were freely used.

"Hé!" cries out the astounded Brantôme, "hé! quelle musique! et quel repos pour sa nuit!"

Fortunately, however, other chambers were got ready, and she left her rooms upon the ground floor for those still known by her name in Holyrood, thus getting out of hearing of her loyal but discordant lieges.

Then the nobles came to pay their duty to her, and all were won by the grace and dignity of her manner. The black weeds of her mourning for Francis still shrouded her beautiful form, and sadness had become an almost habitual expression of her face; but she had been educated in the most polished court in Christendom, and knew how to conceal her sorrow. She soon appointed two almoners, with instructions to seek out the needy and relieve them; set apart a portion of her own slender means for the education

of poor children, and reëstablished and salaried the office of Advocate for the Poor.

She soon proclaimed the establishment of the new religion which she found in Scotland, declaring her determination to punish any one who should disturb it, but claiming for herself common liberty of conscience and the right to exercise the duties of her own creed.

Alas! she was not even to have this; for, on the very first Sunday after her entrance into Edinburg, the Congregation gathered to prevent the mass which she had ordered, from being celebrated in the Chapel Royal. Patrick, Lord Lindsay, an infuriate bigot, clad in complete armor, rushed through the streets at the head of a troop of the brethren, brandishing his sword and shouting:

"The idolater priest shall die the death!"

The ecclesiastic was only saved by fleeing into the queen's presence.

"This is a fine commencement of what I have to expect," exclaimed the outraged and indignant sovereign. "What will be the end, I know not; but I foresee it will be very bad."

She then gave resolute command that the chapel should be instantly prepared for the sacred offices, and that the celebrant should be respected. But, even while the service was proceeding, the Lord James was obliged to stand at the door to keep out Lindsay and his followers; and after mass, the clergy had to be escorted home by his two brothers, the Lords Robert and John Stuart: and so, says Knox, "The godly departed with great grief of heart." *

This was followed by a tremendous blast against idolatry from the Reformer, which led to his famous interview with the queen—the interview in which, as Randolph writes to Cecil, "he knocked so hastily upon her heart, that he made her weep."

Her principal complaints to him were, that he stirred up her subjects to rebellion; that he had written his "Blast against the Monstrous Regiment of Women," against her; and that he used unnecessarily rough and violent language in his sermons and discourses. He got rid of the first by declaring that the commands of God (i. e., the Congregation) were superior to one's duty to any earthly ruler, and that, if the realm did not object to female rule, said he, "I shall be as well content to live under your grace, as Paul under Nero!" A modest and natural comparison! Truly says Randolph, "She is patient, and beareth much."

The "Blast," was written, he declared, not against her, but "against that wicked Jezebel (Mary) of England." Then she tried to argue a little with him, but his language, as reported in his own history of the Reformation,† was so boorish and violent, that she could only burst into tears, and so dismiss him. The interview did good to neither. It merely showed her more plainly her desolate condition,

and his opinion of it is recorded by himself. "If there be not in her a proud mind, a crafty wit, and an indurate heart against God and his truth, my judgment fails me."

Meantime, the ordinary public civilities to the newly-arrived sovereign and her suite were not altogether neglected. At the head of the French nobles who had accompanied her was her young uncle, the Marquis d'Elbœuf, and to him and the others, the provost and bailies of Edinburg determined to give a banquet, which, to the horror of the ministers, they gave on Sunday, August 31. The very magistrates were there who wanted to hang poor Kellone for profaning that holy day with his Robin Hood.

But the dinner was given and eaten; and then Edinburg prepared for the grand state entry of the queen into that, her capital. And the provost and bailies bedizzened themselves with velvets and taffetas, and "doublets of cramosye," and "meikle French blaber," whatever that may be, and recommended the young men to make themselves as fine as possible, and to get up "some beau abulziment of taffaty or silk," all of which was loyally done "for the pleasure of their sovereign, and obtaining Her Highness' favor."

They chose a queer way to arrive at such a result, for after she had passed some fifty youths, disguised as blackamoors, with chains of gold upon their limbs, she arrived at an arch, where she was presented with the keys of the

course from a "bonny bairn." After that, she was treated to a pantomime view of the punishment of idolatry, as exemplified in the case of Korah, Dathan and Abiram. It had been intended here to burn in effigy "a priest at the moment of the Elevation," but the powerful Earl of Huntley prevented it.

Then there were other pageants less objectionable to her and wine ran from the fountain at the city cross; and further on, were "ane little speech," and something burned "in manner of a sacrifice." Then, at the Netherbow, they burnt a dragon, and the Queen's Grace heard a psalm sung, and finally she got back to Holyrood, where some other "bairns" "made some speech concerning the putting away of the Mass, and thereafter sang a psalm." The royal lady then retired to make of her reception what she could, and the provost and bailies went home, took off their velvets and their "doublets of cramosye," and their "meikle French blaber," and so became mortal again.*

Recording a present of money given on this occasion by the magistrates to Queen Mary, John Knox remarks, with characteristic elegance, "They gave her some taste of their prodigality; and because the liquor was sweet, she has licked of that buist more than twice since."

Mary soon after gave her first grand reception at Holy rood, and then began diligently to attend to the affairs of

Strickland, iii. 224. Chambers, l. 44 Bell, l. 128.

her government. No easy task for one whom Robertson describes as "a young queen, not nineteen years of age; unacquainted with the manners and laws of her country, a stranger to her subjects, without experience, without allies, and almost without a friend."*

The great Gordon, Earl of Huntley, a Catholic nobleman, was appointed Chancellor of the Realm: the Lord James, Secretary of State; Maitland of Lethington, Makgill, and Wishart, brother of the one burned for heresy during the Regency, all Protestants, formed the rest of the cabinet. The Council, composed of twelve, stood seven Protestants to five Catholics. Among these notables, the young queen came every day, to listen and take part in their legislation, always sitting there, in her modest beauty with her embroidery or other female work, to keep her busy. Besides this, she ordered the courts for the desolate and poor to convene three times a week, and frequently attended them herself to ensure justice; for she had chosen for the legend upon her new gold coin "Justus Fide Vivet"—"The Just shall live by Faith."

At this time, September 6,† she entreats Elizabeth's and to destroy piracy, then very common in the seas about England and Scotland, and begs of that sovereign to encourage the relations of amity and mutual good-will which ought to subsist between them. Elizabeth's ambassador was exceedingly distastaful to Mary. This was Sir

Thomas Randolph, whom she knew for a spy on her actions, a wily tamperer with her nobles and a sarcastic observer and reporter of all that transpired at her court. She was exceedingly desirous to get rid of this man, and endeavored to enlist her brother to procure his recall. But such a course was not within the scope of the Lord James' designs, and he, now in the fullest confidence of the queen, dissuaded her from the attempt.

"At least," she said, "I will send one to England as crafty as he."

She referred to Maitland of Lethington, whom, shortly after, she dispatched to the English court. Crafty, indeed, he was, but not for her. He soon became the paid tool of Cecil, betrayed his mistress and contributed a full share towards her future misfortunes.

In order to become better acquainted with her people, the queen determined to make a short progress through some of the northern counties; and, accordingly, she and a fair retinue started from Holyrood, on the 10th of September. She rode on horseback, for, at this period, there was but one wheeled vehicle in all Scotland, an ancient chariot, imported by her grandmother, Queen Margaret. It may be mentioned, also, that she rode upon the first pommelled side-saddle ever seen in the kingdom.

She lay that night at Linlithgow, where her infancy had passed in the times of King Henry's "rough wooing." and

Here note danger and sorrow awaited her. At night while she was asleep, the hangings of her bed took fire from a light standing near it, and she was with difficulty rescued from the flames. And in the morning, while engaged at her devotions in the chapel, the Lord James, her prime minister, and the Earl of Argyle, her justice-general, entered the church, and in her presence disturbed the mass and assaulted the officiating clergyman. "Both priests and clerks," writes Randolph, joyously, "left their places with broken heads and bloody ears. It was sport, alone, for some that were there, to behold it."

And then at Perth again she was greeted with insulting and tasteless pageants, till, sick with fatigue and chagrin, she fell, fainting, from her horse. So, after a little, back again to Edinburg, just in time to hear proclamation issued by the magistrates—the worthies in "cramosye doublets and meikle French blaber"—commanding "all monks, friars, priests, nuns, adulterers, fornicators, and all such filthy persons, to remove themselves out of this town and bounds thereof, within twenty-four hours, under pain of tarting through the town, burning on the cheek, and for the third offense, to be punished with death." *

This roused the blood of the Stuart, who had wasted her gentleness so long upon them. Yet, even then, she neither

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imprisoned nor fined them, but simply, though very peremptorily, commanded the town council to dismiss them at once from office and elect better men in their places.

Her mandate was obeved; and so, in the chaste and beautiful language of Knox, "The queen took upon her greater boldness than she and Balaam's bleating priests durst have attempted before. And so, murderers, adulterers, thieves, w——s, drunkards, idolaters, and all malefactors got protection under the queen's wings, under color that they were of her religion. And so, got the devil freedom again." *

Towards the close of this year, the Earl of Huntley writes to the queen: "If you will sanction me in it, I will set up the mass again in the three counties." Now, the Earl of Huntley was the last of the Scottish chivalric nobles: no stain of English gold was on his hands, no blot of dishonor dimmed his escutcheon. He was very powerful. He could bring twenty thousand men to the field, and if unable actually to fulfill his offer, he could have at least reduced the Congregation to some feeling of tolerance. But Mary had proclaimed the freedom and establishment of the new religion; had given her promise to its leaders that it should not be disturbed, and she kept her word.

She was threatened, however, with a league against her, headed by Huntley, Chatelherault, and Arran, with the Protestant nobles of her realm. This merely added another

thorn to her crown; but she steadfastly kept her faith and addressed herself to the care of her government.

About this time, she restored to Bothwell some lande forfeited by his ancestors, including Melrose Abbey; for, although a profligate ruffler, that nobleman had been a faithful servant to her and to her mother while regent. New favors were also heaped upon the ambitious Lord James. He was Lieutenant of the Borders, Earl of Mar, Commander to the Queen, and looked shortly to be Earl of Murray. These two were sent with some troops to the borders, which were then infested with sanguinary robbers, "rievers," as they called themselves. Every little baronevery Johnstone, and Armstrong, and Elliott-had a fortified tower, and a quantity of reckless, well-armed thieves to hold it for him, master and men both subsisting on plunder. In this single excursion, this state of affairs was almost entirely reformed, although, it is true, by very severe means—hanging, burning, and drowning being abundantly applied to the malefactors.

Meantime, the Congregation were discussing the question whether "the princess, being an idolater, ought to be obeyed in civil matters;" and according to Randolph, John Knox was praying that God would "turn her (Mary's) obstinate heart against God and His truth; or if the holy will be otherwise, to strengthen the hearts and hands of his chosen and elect stoutly to withstand the rage of all tyrants." Another record of the English ambassador

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day, (Nov. 1,) the queen had mass celebrated. That night, the priest was well beaten for his reward."

The question of the queen's marriage was another source of discomfort to her. Don Carlos, Archduke Charles of Austria, King Eric, of Sweden, the Duke of Ferrara, the Prince of Condé, were all open suitors, whin Arran and Sir John Gordon, son of the Earl of Huntley, also aspired to the honor of her love. All this greatly excited the jealousy of Elizabeth, the flattery of whose courtiers could not satisfactorily contradict the condemnatory evidence of her mirror, while it only worried Mary, who at length, to get rid of the matter, declared, "I will none other husband than the queen of England."

Arran was crackbrained at the time, and became altogether crazy afterwards; so that there may have been some foundation for a report which now startled and alarmed the queen. On one Sunday night in November, it was told her that Arran, at the head of a considerable body of men, was marching upon Holyrood, with the design of carrying her off. False or not, it had the effect of making her tremble for her personal safety, and of inducing her to form a body-guard for her protection.

It also brought the Duke of Chatelherault to the court, for the first time since Mary's return. He denounced the report as a slander, gotten up by his son's enemies, and so the matter blew over. This was followed by a street fight

between Bothwell and Lord John Stuart's followers on one side, and Arran's on the other. It rose from some forcible gallantries offered by d'Elbœuf and Bothwell to the mistress of that pious leader of the congregation, Arran. D'Elbœuf was scolded, Bothwell banished from court for ten days, and so that matter ended.

Then for the third time came Arran to reveal a plot, whereby the Earl of Huntley, Bothwell, and Chatelherault were to murder the Lord James, get more power for the Hamiltons, and strengthen the Catholic interest. Mary, alarmed for her brother's safety, and stimulated by his feigned fears and the secret umbition which was using her affection as its tool, ordered Chatelherault to deliver up his strong castle of Dumbarton and threw Bothwell into prison, from which he escaped and fled the country for two years.

And now (Dec. 5.) came round the mournful anniversary of her young and beloved husband's death; a day which Mary desired to celebrate with all the solemn sadness and hope emblemed by the ritual of the church. But she was disappointed, at least in any hope she may have entertained of sympathy. Her nobles refused to wear mourning for one to whom they had decreed the crown matrimonial of Scotland. The French ambassador, de Foix, refused to attend her at mass, and she was obliged to issue a proclamation, forbidding personal violence to the

colesiastics who were to officiate. So she kept her sorrows in her own heart, or poured them out to God.

At the celebration of this mass, in the solemn and glorious requiem music peculiar to it, was heard a rich sweet voice, clear and full above the others; a voice that shall be heard again, but pleading for life, and mingling its wails of despair with the horrified shrieks of the outraged and insulted queen. It was the voice of David Riccio.

He had come to Scotland as the secretary of the Count Moretta, ambassador from the Duke of Savoy, and as he spoke French and Italian perfectly, and was a most admirable singer and musician, Mary had begged him from the court, and had made him her secretary.* The queen had never ceased to practise music, for which she had hereditary taste and talent, both sedulously cultivated. She sang admirably, and played the lute and virginals, and it was almost her only pleasure to retire from the council, or to shut out her stormy nobles and the bigots of her people, and to seek refuge in the soothing power of the sacred art.

Another attempt was made this year to get the Edinburg treaty ratified, both Throckmorton and Sir Peter Mewtas being sent to Scotland; but Mary's answer was still the same. To avoid all unnecessary repetition of the arguments and of the Queen's positions, her majesty's letter be found in Appendix "B," at the end of the volume.

The year closed with the settlement of church property which had been taken from the various religious orders and the secular clergy. What the laity had got hold of they clung to pertinaciously, and the ministers of the congregation received only a third of what was left, much to the discontentment of Knox who complains bitterly. Yet the Comptroller was Wishart of Pitarrow, for whom the Reformer makes a singular distinction. "The gude laird of Petarro is an earnest professour of Christ, bot, the mekill devill receave the Comptroller!"*

Now, if Knox's prayer were granted, and the "mekill devill" did "receave the comptroller," I am curious to know what became of the "gude laird of Petarro."

So passed the year away, with some little pleasure, but alas, with how much pain and annoyance for poor Mary. It has really been unpleasant to record such incessant troubles from turbulent nobles and bigoted religionists, as the history of a year; but historians furnish no other materials, and faithful and laborious research has been unable to discover any more sunshine, in these first twelve months in Scotland, than is here set down. Some relate these indignities with pity and shame, others with unworthy and cruel exultation; but all writers on the period furnish the facts, and none others to brighten them by Entrast. So be it. The year 1561 is gone.

Chapter X.

The Ruin of Gordon of Huntley.

1562.

The wily Lord James had, as early as 1549-50, looked about for a wife who might increase his store. His eye fell upon Christian Countess of Buchan, at that time a mere child, and satisfied of the greatness of her estate, her uncle and guardian was persuaded to contract her to the commendator of St. Andrew's. As his affianced wife, therefore, she grew up, but not to marry her betrothed. He had discovered a better way of coming at her property. Her grandfather was an exceedingly careless man in business matters, and had heavily mortgaged his possessions. After his death, the Lord James carefully bought up these mertgages, persuaded the guardian and the child of the intess to assign the lands to him and then coolly refused marry the lady whom he had so meanly impoverished.

The was married afterwards to Robert Douglas of Loch

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leven, uterine brother of Lord James, while the latter in February, 1582, gave his hand to Agnes Keith, daughter of the Earl Marischal.*

The queen graced the nuptials with her presence, and afterwards gave a grand banquet to the bridegroom and bride, whereat were dancing and fireworks and all manner of gaieties. Ten gentlemen were knighted by the royal hand, and Mary quaffed a goblet of wine to the health of her good cousin Elizabeth, and presented the golden cup, weighing eighteen ounces, to Randolph, ambassador from that sovereign. It may easily be supposed that all these vanities on the part of the great lay leader of the Congregation were uncongenial to Master Knox. They produced a sour rebuke from that good man, and the rebuke led to a rather prolonged coldness between him and the bridegroom.

It is strange to find in the heart of John Knox, a strong devotion to the duties of clanship. He was the born vassal of the Earl of Bothwell, and when that noble, taking advantage of the queen's absence at Falkland, came by night to Edinburg, and had an interview with the Reformer, the latter received him with the greatest respect. "My grandfather, guid sire and father," he said, "have served your lordship's predecessors, and some of them have died under their standards, and this is part of the obligation of our Scottish kindness." Bothwell then pre-

tended great sorrow for his profligate life, and for injuries done by him to the Congregation: a meeting was devised between him and Arran, whereat they were reconciled, and parted friends, with the blessing of Knox to confirm their amity.

"But little recked he for the creeds Of either church I trow."

His object was to inveigle crackbrained Arran into a scheme to abduct the queen whom he already loved with passion. He easily persuaded him and his father, the Duke of Chatelherault, to join him (Bothwell) in his scheme. The queen was to be seized while out hawking at Falkland, the Lord James and Maitland were to be slain, and her majesty compelled to marry Arran. Completely deceived by Bothwell, both father and son joined the plot. But reflection on it turned Arran's head; he grew frightened, and ran blubbering to Knox to tell him he had been betrayed. His next step was to confess it all in writing to the queen, a step which so enraged his old father, that he would have killed the weak creature had he not fled.

Bothwell was arrested, sufficient evidence of his guilt was discovered, and he was cast into prison. Arran was sent for and found to be perfectly insane, muttering that he was led astray by devils and bewitched by the Lord James' mother. Chatelheraut put in his usual plea of slander and so contented himself with bewailing his son's mad-

ness. Mary with her usual gentleness, soon forgave Arran, but she remained implacable towards Bothwell. After wards on the trial, the duke came to court, threw himself upon his knees, and begged the queen, with tears, not to credit the accusation of his insane son. Mary dealt gently with him, only taking away Dumbarton from him and sending Arran into safe keeping. Bothwell remained three months in prison, at St. Andrew's, and then effecting his escape, sought refuge in his own well-defended castle of Hermitage, and afterwards in England.

About this time Mary had a dangerous fall from hehorse, by which her face and arm were severely injured.
She also finally rejected the suit of Eric, King of Sweden,
who had sent an ambassador with formal proposals.
"Happy the man who of such a one was forsaken," quoth
Knox, but tastes differ, and John's does not appear to
have been the popular one.

A filthy insult was offered to the young sovereign while conversing in her garden with Sir Henry Sydney. A person, called Captain Hepburne, approached and gave her a sealed packet, which she handed unopened to the Lord James. He, breaking the seal, drew from it an obscendrawing and a copy of ribald verses, which he was indelicate enough to show her before the Englishman Whosoever planned the insult, had the satisfaction to know that it made its wound. Hepburne escaped by flight, but the poor queen sickened with chagrin

at the grossness of the outrage, and remained ill for some time.

The great object of the Lord James' ambition was to et the crown of Scotland entailed upon him or his heirs; he second in importance was to be created Earl of Murray, as he was already Earl of Mar. This favorite scheme was now ripening to perfection. The greater part of the lands of Mar and Murray had been held by the great Earl of Huntley, upon whom they were bestowed, in 1549, for services against the English. In 1554, the Regent had commanded him to invade and lay waste the territories of Clanranald, Donald Goram, and Mac Leod of Lewis, for some offenses by them committed. Failing to do this, the lands were taken from him, but afterwards restored as a five years' lease, to run from 1559 to 1564.

But, now, the Lord James, whose influence with his sister was paramount, poisoned her ears with slanders against Huntley, and got her to bestow upon him the title of Earl of Murray, intending that the property should soon follow the title. Farewell then, so far as this work is concerned, to the Lord James Stuart, Lay Prior of St. Andrew's and of Pittenweem, Lord of Abernethy, Strathem, Pettie, and Brachlie, and hail to the Earl of Murray, in three years more to be Sheriff of Ross, Sutherland and Caithness, Lord of Cardel, Earl of Mar and Buchan, Lord of Braemar, Cromar, Strathdee, and Badenach, and Lord Warden of Culloder.

Lord Huntley was born in 1510, and was, consequently fifty-two years old at this period. He it was who liked not the "manner of Henry VIII.'s wooing," and who had done good service for the Queen Regent against the English. He, who stood at the head of the loval party on the queen's arrival, had warned Mary of Murray's craft and ambition, but affection had deafened her. Her brother lost no opportunity now of influencing her against Huntley, and a breach of the peace committed by that nobleman's son, Sir John Gordon, came aptly to his purpose. Sir John had fought with James Ogilvie and wounded him in the open streets, for which he was committed to the common gaol. The magistrates were thanked for their zeal by an autograph letter from Mary;* and she, persuaded by Murray that it was a purposed insult, resolved to make a northern progress, and to institute her brother into the earldom which she had conferred upon him.

She set out with her train on the 11th of August and on the 27th, arrived in Aberdeen, where she remained until September 1st. Here Huntley met her, and invited her to his house; but her suspicion of treasonable designs, on his part, had been carefully fostered, and she refused to go But after stopping at several towns in succession until her army had joined her, she proceeded to Inverness, and demanded the surrender of that castle. It was held by

Alexander Gordon, for Lord Gordon, its hereditary keeper, the heir of the Earl of Huntley. The demurrer of the commandant was answered by an instant attack, the castle was taken and Gordon was hanged, his half resistance being qualified as treason.

The country turned out to the queen's assistance, and she, riding at the head of her troops, turned southward, bearing stoutly all the fatigue and uttering no complaints. On her way southward towards Moray, she had summoned two strongholds, belonging to Sir John Gordon, to surrender. Their keepers refused, and she, having no cannon, could not take them; but the refusal was more treason on the part of poor Sir John. Again, she passed Huntley Castle and refused to enter it and in a privy council, it was decided that Huntley must either submit to everything, or prepare for "the subversion of his house forever." He, poor gentleman, had, by this time, procured and sent so her the keys of the two strongholds which she had summoned, as well as a cannon from his own castle, with the loyal message, "That his body and goods were at her Grace's commands." The Countess took Captain Hay. who was sent for the cannon, into the chapel and there, before the altar, protested that this whole procedure was a eligious persecution against her husband, "who," said she, "was ever obedient to the queen, and will die her faithful subject."

But Murray and the serpent Maitland had at length

succeeded in alarming the queen, by making her believe that Huntley's object was to seize upon her person, marry her forcibly to his son and slay them, her faithful counsellors. Then an expedition was ordered against the castle, which they found wide open, with the countess prepared to show them princely hospitality. Huntley himself had retired to Badenach. Another privy council was convened and his presence commanded; on his non-appearance, and indeed he had not even time to reach Aberdeen where the queen now was, he was pronounced a rebel and his lands and titles declared forfeited.

He sent his countess to the queen, but she was denied an audience; he offered to give bail and suffer trial by the whole nobility, but this also was refused. Then, stung to madness, he called his clansmen about him and defied, not the queen, but her wicked and cruel counsellor Murray. That Earl, with a force of two thousand men, met his unfortunate victim backed only by five hundred Highlanders, at Corrachie, some fifteen miles from Aberdeen. Of course, the battle was soon concluded; the little band were routed, and Huntley and his two sons, John and Adam, taken prisoners. They set the old noble on horseback, to carry nim triumphantly to Aberdeen; but when the thought of his crushed fortune, his ruined family, his bitter reward for gallant service came over him, his proud heart broke, and without any wound, he fell down dead from his horse.*

[•] Chalmers i. 62-77: ii. 225, 287. Bell, i. 137, 153. Robertson, 118-20.

Thus died the best and most loyal of Mary's friends, one who would have died to rescue her from the troubles that soon came upon her, while the traitors who were undermining her throne basked in her smiles and fattened on her favors. Yet, although persuaded of the justice of her course, Mary's gentle nature was greatly shocked. Her sadness was remarked by all, and, says Knox, "For many days she bare no better countenance, whereby it might have been evidently espied that she rejoiced not greatly at the success of that matter."

The chapter of horrors was not yet full. Sir John Gordon, one of the handsomest men of the day, was tried, condicted of treason on the suborned evidence of one of his father's servants and sentenced to be beheaded. The caffold was erected under the windows of the house in which Mary lodged, and Murray insisted on her beholding the execution. But when she saw the young noble fix his respectful eyes on her and then kneel down before the block, she burst into a passion of tears and, sobbing, turned her head away. Then, when they told her that the headsman had bungled and merely mangled the neck of the victim, she fell in a dead faint from her chair, and could scarcely again be recovered.

Young Adam Gordon, only seventeen years old, was sentenced to die with his brother, but the queen would not bear of it. He was imprisoned in Dunbar, and often did Murray importune the queen for his death-warrant.

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she steadily refused this, he forged one,* but it was detected by the keeper, and Adam Gordon lived to be a faithful, loyal, devoted servant to Mary in after days.

Murray has nearly culminated. Huntley is dead; Bothwell in exile; Chatelherault and Arran in disgrace. What next? Even now, as Bell says:—"he, though without the name, is King of Scotland, and Mary, his sister, in his subject."

*Bell's Life of Mary, - 151.





Chapter XI.

The End of the First Period

1563-5.

ANOTHER melancholy fact opens this year. The two great French Protestant leaders, the King of Navarre and the Duc d'Amville son of the Constable Montmorenci, although both married, were suitors for Mary's hand, proposing, on the least sign of favor from her, to get rid of their wives. To both, her reply was the same:—"I have a soul and I would not endanger it by breaking God's laws for all the world can offer."

D'Amville had accompanied her to Scotland, where he had remained for some time. On his return to France, finding his hopeless passion in no degree abated, he dispatched his friend and secretary, Chastelar, to plead his cause anew. This gentleman, also a Huguenot, was a nephew of the famous Bayard, the Chevalier "sans peur et sans reproche," and was not only well trained in all knightly exercises, but also was a poet of much merit, and a

musician. Arrived in Scotland, he soon forgot his mission, and fell in love with the august lady himself. She was pleased with his songs and his society; received his compliments and flattering verses with ordinary pleasure, and repaid him like a queen, with gold and jewels.

But his passion became a monomania, and one day in February, he was discovered armed and concealed in her chamber. Unwilling to shed his blood, Mary let him off on this occasion with a severe rebuke. But all this only made him worse and, at length, he forced himself into her presence under pretence of excusing himself for his former rudeness. Then, exasperated beyond endurance at his insult, the queen called loudly for help and, on the entrance of Murray, said,

"Stab the villain with your dagger."

Her brother preferred, however, to hand him over to the magistrates who tried him and sentenced him to be decapitated. He walked firmly to the place of execution, saying, "If not sans reproche, like my uncle, the Chevalier de Bayard, I am at least sans peur." He would receive no spiritual aid from the ministers, uttered no prayer, but after reciting Ronsard's ode to Death, laid down his head upon the block with the words, "Adieu, most lovely and most cruel of princesses."

Murray strove hard to procure the death of young Gordon, heir of Huntley, but Mary's determination was

irrefragable, and he lived to become her chancellor, in place of Douglas, Earl of Morton, a fit associate of Murray, and on whom the queen had bestowed that high office after the mournful death of the old Earl of Huntley.

Many a private source of grief besides had this unfortunate sovereign. She made one or two endeavors to soften the rancor of Knox, but in vain; all that she got from them was language that made her weep and feel more and more her own friendlessness. Then, again, her chaplains and others connected with the religious services of her chapel, were constantly insulted and beaten, until, at last, her choristers and musicians absolutely refused not only to play and sing the music of the offices, but even to enter the chapel. Only one person dared to follow her there, a crooked, leformed, ill-favored little man,* but marvelously gifted with voice and musical talent, her secretary David Riccio, and upon him alone did she depend for the chanting of the solemn hymns of her church's liturgy.

This year, too, she lost a beloved uncle, of the House of Lorraine, the Grand Prior of the order of St. John, and this cost her many tears. But more bitter was the blow when a French envoy handed her a black-sealed letter which informed her of the assassination of the brave and gallant

^{* &}quot;He was a man of no beauty or outward shape, for he was mis-shapen, evil-tavored, and very black; but for his fidelity, wisdom, prudence, virtue, and other good parts and qualities of his mind, he was richly adorned."—Strick-kind's Queens of Scotland, iii., 806, note,

Duc Francis of Guise. "Monsieur, my uncle, is dead," she sobbed. "Ah! Jesu! Jesu!" and then she shut herself up in her cabinet to weep for him who had been as a tender father to her orphaned youth.

The crops, too, threatened to fail throughout the kingdom; a famine seemed imminent, and Lent was proclaimed and ordered to be observed again, of which misfortune the queen was of course the author, as she had been cause of the fogs which surrounded Leith on the day of her arrival in the kingdom. "For," says Knox, in his History of the Reformation, ii., 370, "the riotous feasting and excessive banqueting used in court and country, wheresoever that wicked woman repaired, provoked God to strike the staff of bread, and give his malediction to the fruits of the earth."

Meantime, a parliament had been held, at which an act of oblivion of political offenses committed between March, 1558 and September, 1561, was passed. The queen made a speech, which was enthusiastically received, and a variety of laws for the benefit of the realm were made. She had gone in state to this parliament, regally robed and crowned. Chatelherault bore the great state crown, Argyle the sceptre, Murray the sword. Her nobles followed her in gorgeous attire and her ladies accompanied her also in fine array; unusually so, I should judge, from the mild commendation of the gentlemanly pastor of St.

Gales. "Such stinking pride of women as was seen at that parliament was never before seen in Scotland."*

After the parliament he preached a sermon, which even Dr. McCrie † acknowledges gave great scandal to Catholics and Protestants alike. He so far forgot himself as to speak from the public pulpit of the marriage of his sovereign, and to express, in improper language, his fears that she should chose a co-religionist. "Dukes, brothers of emperors and kings," he says, "strive for her: but this, my lords, will I say; note the day and bear witness, after whensoever the nobility of Scotland, professing the Lord Jesus, consents that an infidel—and all papists are infidels -shall be head to your sovereign, ye do so far as in you lieth to banish Christ Jesus from the realm." In his account of the interview that followed, in which she reproached him for his disrespect, he records with great glee "her owling and weeping" at his language, so that "her chalmer boy could scarce get napkins enough for her tears." §

Mary journeyed a good deal about the southern and western parts of her kingdom this year, glad to get away from the court intrigue and pulpit eloquence of Edinburg. In the summer, she made her *first*, not unhappy, stay at Lochleven. Here she received Randolph, who came fresh

[•] Knox's Hist. Reformation, ii. 381.

[♦] Life of Knox, 257

[!] Knox Hist. 11. 886.

⁶ Ibid.

from England with instructions to find out what he could with reference to the marriage of the Scottish queen. He obeyed his orders, absolutely teasing the poor lady to discover her intentions; but this being an affair of matrimony, her woman's wit completely foiled the astuteness and cunning of the wily statesman. Elizabeth was exceedingly anxious that one of her own subjects might find favor in her "dear sister and cousin's" sight, and Randolph tried to exact a promise from Mary to accept this English subject. Who he was, was not stated. Chalmers says it was "the man in the moon;" but if that were true, that celestial personage was soon slighted for humanity.

Several Englishmen were spoken of; some of them mere barons, of no particular birth or importance, until at length, the soured and jealous Tudor had the insolence to propose the minion of her own profligacy, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, murderer of his innocent wife Amy Robsart. Randolph told her that this offer showed the affection of his mistress; but Mary answered, we can fancy half indignantly and half laughingly,

"I take it rather as a proof of her good-will than of her sincerity, seeing she so much regardeth him herself that it is said she may well not spare him."

But to avoid any further notice of this subject hereafter, it may as well be stated that Queen Mary had already made secret choice of her cousin. This was Henry Stuart, Lord Parnley, son of Matthew Earl of Lennox, and of the

Lady Margaret Douglas, grand-daughter of Henry VII. of England, and by her mother's second marriage, step-daughter of James IV. Mary's many foreign suitors, backed as they were by powerful governments, although very interesting to Scotland while her hand was free, need not be further mentioned here, inasmuch as they were all rejected, and as that hand, fair as it was, has mouldered into dust two hundred years and more ago.

And now, as the second great era of the Scottish queen's life approaches, a glance at her character and ordinary occupations since her residence in the kingdom will be properly given here, and will serve to close the chapter.

The clouds are gathering thick and fast; we should look carefully at the victim of their lightnings.

We have endeavored, in the progress of this work, to keep clearly before the reader her character as formed in France, and as developed under her guides and tutors there. Now, in her fresh, young womanhood, before she puts off the cherished mourning for her husband, Francis, for the white weeds of a new bridal, let us look at her again.

Diligent as she was in the business of the nation, she yet never entered the council chamber without some womanly work to employ her there. She seldom slept after eight o'clock, and usually retired about ten. Throughout the day, when the state did not claim her time, she passed it in needle-work, in music, of which she was passionately fond,

in daily reading of some classic Latin author, Livy being her favorite, and in those exercises of devotion with which she permitted nothing ever to interfere. Often, at night, the halls of old Holyrood were gladdened by dancing, court masques and other decorous mirth, hateful to the Congregation but attractive to the participants. She herself would play upon the virginals or sing, accompanied by the ute.

She was fond also of out-of-door exercise, walking or riding. She loved to see her nobles tilt at the ring: above all, she dearly cherished the gentle sport of falconry. Hawks had been sent her from the Orkneys and she flew them with pleasure and skill. She loved the open air and what rough exercise her sex permitted her. On her northern tour she had marched at the head of her troops unconscious of fatigue. She was exceedingly fond also of flowers, bestowing great personal attention upon their rearing. She loved all pets, particularly dogs and birds, and she doted upon children. In her household, no syllable was ever uttered but protestations of earnest affection for her.

"She was endowed," says the French historian, Castelnau, "with more graces and perfection of beauty than any other princess of her time."

"She behaved," says Melville, "so princely, so honorably, and discreetly, that her reputation spread in all countries, and she was determined, and also inclined to continue in

to hold none in her company but such as were of the best quality and conversation, abhorring all vices and vicious persons, whether they were men or women."

How she contrasts with the petulant, vain, and ill-favored woman, whose jealous envy of her fair fame and numberess accomplishments, wrought out a scheme of more than fiendish ingenuity and cruelty, terminating in the breaking of one of the purest and noblest hearts God ever gave to earth. See this princess asking Melville, which were the fairest, she or the Queen of Scotland? The canny Scot said, "That the beauty of neither was her worst fault." But the question was repeated, and he answered that Elizabeth was the fairest queen in England, as Mary in Scotland." Again insisted on, Sir James answered, "Both were the fairest ladies of their courts, that Elizabeth was whiter, but that our queen was very lusome, (lovely.") And then, after asking about Mary's playing on the virginals, the undignified trick to show off her own skill to the Scot's ambassador; her exhibitions of the various languages she knew; her coquettish tapping him with her fan and calling him naughty; her dancing before him that he might compare her with his mistress; her showing him in her cabinet a miniature of Leicester with its legend, in her hand, of "My lord's picture;" this, with her well known private character, make a sorry

contrast to the dignified and pure beauty of Queen Mary's ife.

But Elizabeth was rich and powerful; her gold bought cottish traitors, and her character achieved the rest. As Melville had foreseen, so fell it out. "In Elizabeth's conduct, there was neither plain dealing nor upright meaning but great dissimulation, emulation and fear that Mary's princely qualities would too soon chase her out, and displace her from the kingdom."*

And this fear was the mother of an unexampled hate.

* Melville, apud Bell, i. 177-8.



Chapter XII.

Second Marriage.

1565.

The intrigues about her marriage and the constant, teas ing endeavor to induce her to renounce her religion, so vexed and annoyed the unhappy queen, that she had an illness which caused her life to be despaired of; she became subject to attacks of melancholy, from which nothing but music could distract her; and finally, when unduly pressed by Murray on the subject of the church, she offered to resign and bade him "take the thankless burden of government on his own shoulders." This offer unveiled his ambition too suddenly before him and he was alarmed. Matters were not yet ripe for his supreme power. He knew well the rapture with which Mary would be received in any of the continental courts and he dared no more. So that passed over and the intrigues went on.

Elizabeth's real desire was to prevent her marriage at all, inasmuch as such marriage suggested the birth of an heir

to both thrones. Nearly four hundred years earlier, wise Sir Thomas of Erci.doune had sung—

"The French Queen shall beare the son,
Shall rule all Britaine to the sea,
Which of the Bruce's blood shall come,
As near as in the ninth degree."

And this prophecy had been over and over repeated, having been directly applied to Mary, by Alexander Scott, in his new year's address to her Majesty, 1562.

Now, Queen Elizabeth, as she herself expressed it, liked the thought of a successor as she did that of her windingsheet, and so far as was in her power, she would prevent Mary from marrying. Therefore all her talk about an English subject, "the man in the moon;" therefore, her final offer of Leicester whom she well knew no selfrespecting lady would accept and whom she herself never would have resigned. Randolph himself displays her lesigns by his daring question to his mistress, "Whether, In case the Queen of Scotland could be induced to receive the Lord Robert for her consort, her Majesty meant not to consider such acquiescence a sufficient warrant for marrying him herself?"* Therefore, her endeavors, eventually successful, against the foreign suitors for the Rose of Scotland, and therefore her use of Darnley as a still further postponement of so unwished for a consummation.

Mary had no desire to marry, although greatly per-

Seton, Fleming and Livingstone, had vowed never to marry until she did, and being now turned twenty-two thought it was high time for a change of name and condition.

Mathew, Earl of Lennox, had lost his Scottish estates for treachery during the last reign and had been obliged to flee to England, where he was well rewarded for his services to that kingdom. Here his son was born, in 1542, and here he grew up as an English peer and even, in 1563, bore the sword before Elizabeth as a prince of the blood. Darnley, as we have seen, had made an incognito journey, and had visited his royal cousin in her dule chamber in France, and now his mother, the Lady Margaret, sent privately to Scotland to ask for him the hand of his kinswoman and sovereign. It was the only match with a subject of Britain that could even be thought of, and therefore Mary received the proposal respectfully and promised to take it into consideration.

Darnley, though four years younger than herself, was tall, well built, a proficient in manly exercises and handsome. He was nearest to the thrones of Scotland and England after herself. He was a Catholic in creed and was therefore, foreigners excluded, the most reasonable match that had been spoken of. The fact that he was not Elizabeth's favorite, may have lost him nothing in the Scottish queen's mind, for Mary was a woman and, know-

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ing Elizabeth as well as she did, had, we fancy, no great objection to a little womanly malice, especially in love matters.

Accordingly, in September 1564, after an exile of twenty years, the Earl of Lenox, at the express and urgent request of Queen Elizabeth,* was permitted to return to Scotland and his vast estates and titles were restored. This was not done without much opposition; for the Hamiltons saw themselves by this measure removed further from the throne, poor crazy Arran's distance being greatly increased, and the Congregation feared an augmentation of the Catholic interest. But the queen herself reconciled the political difficulty, and Murray wrote to the religionists that, by the queen's goodness, they had all the liberty of conscience that heart could desire. At the same time, it remained penal to celebrate Mass anywhere but in the queen's chapel; and the Archbishop of St Andrew's was in prison for breaking this law; while Knox, anxious as ever for his sovereign's welfare, was praying daily "that ner heart might be purged from the venom of idolatry, and she be delivered from the bondage of Satan."

On the 7th of February, Darnley arrived in Scotland, whence he proceeded to Edinburg, where he was respectfully waited upon by many of the great nobles. Finding the queen absent from the capital, he set out after her, and met with her in Fifeshire on the 13th. Mary was rather

pleased with him, as he was a very accomplished draw ing-room prince, and she received him with marked kindness; and there, in West Wemyss Castle, he enjoyed some few days of pleasant intercourse with her.

He preceded her to Edinburg, and at once entered upon his duties as suitor. She danced with him and gave him some general encouragement, but had not yet made up her mind positively to accept him. But she gave banquets and balls in his honor, and, although she refused him at his first proposal and would not accept from him a ring which he offered, yet a preference for his society was very evident, and unhappily for her, that preference grew rapidly into love.

We say unhappily; for, however externally brilliant, he had an empty ambition of power which he could not wield; was vain, foolish, and alas, hopelessly dissipated. Of all this she was ignorant; she saw but the bright exterior, and so soon as she had admitted affection into her heart, she gave herself up to it entirely with all the trusting lovingness and abandon of a woman. At the same time, she allowed her intentions to be known and began to marry off her Maries. Mary Beton was in love with Randolph, who used her affection as a means of getting at the most private actions of her royal mistress. Mary Fleming was in love with and afterwards married the crafty secretary Maitland of Lethington. The first wedded was Mary Livingstone, who had chosen Sir John Sempill, and tha

ceremony was performed at court in the presence of the queen.

And now, Bothwell appears once more, stormily to sue for grace, to be refused, and to disappear again from Scotland.

Darnley had already made enemies. A few days after his arrival in Scotland, looking over a map of Murray's estates, he had foolishly said to the brother of that lord, that they were far too extensive. This was reported, and Murray's hate was the reward of the observation. Finding little support among the nobles, who soon discovered his shallowness, he took great pains to ingratiate himself with her French secretary Riccio, who had many opportunitier of leading Mary's thoughts toward her marriage. Riccio labored faithfully in his new patron's cause, and the latter was profuse in professions of gratitude and promises of advancement. But the payment which the musical Italian received for his devotion will be seen some few pages later.

At length, Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, was accepted as the betrothed of Mary, Queen of Scots. And then, in its fierceness, the flame of opposition broke forth. Elizabeth raged like a piqued woman. Murray gathered his friends broke into open rebellion, and asked for aid from England Elizabeth stormed after her manner, which was violent She seized upon Lady Margaret Lennox and threw her into the tower. She recalled the Earl and his son, and

being a sibeyed by both, grew still more furious. She gave all the aid and countenance she dared to the rebels. She sent our old friend Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, to remonstrate with the Queen of Scotland; and so strong were her instructions to Randolph to stop this marriage, that he, when baffled in conversation, dared to say to Mary, "that the queen, his mistress, had the power and the will to be revenged both upon the Lemoxes and her;" to which Mary expressed a hope that Elizabeth would change her mind, and told the ambassador he might go.

To Elizabeth she sent John Hay, as special envoy, with full instructions as to words and acts.* "You shall declare unto her that whereas, beside our expectation, we heard of her great discontentation, and misliking of our choice, etc., etc.," we are greatly surprised; "thinking rather to have received good will and approbation of our intended pur pose, principally in consideration, that by the space of whole year past, we have always understood and taken it for her meaning, that in case we could be contented to forpear to deal with the houses of France, Spain and Austria, and join with any subject of this whole island nd especially of England, that then she would most willingly embrace and allow our doing. And when, as we, following the same her advice and counsel, and moved by it, and taking a greater regard of the same, not of the advices of any other, our nearest friends, which for her

respect we passed over, and disdained to use, had thus inclined ourself to match with one of this isle, her own subject and near cousin, and thought thereby fully to have pleased her; when on the contrary, we understood her said misliking and discontentment, we could not wonder enough, finding our sincere meaning so mistaken."

In the same letter, Mary protests against the imprisonment of the Lady Margaret, "after Elizabeth's visiting and professing great love for her a few days before," and offers that she and her youngest son may remain in England, as Lostages for the Earl's good conduct. In a word, our good sister, "the maiden Queen,"

"Rare maid and sister she !"

had overshot the mark; and the princess whose childless death she most desired, was betrothed to her own subject, and that subject was to become the father of an heir to both the kingdoms. An heir, born of the "French Queen," ninth in degree from Bruce, should call this young lord father, and should set his square Scottish body down upon that seat of stolid pride the Throne of England, and unite that country to the ancient realm of Scotland.

Elizabeth's wrath and Murray's rebellion were both ir vain. The die was cast and the marriage settled.

There exists an assertion that Mary and Darnley were privately married on or about the 17th of April,

that purpose. This story rests only upon the authority of an anonymous contemporary Italian memoir, addressed from Scotland to Cosmo I., Grand Duke of Tuscany. It says 'Et in quel mentre conoscendo David di far piacere aii una et all' altra parte, trattó che insieme consumassero il matrimonio; il che tutto fu fatto, et fossero da un capellano catolicamente sposati in camera di esso David, sensa aspettare il ritorno dei due che furon mandati in Inghilterra et Francia."*

I believe this to have been a mere court rumor, arising from her affectionate attentions to Darnley in his severe illness, and caught up and repeated by the anonymous writer of the memoir; as it was by Randolph, who, Mrs. Strickland says, makes the same assertion.†

I believe the rumor to have been false: 1, because there is no fair authority for it. 2, because there was no necessity for such a proceeding, as she could have married Darnley whenever she chose. 3, because a clandestine marriage in the chamber of her secretary was repugnant to the purity and dignity of her character, to her personal pride and to her highly cultivated sense of propriety 4, because, if true, and if communicated, as asserted, by Randolph to Cecil and his mistress, those bitter enemies of Mary would not have lost a moment in publishing so grea. an impropriety to the world. And 5, because, by the

consent of al. historians, it was not until the 17th of Apn that Darnley became convalescent from an attack of measles followed by typus fever.

Be that as it may, Darnley was, soon after, once more stretched upon a sick bed; Murray, Chatelherault and others were moving heaven and earth to prevent the marriage, and Mary was ordering gold and silver cloths from Antwerp, to replace the dark robes which she still wore for the husband of her young love, Francis II.

On the 15th of May, she called an assembly of her nobles together at Stirling Castle, and laid before them her purpose of marriage. It was unanimously approved, even Murray passing it over for the moment with a strug of the shoulders and without voting.

Shortly after the queen held a Chapter of the Thistle, whereat she made Darnley and fourteen others knights of that most ancient order. Then she created him Earl of Ross, and afterwards, on the 22d, Duke of Albany a Scottish royal title, and finally, she married him on Sunday the 29th of July 1565.

Before this however, Murray, who had retired baffled from the assembly of nobles, had openly declared his rebellion. He gave as reason for it his old excuse, that one whereby he had caused Huntley's ruin, and that whereby he hoped to cause the destruction of the Lennoxes. It was that Darnley and his father were at the head of a plot to take his life. He even went so

he who was to strike the first blow was poor, little, old crooked Riccio. Again and again, the queen besought him to come and lay his cause before her, assuring him of justice. But justice was precisely what he was most afraid of; so he sheltered himself behind his feigned fear of assassination and evaded compliance with her commands. His purpose was to seize her as she rode towards her capital, imprison her and so become Regent of the realm. He had Elizabeth's promise of help.

But Mary knew well his plans and his designs, and by going before the time appointed, she escaped him. Here own account of his arrangements, to M. Paul de Foix, Ambassador of France, is full and clear. We quote one sentence, to show her knowledge of her most unfraternal prother's design. "His desire was to slay those who were near me, and among other murders worthy of him, he had conspired the death of the king (Dainley) and of the Earl of Lennox, while I should be going from St. Johnston to Edinburg, to make ready for my marriage, and he intended to throw me into some castle, as I can prove by hundreds of gentlemen of his band, whom I pardoned after he had fled to England."*

Elizabeth had given all the aid she could to the rebels She sent one Tamworth, whom Camden calls a "forward, insolent man, to remonstrate further about the marriage but this worthy was refused admittance, and departing in a huff without a passport, had the honor to be confined some days by Hume, lord warder of the borders. She even sent orders to her lieutenant, at Berwick, to seize upon Aymouth; but the discomfiture of the rebels obliged her to rescind the command.* Her minister, Randolph. exposes her desires and Murray's plan, in a letter to Cecil. "Divers of the other side are appointed to set upon the queen's husband, and either kill him or die themselves. They expect relief from England-long promised, but little received as yet. If her Majesty will now help them, they doubt not but one country will receive both queens." And let it be remembered that the Earl of Argvle, the Earl of Rothes, the Lord Boyd and many other gentlemen testified before Queen Mary, "that Murray, at this time, conspired the slaughter of Lord Darnley and to have imprisoned her Highness in Lochleven and usurped the government."†

This subject may now be dismissed. The queen marched against the rebels, and pursued them from point to point, until they broke up and their leaders fled to England, where they were affectionately received by the Earl of Bedford.

But to return. The papal dispensation necessary on account of the close consanguinity of Mary and Darnley having arrived, they were married in the chapel of Holy

[•] Chalmers, i, 118. † Tytler's Enquiry, i. 877. ; Tytler, i. 877.

forms prescribed by the Scottish laws had been observed, even to the triple publication of the banns in the Church of St. Giles. The ceremony was celebrated about half-past five in the morning (July 29) and after the marriage Darnley, whose religion sate very lightly on him, retired, leaving his bride to hear mass without him. Mary was married in her mourning robes; but so soon as the services had concluded, she laid them aside for the gayer apparel of a nuptial feast. The usual amount of feasting, dancing and other rejoicings followed; money was thrown plentifully among the people and there was a fair amount of rejoicing.

The day before, she had issued orders to the Lord Lion King-at-arms to proclaim her husband king. This command we will copy from Labanoff, as a favorable specimen of English orthography in 1565.* It is about the same in all the letters, Mary's, Elizabeth's, or those of others at the time.

D'ÉDIMBOURG, le 28 Juillet, 1665.

Marie, be the grace of God Quene of Scotland, to our lovittis youn king of armes, and his brethir herauldis, our shirriffis in that part, conjunctlie and severallie, specialic constitute, greeting: Forsamekill (forasmuch) as we intend, at the plesure and will of God, to solemnizat and compleit the band of matrimony, in face of halie kirk, with the rycht nobill and illustir prince Henry, Duke

of Albany; in respect of quhilk marriage, and during the tyme thairof, we will, ordane and consentis that he be namit and stylit king of this our kingdome, and that all our letteris, to be direct eftir oure said mariage, sud to be completit, be in the names of the said illuster prince, oure future husband, and us, as King and Quene of Scotland, conjunctile. Oure will is heirfoir, and we charge you straitlie, that, incontinent thir oure letteris seine, ye pass to the Marcat-Croce of our burgh of Edinburg, and all utheris places neidfull, and thair, be oppin proclamatioun, mak publicatioun and intimatioun heiroff to all and sundry oure liegis and subdittis, as appertenis; and thairafter we ordane thir oure letteris to be registrat and insert in the bukis of our counsall, ad perpetuam memoriam, quhairunto thir presentis sall serve oure Clerk of Register for a sufficient warrand, as ze will answer to us thairupoun, delivering thir oure letteris, be yow dulie execut and indorsat, againe to the berare.

Subscrivit with our hand, and gevin under our signet at Halieruidhouze, the xxviij day of julii, and of our reign the xxiij teir

MARIE, R

We should mention here that, when her brother broke out into open rebellion and steadfastly refused to obey his sovereign, the Earls of Bothwell and Sutherland had been recalled from panishment and George Gordon taken from prison and resized to all the estates and honors of his father, Lord Huntley.

After his marriage, Darnley determined to try and curry favor with Knox by going to hear him preach. The text chosen was "O Lord our God, other lords than Thou

have ruled over us," and the young king had the satisfaction of hearing himself called "Ahab" and his wife "Jezebel." For the gross indecency of this discourse, Knox was called before the council and tried, but with his usual luck he escaped punishment.



Chapter XIII.

The Murder of David Riccio

The double part which Elizabeth found it so convenient to play still went on. She declared to the French ambassador, M. de Foix, that the dearest desire of her heart was to retain the good will and amity of her dear sister and cousin of Scotland. She received, with feigned expressions of regret, all Mary's complaints against Randolph and her proofs that he had supplied the rebels with money, three thousand crowns at one time. She declared to the King of France and to his envoys, that she had never aided or countenanced the insurgents. She per mitted the dismissal of Randolph without a word in his favor,* and, finally, when Murray and his colleagues, whom she had favored, as seen in the proceeding chapter, obtained admission to her presence, they, agreeable to their

[•] For all the proofs of this nefarious transaction see in Labanoff three letters from Mary to Elizabeth, i., 816, 819, 325.

instructions, declared, before the Spanish and French ambassadors, that she had given them no succor nor encouragement. Then she addressed them as follows:—

"You have declared the truth. I am far from setting an example of rebellion to my own subjects, by countenancing those who rebel against their lawful prince. The treason of which you have been guilty is detestable, and, as traitors, I banish you from my presence."

After which excellent speech, she dismissed them from her august presence but permitted them to reside peaceably in her dominions and supplied them secretly with money.**

The last act of this farce was a letter to Queen Mary, in which the accomplished hypocrite says, "I wish that your own ears could have been my judges, to hear the honor and affection which I manifested towards you to the confutation of the report that I defend your bad subjects against you. That were an act that must always be far from my heart, being too great an ignominy for a princess to suffer, let alone to do. Were I guilty, I would wish to be excluded from the rank of princesses as unworthy to hold a place there."

Meanwhile, when these rebels were at their zenith, Bothwell again appeared to sue for grace, and this time he received it. Once more he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of the Borders and took his place again at the Scottish court. In February 1556 his royal mistress honored him by the interest she took in his marriage, and by the festivities she ordered at Holyrood in honor of that event. His bride was the lady Jane Gordon, sister of the Earl of Huntley and of course a Catholic.

But the five days' feasting, as well as the jousts and tournaments which were held in honor of this union, were made use of by the enemies of Mary to prove an undue affection for the boorish, one-eyed soldier.

A queer proof of woman's love that, to further the indissoluble union of its object with another person! But Bothwell, coarse, brutal, unscrupulous, unprincipled, merciless, reckless daredevil as he was, had done good service to Queen Mary. He had almost destroyed the border banditti and had reduced that portion of the realm to something like propriety. And whatever his guilt may have been, now or afterwards, at least he never was a traitor.

Free from one damning gullt at least His soul had ever been, He did not sell his country's rights, Nor fawn on England's queen!*

This year she writes to Pope Pius V., on his elevation to the chair of St. Peter, begging his prayers and constant remembrance, professing her absolute devotion to her religion, and while reciting some of the many persecutions under which she suffeced, declaring at once her love for the church and her perfect willingness to die in its defence.

How soon this might be necessary can be guessed at from the spirit manifested by the Congregation. In the general assembly of that body, a month before her marriage, they complained bitterly that the Reformation had received a check by her arrival in Scotland; they demanded the total suppression of the Catholic worship throughout the kingdom, even in her own chapel; they required that toleration should cease, that the new religion, and it only should be absolutely established and finally, that she herself, renouncing her idolatrous errors, should publicly embrace it.*

But Mary only answered that her conscience would reproach her forever should she take such a step, and that even her interest forbade it, since it would alienate the friendship of the continental sovereigns.

Poor Queen Mary, draw round thee what warmth is in thy creed, what light in thy devotion, what cheerfulness in thy trust in God, for the sun is going down.

Once that loving heart of hers had been given to Henry Darnley, she yielded to her womanly instincts and thought of him only. For him honors were created; on him love was lavished; her hopes were in him; her ambition for him, her trust reposed on him. And he was as unworthy

of all this as if he had been carefully educated to that particular end and aim. Take his character from historians upon both sides.

"Of a weak understanding and without experience, conceited at the same time of his own abilities and ascribing his extraordinary success to his distinguished merit, all the queen's favor made no impression on such a temper. All her gentleness could not bridle his imperious and ungovern able spirit. All her attention to place about him persons capable of directing his conduct, could not preserve him from rash and imprudent actions.*

"He was adicted to great intemperance in his pleasures; was passionately fond of his hounds and hawks, grossly licentious and much given to drinking.† Nor was it possible to induce him to attend to the regular routine of business, indispensably connected with the regal office Like Robert the Unready, he was always out of the way when any matter of importance required his presence and attention."‡

"His words," says Randolph, "to all men against whom he conceiveth any displeasure, how unjust soever it is, be so proud and spiteful, that rather he seemeth a monarch of the world, than he, whom not long since, we have seen and known as the Lord Darnley. He looketh now for reverence to be given him, and some there be that think him little worthy of it."

[•] Robertson, 142. † Bell, i. 229. ‡ Strickland, iv. 200. § Ibid. iv. 159.

His ingratitude for the dignity which Mary had already conferred on him was limitless and he never ceased to importune her for the crown matrimonial, a gift that lay not in her power to bestow. When she sent for him to tell him how Elizabeth had rebuked the rebels, he came at an hour before midnight and left her again at seven in the morning. No entreaties of hers could win his attention to business, yet he carped and cavilled at every act that she performed without him. He early acquired Murray's enmity and soon added to it the hatred of the Hamiltons and of Bothwell.

Yet to this petulant, unworthy, dissipated youth she had given the priceless gift of her love. "All honor," writes Randolph shortly after the marriage:—"All honor that may be attributed unto any man by his wife, he hath it wholly and fully. All praise that may be spoken of him, he lacketh it not from herself. All dignities that she can indue him with, are already given and granted. No man pleaseth her that contenteth not him and what may I say more. She hath given over to him her whole will to be ruled and guided as himself best liketh."*

This manner of conducting himself was not the best calculated to retain him the love of his royal spouse. Piece by piece, crumbled away the fabric of her respect for him. Once at a civic banquet, he got wretchedly drunk, and spoke to her so brutally that she burst into

tears and left the table. Yet still she loved him, he was he father of her unborn child and that was still a link between them. That too he did his best to break.

Not satisfied with insulting the great nobles, he must reeds quarrel also with poor Riccio whom he had so greatly favored and employed. The secretary rebuked his follies and that set his petulant pride on fire. Be refused to accompany Darnley to houses of ill-repute, or to join in his drunken revels.* He had refused to assist in the contemplated ruin of the Hamiltons; nay, had advised Mary to pardon them. But more than this the poor, faithful Italian had done, "he had not only refused to become a party to, but had even revealed to the queen, a certain conspiracy that had been concluded on between Darnley and the rebels, by which it was resolved to shut up her Majesty in a castle, under good and sure guard, that Darnley might gain for himself all authority, and the, entire government of the kingdom. He had overheard the deliberations of the conspirators."

Now this man David Riccio was a dangerous man, for he was devotedly faithful to his royal mistress. The traitor ords, those most unworthy gentlemen, looked for a fitting tool and found it in Henry Darnley that most unworthy consort-king. He was easily led into any scheme that seemed to promise gratification to his foolish ambition.

So then the plot of the 9th of March was arranged,

Queen Mary then being in the seventh month of her pregnancy.

The plot is usually known in history as Morton's Plot. James Douglas, Earl of Morton, being a prominent mover in it. Its head was the Queen's brother, the pious and crafty Earl of Murray, who never lost sight of the one darling object of his ambition, the throne of Scotland. To win this Darnlev must be removed and the Queen seized and dealt with as circumstances might require. But it was a difficult matter to do this while the keen, little, devoted Italian was about the court. He must be removed, Darnley, poor imbecile, aiding therein. So that prince, already, as we have seen, evil disposed towards David Riccio, was easily induced to fall in with the scheme of the conspirators. They persuaded him that their object was to set him, supreme, upon the throne and give him actual power and dominion over the kingdom.

Accordingly, Archibald Earl of Argyle, James Earl of Murray, Alexander Earl of Glencairn, Andrew Earl of Rothes, Robert, Lord Boyd, Andrew, Lord Ochiltres and their complices," gave a written bond to the king, pledging themselves to his service; promising their parliamentary influence to procure for him the crown matrimonial and the kingdom if Mary should die without children.

The Earl of Bedford or Randolph writes 'If per-

massions to cause the queen to yield in these matters do no good they propose to proceed we know not in what sort."*

The first step was the assassination of Riccio. On the evening of the 9th of March, while Queen Mary was sup. ping with the king, the countess of Argyle and others Morten, Lord Ruthven and Lord Lindsay, with five nun dred men, marched to Holyrood House and easily made them? 'ves masters of the palace. The leaders then forced their way into the very presence of the Queen, demanding her infortunate secretary. She ordered them indignantly eave the chamber, and poor Riccio, springing up, fled whind her for shelter. But now, Morton, with eighty men burst into the apartment, and George Douglas, springing wards Riccic, struck at him with his dagger. Marv heroically interposed her person between them, but the brutal Douglas struck again fiercely over her shoulder till the hot blood spirted out upon her garments and the knife was left sticking in the wound. Then as the poor victim clung to her robes, crying in his agony, "Save my life, madam! Save my life for God's dear sake," they dragged him towards the door.

The queen struggled bravely to defend him but in vain Andrew Ker of Faudonside, pressed a cocked pistol against her side until she felt the cold iron through her dress.

"Fire!" she said, fearlessly, "if you respect not the royal infant in my womb!"

But Darnley knocked the pistol aside.*

Then Patrick Bellenden drove his poinard at her bosom but an English page, Anthony Standen, parried the blow with a torch that he was holding. And then the coward Darnley seized and held her, while the horrid work of murder went on at the threshold of the chamber.

Out of fifty-six dagger wounds poor Riccio poured his blood out on the floor, while his royal mistress, writhing in the arms of her caitiff husband, filled the whole palace with her shrieks of anguish. And above even the groans of the butchered victim rose her cry, "Alas! poor David! My good and faithful servant, may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

The murderers in their blind fury stabbed each other, and when the deed was done and the poor secretary lay a mangled corpse, Douglas snatched Darnley's dagger from his side and plunged it into the senseless but still palpitating clay.

"This is the blow of the king," he said, and left the jewelled weapon sticking in the wound.

The body was then dragged away and the door locked by the retiring assassins. Then the queen's wrath awoke.

"Traitor and son of a traitor," she exclaimed turning her

^{*} This fellow Ker was never pardoned by Mary, but lived in exile until after her fall. He then returned to Scotland and married the widow of John Knox!

flashing eyes upon her husband. "Is this the recompensate thou givest to her who hath covered thee with benefits and raised thee to honors so great!"

Then overpowered by the horror and desolation of her situation, the poor lady fell back and swooned away.

When she recovered it was to see Ruthven and his mates, smeared with blood, burst again into the room. He threw himself, helmed and in armor as he was, in a chair, and seizing a goblet of wine quaffed it to the bottom; rebuked his queen for her religion, exulted in the foul deed just committed and then staggered from her presence. Not however until he heard what seldom came from Mary Stuart's lips, a solemn imprecation.

"I trust," she said "that God, who beholdeth this from the high heavens, will avenge my wrongs, and move that which shall be born of me, to root out you and your treacherous posterity." Thank heaven! that prayer was heard and granted.*

With unwillingness I record that George Buchannan monopolizes the infamy of suggesting that Mary's affection for her secretary was not that of a queen for a faithful torvant, but that of an abandoned woman for her lover.

And this of Mary Queen of Scots! Not Knox, not

[•] The details of the butchery as given above are from Tytler ii. 4. Chalmers, i. 124. Robertson 145, and chiefly Mary's own letters, those of the correspondent of Cosmo Duke of Tuscany and those of the French ambassador de Foix, Labanoff, 1., 342: vii. 63, 86. Mrs. Strickland, iv. 250, 265.

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handelph were bad enough for this. To the elegant versifier of the Psalms of David, to him only and exclusively belongs the unutterable baseness of the conception and the loathesome paternity of the filthy falsehood.*

* Everything favors the conclusion that Elizabeth who had already male use of Buchannan's venal pen, bought him also to perform this vileness. Indeed the correspondent of Cosmo expressly charges her with the fabrication of the scandal "La Regina d'Inghilterra, quale era stata causa del tutto, intendendo la pace fra il Re et Regina di Scotia, s'attristò molto, et fece scrivere per il suo secretario Cecille, per tutto il regno, che la causa di tutto il suddetto ere perche il Ra haveva trovato il detto Ricciolo a dormire con la Regina."—Labanof, vi 62.





Chapter XIV.

Plots and Pardons

1566.

Mournet LLY did the poor queen reproach her unhappy husband for his share in the frightful outrage just recorded; and he, moved by her tears and more by his own danger, began to feel some compunction or at least fear. "You will destroy both mother and child," she said "and when you have done so, you will perceive, too late, the motives of those who have tempted you to this wickedness. Think not you will escape their bloody hands after they have caused you to slay what ought to be so dear to you; for you will be overwhelmed in my ruin, having no other nold upon the realm of Scotland but what you derive from me."*

She saw clearly into the designs of Murray and his confederates and when necessary, could show clearly that she possessed such knowledge. It showed his true position to

^{*} Lives of the Queens of Scotland, iv. 277.

the poor entrapped king, and he threw himself at her feet, begging her pardon, entreating her to love him still and promising to be evermore devoted to her. She bade him first of all "to endeavor to appease the wrath of God by penitence and prayer, that he might obtain forgiveness where it was most requisite to seek for mercy. As for her own forgiveness she accorded him that most frankly."

Darnley, even after being forgiven, retained sorrow enough to reveal to her the whole of the conspiracy It was intended, he told her, to behead her faithful subjects Bothwell, Huntley and Livingstone, and to hang Sir James Balfour at her chamber door. Her own life, he added, was not safe and it was proposed even to drown some of her loyal female attendants.* Even now she was a prisoner in Holyrood.

The queen now set herself to the contemplation of her position with all the calmness she could get. Her first duty as a woman was to care for her unborn babe; as a sovereign, to provide for the safety of the future king. Her mind was soon made up. Duty and interest alike excused her in deceiving those rebellious and treacherous men, whose whole career had been deceit and who now deprived her of personal liberty and even menaced her life.

Accordingly the next day she sent for those lords and at their request, proferred upon their knees, she accorded them

^{*} Labanoff, vil. 63 seq.

her pardon, spoke pleasantly to all but Ruthven, and asked as a favor that the keys of her apartments might be given to her servants as she had had no rest for the two night last past. Her act of grace was legally void, as she wa then in captivity, but she promised, that on the morrow she would by consent of parliament give them a lawful and public pardon. After some deliberation they agreed to leave her possession of her own apartments. Then the conspirators retired to the Earl of Morton's house. of them trusted either Mary or her husband: in whom could men with such consciences trust or confide? But they believed her incapable of making any effort, after two days and nights of such horror and unrest. They saw her as Melville describes her, "sad and pensive, for the late foul act committed in her presence, being thereby in hazard of losing the fruit of her womb. So many sighs she would give that it was a pity to hear her and there were few to comfort her."* Influenced thus, by a belief in her inability to act, and not by any sentiment of mercy or of justice, her heartless persecutors left her to one night of repose.

But they did not know what that frail body could support, when sustained by the aroused heroism of her regal soul. Both she and the king retired and silence reigned in the palace. But at midnight they arose, and creeping down a secret passage to the cemetery of the royal chapel, crossed its sad territory and found four faithful men and five horses at the gate, The men were Lord Traquair, Sir William Standen, Arthur Erskine her equerry, and Bastian a groom. The woman was Margaret Carwood, the betrothed of the last named.

Seven people and five horses: for Mary rode behind her equerry, upon a pillion; and Lord Traquair, the captain of the guard, took the maid Margaret. Then off through the cold March midnight and the colder early morning they rode, fleetly as possible, as far as Seton House, where the noble of that name had two hundred armed cavaliers ready to escort their queen, whither she would.

On then, eastward from the ancient capital of her fathers, rode the fugitive queen, almost ready to become a mother, horror sick, weary, nearly broken-hearted, yet brave and strong by the resolute royal soul that was in her; on to the bleak sea coast where turreted and fortified Dunbar frowned grimly over the wide north main. Here then at last she had temporary safety and repose.*

She herself cooked a breakfast of new-laid eggs, and doubtless it was the first heartily relished meal which she had eaten for a long time. Then she wrote some letters to her uncle, the cardinal of Lorraine, signing herself somewhat bitterly, according to the Italian authority in Labanoff, "vostra Nepote Maria, Regina senza regno. Your niece Mary, a queen without a kingdom."

But the kingdom was not yet all lost. That same day Bothwe'l and Huntley appeared at Dunbar with thirteen hundred men whose lives, with their own, they laid at the queen's feet. Then Mary took courage. She wrote letters to the principal loyal nobles and issued proclamations to her feal people and both were responded to, for, in a very short time, she had at her disposal an army of 8,000 men. Then the coward league of the conspirators broke up they had no idea of fighting; their courage had been tested. Five hundred of them had taken an undefended palace, and only eighty had killed an unarmed and deformed Italian.

Glencairn, without waiting for a safe conduct, flew to Dunbar and threw himself on the mercy of his sovereign. The Earl of Rothes followed his example and both were pardoned. But Lord Erskine, governor of Edinburg, received orders to clear that city of traitors at any risk, and they fled, some to England, some to securer parts of Scotland. John Knox was of their number. What part he took in procuring the murder we do not exactly know, but he himself records his unqualified approval of it. "That poltroon and vile knave Davie was justly punished on the 9th of March, in the year of God 1565-6, by the counsel and hands of James Douglas, etc., who all, for their just act and most worthy of all praise, are now anworthily left of their brethren and suffer the bitterness

deformed man while he clung to a woman's knees for shelter; to plant their daggers fifty-six times in his poor body and to smear themselves with his gore, make a just and most praiseworthy act in the estimation of this minis ter of the Gospel of Peace.

The queen while she pardoned most of those who were merely privy to the plot, would see none of the active per petrators of the outrage. Lennox was banished, Mortor dismissed from the chancellorship and his estates re-con fiscated to the crown. Makgill, Maitland of Lethington and Bellenden were dismissed, and the queen resumed time lands and benefices that she had formerly bestowed upon But the crafty hypocrite Murray was again for given. His royal sister could not forget that the same blood flowed in their veins, nor rid herself entirely of the great affection which she had entertained for him. How worthy he was of this grace let his own letters show. To the queen he wrote, about March 13th, his entire repudiation "of those who had committed the late odious crime, solemnly pledging himself to have nothing more to do with them." On the 27th, he writes by Randolph to Cecil in their favor, "My Lord of Moray, by a special servant sent unto us, desireth your honor's favor to these blemen, Morton, Ruthven and the others, as his dear

friends and such as, for his sake, hath given this adventure."*

To Elizabeth she writes, begging her friendship, promising to come and meet her after her child shall be born and asking her not to harbor the Scottish rebels, particularly the Earl of Morton. She requests the English queen to be godmother to her child and assures her of her own sincere affection. Finally she requests her to send another and less intriguing ambassador in the place of Randolph the wily. In another letter, May 1556, she congratulates Elizabeth on recovering unmarked from an attack of small pox, and describes the treatment to which she was subjected when suffering from the same malady in France.†

On the 18th of March, the queen accompanied by her husband and her loyal nobles, and at the head of an army of 9000 men, re-entered Edinburg, where she was received by the populace with great demonstration of affection and respect. But they did not go to the palace, making their residence instead in the house of Lord Howe, which was kept strongly fortified and guarded.

Meantime, the period of the queen's confinement drewnear, and on the 19th of June James VI. was born.

Darnley's good behavior was of very brief duration Although forgiven by the queen for his share in the Riccio conspiracy, he knew perfectly well that he had lost her

confidence, and this vexed his puerile petulance exceedingly. He violently opposed her pardoning any of the rebels, and pouted and sulked when she persisted in the gracious act. He dared even to say to her that he was sorry for having broken with the couspirators, and he set out for Stirling Castle to visit Murray and Argyle. But the queen sent a messenger before him positively forbidding those lords to hold any interview with him. They dared not disobey at this time, and the king came back bootless from his errand.

Then he blamed her for lack of affectionateness, for showing a preference for the society of her ladies rather than his. He refused to do any business. He wrote to the Pope and several Catholic princes, complaining that the queen tolerated Protestantism in her realm, and finally declared his intention to quit Scotland, rising in privy council, bidding farewell to the members of that body, and saying to the queen, "Adieu, madam. You shall not see my face for a long space."*

After some little absence in Glasgow, he returned to act as before, or worse.

Towards the end of July, being still weak and delicate, her physicians ordered change of air, and Mary accepted an invitation from the Earl of Mar to spend a few dyss at his castle of Alloa. She went accompanied by the Earl of Murray and his kinsman, the Earl of Mar, the Earl

and Ceuntess of Argyle, the privy councillors, her officers of state and her usual attendants. As she went by sea, her husband refused to trust himself in the boat with Murray, and proceeded with his retinue by land to the same destination.

Her employment here was to hold a privy council, to receive the French Ambassador Mauvissière, to grant several charters and to call the barons of the country and their followers about her, to attend her on a judiciary progress. She was joined here by Darnley, who remained with her.*

In his journal, long after prepared for and presented to Elizabeth, Murray writes thus of the journey to Alloa:—
"July 20th, or thereabouts, Queen Mary fled the king's company, and passed by boat with the pirates to Alloa, where the king coming was repulsed."

George Buchannan, in his libellous "Detection," written from the dictation of Murray's Privy Council, \$\frac{1}{2}\$ says, she went "down to the water side, at a place called the New Haven, and while all marvelled whither she went in such haste, she suddenly entered into a ship, there prepared for her; which ship was provided by William Blacater, Edward Blacater, Leonard Robertson, and Thomas Dickson; Bothwell's servants and famous robbers and pyrates. With this train of thieves, as

Chalmers, i. 187. Strickland, iv. 324. Beil, i. 258.
 † Strickland, iv. 322. ‡ Ibid. v. 74.

honest men wondering at it, she betook herself to sea taking not any one with her, no, not one of her gentlemen nor necessary attendants, for common honesty." Of her behavior at Alloa. "In all her words and doings one never kept any regard, I will not say of queen-like Majesty, but of matron-like modesty." And again, "As for herself, she pastimed there certain days, if not in princely magnificence, yet in more than princely or rather unprincely licentiousness."*

This elegant extract is not worthy of comment, but is given merely to show the animus of the writer, and the graces of his style. We shall cultivertain other beauties from the same source shortly.

One very unfortunate and foolish act Queen Mary did indeed commit at Alloa. At the entreaty of Murray, (who was not there according to himself and Ruchannan), at his earnest prayer and urgency, she pardoned that archfox and traitor Maitland, of Lethington. It will be remembered that after the murder of Riccio, she had taken from him the lands of Haddington and given them to Bothwell. And now, under the influence of Murray, he was persuaded again to bestow them on Maitland, and deprive Bothwell of them, who at least was faithful to her, whatsoever his faults may have been. He was threatened

Buchannan's Detection, p. 6. He is coarser to the same effect in his Viction.

with assassination by Murray, and he knew that dark man, well enough to believe that he had both power and will to fulfil the threat. Yet at this time Buchannan accuses her of loving the man whose spoliation she permits in favor of her deadliest enemy.

This quarrel was however finally arranged by the queen herself, who managed to reconcile Bothwell and Maitland and restored the latter to secretary of state. So the spider got into his web again, and in it he caught rough Bothwell and gentle Queen Mary and destroyed them both.

The borderers had again become turbulent, and Boths well, as lord-lieutenant of the borders, was ordered by the queen to quiet them. An adventure of his will be interesting as a sketch of border life at the time; and for its after consequences, so precious to the enemies of the queen.

They were terrible fellows those Armstrongs, Elliotts, Johnstons and others.

They spulzie (spoil) poor men of their packs,

They leave them nought on bed nor backs,

Both hen and cock

With reel and rock,

The laird's jock

All with him taks.

They leave not spindle, spoon nor spit;

Bed, bolster, blanket, shirt nor sheet;

John of the Park

Rypes chest and ark
For all such wark
He is right meet.*

John of the Park was chief of a powerful branch of the Elliotts, and the most troublesome of all the reivers of the day. He was recklessly brave, a man of powerful frame and well skilled in arms. Him on the 17th of October did Bothwell meet on the braes of Liddesdale, fought him, hand to hand in single combat, wounded, overcame and admitted him to quarter.

After his surrender, Elliott asked Bothwell,

"Will ye save my life?"

"If an assize will make you clean," was the answer, "a shall be heartily content; but it behoves you to pass to the queen's grace."

But this did not suit the bold freebooter, who accordingly jumped from his horse and started to run. Bothwell shot him with a pistol and then dismounted to take him, but slipped in some mire and fell. Elliott threw himself upon him, and stabbed him in the head, body and hand, to which the earl retorted with two home thrusts in the chest. Then Elliott rose and fled, but Bothwell had hit well and when the reiver had gone about a mile he fell dead. Bothwell lay weltering in his blood, till his servants found him and carried him, half dead, to Hermitage

Lastle. The next day his death was reported in Edinburg.

We have mentioned that when going to Alloa, the queen proposed to make a judiciary progress, and the 'nobles, gentlemen and all substantial persons," were ordered to meet her at Jedburg on the 13th of August. Harvest intervening, the order was changed to September 24th, at Melrose. Accordingly, accompanied by her ministers of state, her privy council, her great law officers, her nobles and her whole court, she set out for Melrose in stately pomp. Her petulant boy husband was in the sulks again and refused to accompany her. She was met by the gentry of the shire at Melrose, and thence she proceeded to Jedburg.

Here she presided for six successive days over the assize court, held two privy councils and attended to the multifarious business consequent on a great court meeting. This occupied her until the 16th, when, accompanied by Murray, Maitland and the rest of her cabinet, she visited Bothwell at Hermitage Castle, and in presence of those lords, thanked him for his good service, and condoled with him on his precarious position. She then gave an hour or two to the signing and execution of papers and returned with her suite to Jedburg.*

On the way back, her palfrey floundered into a mor

sunk to the saddle girth and was rescued with his precious burden after much difficulty.

Worse mire than that we must go through now, to wit, Master George Buchannan's version of the visit. "When news hereof (Bothwell's wound) was brought to Borthwick to the queen, she flingeth away in haste, like a madwoman, by great journeys in post, in the sharp time of winter, first to Melrose and then to Jedworth. There, though she heard sure news of his life, yet her affection, impatient of delay, could not temper itself, but needs she must bewray her outragious lust, and in an inconvenient time of the year, despising all discommodities of the way and weather, and all danger of thieves, she betook herself headlong to her journey, with such a company as no man of any honest degree would have adventured his life and goods among them."*

One truth, Master Buchannan, you have accidently told. Her "company" was indeed bad, Murray and Lethington and their mates. But for the rest! Heaven help us! You shoot wide of the mark. For, as she was at Borthwick on the ninth, and not until six days of court holding had elapsed did she visit the Hermitage on the 16th. As for her love, she gave a queer proof of it by riding back in a couple of hours to Jedburg after a long ride from Borthwick as you will have it. Your "sharp time of

^{*} Buchannan's Detection, 10.

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winter" was the pleasant month of October. But for the company she travelled in, you have truth on your side.

Now, the elegant extract given above is nothing to that which soon must follow.



Chapter XV.

Suffering and Love.

1566-7.

The next day Mary was struck down by fever, a malignant intermittent typhus. Whether caused by fatigue or by annoyance at the wretched conduct of her consort, is not known, but, at any rate, she was very ill. Violent fits of vomiting and deadly faintings racked her delicate frame, and then fever and delirium supervened, relieved by occasional intervals of reason. She sank rapidly and at length, convinced that her last hour had come, she calmly prepared for death. Leslie, Bishop of Ross was with her and has left a record of this illness. She begged the lords to pray for her, repeated the creed in Latin and English, professed her undving and devoted love for the church for which she had so much suffered, and expressed her willingness to depart.

A few hours, she said, "would remove her from this

world to a better: and although she had been fond of life, she found it no hard matter to resign herself to dcath, acknowledging God as the Lord of all things, the Supreme Creator and herself the work of His hands She desired His will to be accomplished in her, whether it pleased His Divine Majesty to suffer her to remain longer in this world for the better governing of the people He had committed to her charge or to take her to Himself."

She forgave all who had offended her; especially her husband, and the banished nobles; she craved forgiveness of all whom she had aggrieved. She recommended her son to the care of Murray, of Elizabeth and of Charles of France. She entreated her brother and others to be tolerant to the Catholics, and expressed her rejoicing that she had never persecuted one of her subjects on the score of religion. On the 25th, she became cold and rigid, her eyes closed, her form straightened out and her pulse and respiration were unperceptible. All despaired of her, but her physician Nawe, who hoping against hope, continued to use violent frictions and at length succeeded in restoring her to life. This was the crisis of the fever and she now began to grow better. Her death meantime had been reported in Edinburg. During the whole of her illness her worthless husband never came near her at all. Even Knox was softened by this terrible affliction and wrote of her gently and kindly.

Buchannan says that Bothwell had followed her to Jed-

burg and remained with her some days, and he attributes her disease to a cause too loathsomely infamous to transcribe.*

On the ninth of November she was enabled to resume her royal progress. She went, this time, southward to the Tweed, and with so large a retinue, that Sir John Foster, the English captain of Berwick, placed it in a condition of defence; and on going out to meet the Scottish monarch, caused the gates to be locked behind him. Being soon assured however of her pacific intentions, he received her with proper honors, conducted her to Halidon Hill, from which she could obtain a fine view of Berwick, and ordered a royal salute to be fired by that fortress. She received a severe injury here from Sir John's horse, which reared while near her, and in coming down, struck her just above the knee. She bore the pain with her usual fortitude, although it laid her up at a castle of Lord Home's for two days. Then turning homeward again, she came on the 20th to Craigmillar.

Here occurred one of the most important facts in the life of the Queen of Scotland, and one which goes far to prove the falsity of the accusations soon after made against her. Her husband's conduct kept her in a continual state of melancholy and she, poor soul, had none with whom she could advise or in whom she could trust. Her ministers knew it and resolved to take advantage of it. Accordingly Both-

we'll reconciled himself for a time with Murray and Maitland, and they all agreed to urge the queen to divorce her petulant and debauched consort.

The oily-tongued Laird of Lethington was of course the hief mouth-piece, although the others were there to help kim when the matter was laid before the queen. But they had their labor alone for their pains. In vain did Maitland eloquently set before her the base ingratitude exhibited by Darnley, his desertion of her for the lowest roysterers, his utter unfitness for his position and the many other objections that could be urged against him; the queen would have naught to do with it. At first she would not even speak about it, and when she did, it was only to say, first, that it could not be lawfully done; second, that he was the father of her child, whose interests might be prejudiced by the act: then, that the king was young vet and might change for the better, and finally dismissed the matter, saying that she would do nothing that could cast a stain upon her honor or conscience, and that she would leave the matter in the hands of her God, who would give her relief in in his own good way and time.

The veteran statesman and her friend Du Croc describes her as full of "deep grief and sorrow: nor does it seem possible to make her forget the same; and still she repeats the words 'I could wish to be dead.'" As for Darnley he simply says of him that, he is incurably bad."*

[•] Chalmers, H. 178. Tytler, H. 66. Bell, H. 9. Lives of Queens of

Now why would she not consent to a divorce urged upon her by all her cabinet ministers, even the Earl of Huntley if she were so unscrupulously wicked as to love Bothwell at the time and to be meditating then the cruel murder of her spouse. No one believes that any woman of twenty ever preferred the murder of her husband to separation from him: much less a woman of deep religious nature, of unusal tenderness and whose whole life and reign had been a course of forgiveness.

The queen was now diverted from her sorrow for awhile by the preparation for the approaching baptism of her boy. The sacrament was to be celebrated with great magnificence. Elizabeth sent the Earl of Bedford as especial ambassador to attend it, and presented Mary with a font of gold worth £1000, to serve for the occasion The Countess of Argyle was her proxy as godmother. A supply of £12000 was voted for the occasion.

Then on the 17th of December, in the royal chapel at Holyrood, the young prince was baptised by the name of James Charles Charles James: Charles from his royal godfather of France, James from the name common to his ancestors. The Archbishop of St. Andrew's celebrated the sacrament and the bishops of Dunblane and Dunkeld were present. Banquetings and other festivities followed the baptism—but they could give but little joy to the mother; for her husband sulked alone in his apartments refusing to

be present at the ceremony or to take any part in the rejoicings which succeeded it.

The Countess of Argyle, Queen Elizabeth's proxy as godmother, was obliged to do public penance for assisting at a popish christening.

Soon after, the king, still in his boyish petulance went off to Glasgow to his father, where he was attacked with virulent small pox. Buchannan says that his illness was occasioned by poison administered by the queen who would not suffer any one to go to his help. "Nor would she suffer so much as a physician once to come at him." But the Earl of Bedford, Elizabeth's ambassador, writes in his official report to Cecil:—"The king is now at Glasgow with his father and there lieth full of the small pockes, to whom the queen hath sent her physician." This was Dr. Lusgiere, who hath been with her in France and had seen Pirne's successful treatment of her for the same disease.

"Add to this contemporaneous history," says Crawford, "the queen was no sooner informed of his danger than she hasted after." Turner or Barnstaple says:—"The queen flew to him, thinking more of the person to whom she flew than of the danger which she herself incurred," and Lesly, Bishop of Ross, writes:—"Being advertized that

Buchannan, 48. Ibid, 16.

Darnley was repentant and sorrowful, she, without delay thereby to renew, quicken and refresh his spirits and to comfort his heart to the amendment and repairing of his health, lately by sickness sore impaired, hasted with such speed as she conveniently might to see and visit him is Glasgow."*

Lusgiere by his skill soon broke the disease, which the king's physician Abernethy was treating as a case of poison, and the patient began slowly to recover. He expressed himself sincerely sorry for his errors, and Mary, whose noble woman heart was an inexhaustible well of forgiveness, sent loving messages to him and assurances of her complete reconciliation with him.

Every point of her conduct should here be carefully noted. Not only does she dismiss from her bosom what natural rancor might be therein, but she acts as none but the faithful and affectionate spouse can act. New information is laid before her, on the testimony of two persons named Hiegate and Walcar, that he and his fither, the Earl of Lenox, are again plotting to dethrone her and to crown her infant. She calls the men before her, examines them in council, discovers glaring discrepancies in their statements and convicts them of false witness before the lords who had employed them.

These men were servitors of Beton Archbishop of Glas gow, and she at once writes to him to complain of their

mischief making, and adds,* "For the king, our hubband, God knows always our part towards him; and his behaviour and thankfulness to us is likewise well known to God and the world, especially our own indifferent subjects see it, and in their hearts we doubt not condemn the same."

In vain did Maitland and Murray and Bothwell prepare a writ to arrest the king. She indignantly refused to sign it. She would say only, "As to the follies of the king my husband, he is but young and may be reclaimed." She threw all the blame of his misdeeds on his evil advisers and expressed her trust that "God would, in His own good time, put remedy and amend what was amiss in him."

Once more her ministers abuse her pity to procure the pardon of the sensual and treacherous hypocrite, the Earl of Morton, and he is permitted to return to Scotland.

At this time too she graces with her presence the unfor tunate nuptials of Mary Fleming with that inimitable incarnation of guile, Maitland of Lethington.

On the 13th of January, Queen Mary left Stirling fo. Edinburg, there to lodge her child safely in Holyrood and, that accomplished, hastened to Glasgow. Much has been said of unnecessary delay; but let the Scottish January climate be remembered and the necessity of caring for her

infant, and the delicate frame of Darnley, and her cwn almost mortal and recent illness. Let this also be recalled that he left Stirling only on the 24th December, to spend some days with his father before his illness, and that she, after holding a court and taking the prince to Edinburg, was with him in Glasgow by the 27th of January. Those were no days of steamers and swift space-annihilating trains, but of tedious journeyings on horseback over the rough and frozen roads, through the bleak airs and driving snows of wintry Scotland. Get your maps too and look at the relative positions of Stirling and Edinburg and Glasgow.

The queen was very anxious to have her husband well lodged and proposed Craigmillar Castle, beautifully situated near Edinburg. But he refused to go there, and she wrote to her secretary Maitland to prepare a pleasant abode for nim. Holyrood also would not do. Mary feared lest her child might take the infection; and Darnley feared the nobles whom he knew for his foemen. So Maitland selected the king's abode just outside the wall of Edinburg and called the House of Kirk in the Fields.

Knox and Buchannan both speak of the attentions which she showed her husband, and charitably attribute them to deceit. Enough that she nursed him tenderly, and when well enough to go, accompanied him to the capital, he in her own litter brought for the purpose. They reached Edinburg by easy stages on the 31st of January, and the

king was installed in his apartments, which were fitted up with royal state* in the old Abbey House of what was once St. Mary's Collegiate Church in the Fields; and between this house and Holyrood the queen passed her time until the fatal 9th of February.

We must record two other points trivial in themselved but very important in this period of the life of Mary Stuart. When at Glasgow, she told her husband that she was going to take him with her, and that "she had brought her litter with her that she might travel more softly," he replied that he would follow her any where so she would be perfectly reconciled to him. And Mary answered, "that her coming was only to that effect, and that if she had not been minded thereto, she had not come so far to fetch him, and gave him her hand thereto and the faith of her body that she would love him as well as ever."

And one day at Kirk in the Fields, as she suddenly entered his room, she found him writing letters to his father. He gave them to her to read, and she found them full of her own praises. Then the wife clasped him in her arms and kissed him over and over again; and told him of her joy, for that the shadow had passed away from between their hearts.‡

It will be remembered that on Mary's flight from Holy sood after the brutal butchery of Riccio, a servitor name!

^{*} For a particular description see Strickland v. 128, 125.

[†] Strickland. v. 112.

¹ Ibid, v. 138.

Bastism and one of her women, Margaret Carwood attended her. Now these two were to be married; and Mary, ever grateful, resolved to honor the ceremony with her presence The wedding day was the 9th of February, and the place was Holyrood.

It was a joyous day. In the morning the ceremony took place, and the queen sate at the wedding feast, and promised to be present at the ball and supper. Thence to a banquet at the Bishop of Argyle's. Then, followed by her nobles, they to do homage to, she to visit her invalid husband, to Kirk in the Fields. She lingered as long beside Darnley as she could consistently with her promise And when he still would have retained her she drew from her fair finger a ring and placed it upon his, and kissed him with tenderest good-bye and promises of quick return; and then went her way back to the dance and feast at Holyrood.

And now, poor queen, pluck from thy bosom the festal flowers, for none shall bloom there again forevermore. Recall the joys of the bridal and the banquet, for the days of thy feasting are over. Nevermore shall thy light foot bound in the dance, nor thy silver voice ring with laughter. Nevermore shall thy nobles stand before thee, gorgeously arrayed and full of reverent homage. Nevermore shall the lips of thy young husband be pressed upon thine, nor thy white arms encircle him, nor thy sweet voice murmur in his ears low, earnest tenderness. Thy

loves, joy, hopes, honors, are floating off, far off like light clouds before the wind, and when thou sighest, yearning after them, "when, when will ye return?" their answer sobs back to thee, low and utterly mournful, "No more no more forever."





Chapter XVI.

St Mary's Church in the Fields.

February 9th, 1567.

Just inside of the city walls, at a convenient distance from Holyrood and the castle, stood the House of Kirk in the Fields. It consisted of but four apartments: on the ground floor Queen Mary's room and a kitchen; above, the king's room and ante-chamber, the sleeping room being directly over the queen's. A winding staircase allowed communication between the two stories, and a passage was cut from the kitchen through the wall into a lane—beyond which was another wall, and on the other side of this were extensive gardens. A hall running from the western door to the staircase divided the queen's room from the kitchen.

Here, as we have seen in the last chapter, Mary, after a tender farewell, left her husband on the night of the 9th of February; never to see him again on earth.

We must remind the reader of the enmity which

Darnley had created in the breasts of most of the nobles and how he had constantly persevered in augmenting it, antil it had become implacable and inveterate. Murray, Morton, Huntley, Bothwell, Argyle, Maitland and others, hated him bitterly and had sworn his destruction. Their first attempt, made at a period of gross misconduct on his part and righteous indignation on the queen's, was to procure her assent to a divorce; but in this, as we know, they failed utterly.

This was in December 1566, and the conspirators, finding themselves foiled, retired to Craigmillar Castle where a bond of mutual amity and support was drawn up by Sir James Balfour, and signed by him and by Huntley, Argyle, Bothwell and Maitland.* The bond was in this wise:

"That inasmuch as it was thought expedient and most profitable for the commonwealth, by the whole nobility and lords undersubscribed, that such a young fool and proud tyrant should not bear rule over them; and that for divers causes therefore, that they all had concluded that he should be put off by one way or other, and whosoever should take the deed in hand or do it, they should defend and fortify it as themselves, for it should be, by every one of their own, rockoned and holden done by themselves."

By afterwards signing this bond, the Earl of Morton, then in exile, purchased the successful influence of these lords, who it will be remembered formed the queen's minis-

try, to procure his pardon and recall to Scotland. Bothwell declares that Murray signed it, but it is possible that with his usual astuteness, he merely, as he said of the attempted divorce, "would stand by and look through his fingers." Of this however hereafter.

From this moment Bothwell, Balfour, Maitland the creature of Murray, Morton and the rest plotted diligently to destroy the unfortunate Darnley. On that prince's refusal to go to Craigmillar, Maitland had been ordered to select a residence. He had chosen Kirk in the Field, and here it was determined, should the cruel purpose of the conspirators be carried out. Each was to go about it his own way, and truculent Bothwell, whose first idea was always brute force, at once formed an armed band and awaited his opportunity to kill.

But wilier intellects than those of the brutal soldier were at work. The cellars of the house were already mined,* and probably stored with powder; the procedure eventually adopted was determined upon by the others, who kept Bothwell in ignorance of their design until the seventh of February.†

So the plan once matured, the execution soon followed. Bothwell was chief actor, and under him were four ruined gentlemen and four nenial servants. The gentlemen were the Laird of Orniston and his uncle, John Hepburn of Bol-

Buchannan's Detection, 71. Aytoun, 226, 227. Strickland, v. 120, 149.

[†] Strickland. v. 199.

ton and John Hay of Talla; the servants Dalgleish, Wilson, Powrie and Nicholas Haubert, more usually called French Paris. Bothwell had gotten the latter into the queen's service, and by him had procured impressions of the keys and caused counterfeits to be made therefrom. The house was now open to the assassins, and the time for their dark deed had arrived.

We know how Queen Mary was employed through that eventful ninth of February, and Bothwell was of course obliged to attend her, both at the Bishop of Argyle's banquet and at the ensuing visit to her husband. But he had appointed his wretched confederates to meet him at the proper hour and to bring with them the necessary powder, The story need not be told in all its circumstantial details here. Enough that the instruments of crime arrived, were treacherously admitted by the valet-de-chambre Paris, and piled up their bags of powder in Queen Mary's room while she was bidding adien to Darnley. Then all retired except Hay and Hepburn, who were locked into the room to keep watch. Earl Bothwell attended the queen to Holvrood and returned to the scene of his crime about midnight. So near was her hour of leaving to that of the powder bearers' return that "as they came up the Black Friars Wynd the queen's grace was going before them with light torches."

It would seem that after the match was lighted, the king always fearful of attempts upon his life, had heard a

noise, smelled the burning slow match or had been alarmed in some other way; and that he caught up his slippers and his furred pelisse, and rushing out, with no other clothing than his night shirt, had gained the gardens. Here however he was met by another group of murderers, choked, probably with a napkin and thrown under a tree when dead. For thus was he found, with the above articles of apparel lying beside him, without a bruise or fracture, or any trace of fire on him or them, though eighty yards from the house.

But the fuse had burned out, the train was fired, the explosion ensued and with a roar as of many thunders, stones, timbers and massive iron work, from cellar to turret top, hurtled confusedly up to the lurid sky and then fell charred and blackened back on the shuddering earth.

No powder poured from bags on the floor of the queen's room, and fired by Bothwell produced this awful explosion, for Paris in his confession says, "a tempest or thunder clap rose up, and for fear thereof I fell to the earth, with every hair on my head pricking up like awls."* "I have been," said fearless, brutal, Bothwell himself, "in many great and terrible adventures but never enterprise so affrayed me as this." The whole slumbering populace of Edinburg was aroused. The house "was in an instant blown in the air with such a vehemency, that of the whole lodging, walls and other, there is nothing remaining, no not a stone

above another, but all carried far away or dung in dross (smashed into powder) to the very ground stone."*

The remains of Glen and Macaig, Darnley's grooms, and those of two serving lads were taken from the ruins. Nelson, another servant, miraculously escaped alive. But the king's body-servant, Taylor, was found, unscorched, unbruised, eighty yards from the house, dead by the side of his master.

The populace thronged towards the palace. The queen, alarmed by the din, had just sent to inquire the cause when the Earls of Argyle, Athol, Huntly and Bothwell! (who had made good speed to his quarters at Holyrood) with their ladies and the Countess of Mar rushed into her presence and proclaimed their fear for the House of Kirk in the Fields. Bothwell, as her Majesty's lieutenant, was dispatched at once to learn what he knew too well already, and not till after day break did he return to announce to his sovereign his funereal news. "Some powder," he added, "had accidently taken fire."

The poor queen burst into a passion of grief and was withdrawn to her chamber by her ladies, and the next morning, after receiving a full report, remained in her room in a stupor of grief and horror all through the day. Then surgeons were sent to examine the body, and that over, it was borne mournfully to Holyrood. She could do nothing yet, but deputed her council to act for her. They,

^{*} Mary's letter to Archbishop Beton, Labanoff, il. &

Murray and Maitland among them, wrote to Marie of Medicis a description of the disaster and added:

"It may easily be perceived that the authors of this crime, intended by the same means to have destroyed the queen, with the greater part of the nobles who are at present in her train, and were with her in the king's chamber till very near midnight; and it was a very near chance that her Majesty did not lodge there herself that night. But God has been so gracious that the assassins were frustrated of that part of their design having preserved her to take such vengeance as an act so barbarous and inhuman merits."*

On the next day however Mary was sufficiently recovered to write to the Archbishop of St. Andrew's the letter quoted above. She says that God "in His mercy has reserved us, as we trust, to the end that we may take a rigorous vengeance of that mischievous deed, which rather that it should remain unpunished we had rather lose life and all."

She uses the same language in her proclamation of the 12th, wherein she offers £2,000 and an annual pension for the discovery of the perpetrator, and free pardon to any accomplice who will reveal it. Then came the last look at the dead husband, who had just exhibited a fixed purpose of making himself worthy of her, and to whom she had just returned her earnest love. Long and sadly she

[•] Strickland, v. 167. † Labanoff, ii. 8. ‡ Bell, ii. 51.

gazed upon him, weeping silently but with abcunding tears. Then a letter came from Archbishop Reton, warning her of a new plot and urging her to double her guards, so that she, not doubting but that the murderers of her husband were seeking her life also, removed for greater security to the castle, where she remained in a chamber hung with black until the obsequies of her husband were over. The body of the unfortunate prince had been embalmed, and on the 15th, at night, by light of torches, as had been the custom for Catholics since the Reformation,* it was borne to the royal vault in the chapel of Holyrood, and laid to rest by the side of James the V. of sweet and prematurely faded Magdalene of France and of the two infant brothers of Queen Mary.

Thus I believe, I have written down after faithful and laborious comparison of contending authorities, the true history of the murder of Henry Darnley, King Consort of Scotland. More minute details will be given when I come to examine into the question "who were the murderers?"

By this time, February 15, placards were posted all over the city, accusing various parties of the murder. Bothwell, Balfour, David Chambers and others were anonymously accused; but none stepped forward publicly

The reader will recall the midnight funeral of the Earl of Glenalles, do scribed by Sir Walter Scott in the Antiquary.

to support the charges. Undoubtedly they proceeded from the crafty conspirators. The Earl of Murray had left her and refused to return to court to aid her with his councils so that the whole power of the realm passed naturally into the hands of her other ministers, Bothwell, Huntley, Argyle and Maitland. Bothwell was Commander-in-Chief of naval and land forces; Argyle Justice General; Huntley Lord Chancellor, Maitland Secretary of State; all Protestants, and three at least traitors.

And now she found herself so poor as to want even enough for household expenses, and she urges the Archbishop of St. Andrew's to procure for her the loan of £1600. One placard accuses her of complicity in the murder: her foreign servants, terrified at the cruel deaths of Riccio and Darnley all forsake her; she is a widow, poor and alone. Yet even now if she would but forsake her creed, all would go well with her; but as she writes to the papal Nuncio* she has "devoted herself to die in the Catholic Faith and for the good of the church which she prays God to increase and maintain."

On the 21st of February, 1st of March and 23d of March, she writes to the Earl of Lenox to come to her and aid her with his counsels and presence to pursue and discover the slayers of his son.† Finally on the 24th of March, Lenox formally accuses Bothwell of the murder and the 12th of April is appointed for the day of trial. But the

timid, vacillating earl, fearing the numerous and powerful nobles of Bothwell's party, writes on the 11th to request that the trial might be postponed. This the court, persided over by Argyle, refused to grant, and no accuser ppearing, Bothwell is acquitted. On the 19th the lorder of Morton, Argyle, Huntley, Cassilis, Sutherland, Glencairn, Rothes, Caithness, Herries, Hume, Boyd, Seaton, Sinclair and many other nobles and several bishops, signed a bond, by which they pledged themselves to defend Bothwell against any accuser and to do what lies in their power to persuade the queen to marry him.

The subject will be renewed in its proper place. We must now examine into the alleged guilt of Queen Mary and others accused.





Chapter XVII.

Was Mary an Accomplice of Bothwell?

Mary is accused of murdering her husband Darnley for the sake of raising Bothwell, her paramour, to the throne Eight letters and twelve sonnets, said to have been written by the queen and found in a casket belonging to Bothwell, are adduced in proof of her guilty connection with that nobleman, of her hatred for Darnley and her desire to get rid of him; in proof that such connection, hatred and desire naturally led to an attempt to kill the king; and that such attempt was successful.

These letters are found in a cotemporary writer, her Latin-master, George Buchannan, as an appendix to his libel against her, called the "Detection of the Actions of Mary, Queen of Scots, concerning the Murder of her Husband and her conspiracy, adultery and pretended marriage with Earl Bothwell," etc., etc. The statements in this "Detection" rely for proof solely and entirely on these letters, and on the author's own word. This work dedicated to

Elizabeth,* was written by command of the lords of the privy council of the Regent Murray. Thus attests Cecil, Secretary of State:—"The said Mr. George Buchannan was privy to the proceedings of the lords of the king's secret council (of whom were Murray, Morton, Lindsay and Maitland), and the book was written by him, not of himself, nor in his own name; but according to the instructions given to him, by common conference of the lords of the privy council of Scotland; by him oney for his learning penned but by them the matter ministered, and allowed and exhibited by them, as matter that they have offered and do continue in offering, to stand and justify before our sovereign lady (Elizabeth)."

This book was written in Latin, French, Scottish and English, and widely circulated thoughout Europe. No modern copy exists; no modern historian quotes or has quoted fifty consecutive lines of it; no modern historian, writing against Mary, has reproduced those letters, but I will, verbatim ac literatim, in a volume of letters and papers of Mary Stuart, rapidly to follow this biography. As for the body of the work it is too filthily coarse to print two pages of. He, for whom in France she was an angel, and who has no syllable to breathe against her, the savieur of his life and maker of his fortunes, until her marriage with Darnley, he, George Buchannan, makes her the most consummate hypocrite, the most shameless prose

Detection, 8. † Strickland, v. 74. ‡ See his poem, Appendix A.

fitute, the most blood-thirsty she-fiend that ever blackened the history of human life.**

He makes her become truculent one-eyed Bothwell' mistress, while her babe was but a few weeks old; makes her, daughter of James Stuart and Mary of Lorraine, offer to pander to her husband's lusts; and yet at the same time, thirst, with a famished wolf's thirst, for his blood, while his new-born child was lying on her bosom. He paints her not only as an utterly abandoned woman, but as shamelessly so, publicly so, repulsively so even to the coarsest nature. He paints her even as liseased with her licentiousness; as triumphing with delight at the murder of Darnley.** He declares this sudden leap from purity into utter iniquity to have been made after June 1566, and in June 1567, she was crowness and a prisoner in Lochleven.

So that she who was

Maturely grave even in her tender years, Whose nature had the seeds of virtue sown, By moral precepts to perfection grown,

could in one short year, while busy in the complicate affairs of her kingdom, caring for her child, nursing her husband, struggling to restore popery, find leisure to become a Messalina; to forget her duty to God and his church; to her kingdom and herself; to her husband and

^{*} Detection, 5, 8, 9, 11; anywhere—you can't go amiss.

f Ibid. 3. ‡ Ibid. 5. § Ibid. 13. | Ibid. 7, 11 17. ¶ Ibid. 89. ** Ibid. 28.

her boy; to forget her faith as a Christian, her purity as swife, her dignity as a queen, her affection as a mother and her honor as a woman, for the most brutal and truculent villain in all Scotland, James Hepburn, the one-eyed Earl of Bothwell.

Now let consistent George Buchannan, in this same Detection, describe the man upon whom the delicately nurtured princess so madly and criminally doted, "As for his eloquence and beauty, we need not say much, sith they that have seen him, can well remember both his countenance, his gait, and the whole form of his body how gay it was; they that have heard him are not ignorant of his rude utterance and blockishness. For wisdom even they that be most affectionate unto him dare not charge him with it. A beholder of other men's fighting, sometime hardly chasing them that fled; but the face of one near at hand turned toward him he never could abide."* I dare not copy the language in which his moral character is painted.

Villain as he was, he was the only man in Mary's cabinet who had never sold himself to England.

Modern antiquarian writers have been decent at least in their language, and carried some show of reason in the manner of their attacks. The most respectable and fullest of these is Dr. Robertson, historian of Charles V. of Scotland, America and India. He has calmly but thoroughly united all that looks like proof against Queen Mary, and to answer him will be to answer all. Let me first however take my position and endeavor to prove the natural impossibility of Mary's guilt, before going into the question of facts.

I believe then that as to the murder of Darnley, Mary Queen of Scots had neither part nor lot in the matter; openly or in secret.

Natural argument is against it because she was a woman, wife and mother. Her past life as recorded in these pages, and not contradicted by her opponents, is a strong testimony in her favor. Gentleness and tenderness, impossibility of retaining rancor and a too forgiving disposition were her chief characteristics. She was fond of all pets, birds, dogs, horses and other animals. She was passionately fond of children, stopping to pet and caress them in the streets. She was the tenderest mistress ever man or woman served. From the first childish letters written to her mother, to the very last directed to the Pope, the King of France and the Duc de Guise, scarce any are without some request or gentle mention of those who served her. "If you will stay with me," she said to Darnley's servants after his murder, "I will be more than a mistress; I will be a mother to you."

The attempt to assassinate her in France, the ruffian assaults of Ruthven, Bothwell, Lindsay; the twenty times repeated treachery of her base brother Murray, the many

she took under her protection and forbade to be struck or harshly treated, the galley slaves that rowed her back from France. She was the personal nurse of Francis II. She wept at the brutalities of harsh Knox. She fainted when forced to attend the execution of Châtelard and Huntly; she established courts and an advocate for the poor, paying the latter out of her own purse; she was exhorted to persecute them who persecuted her and always firmly refused. Her whole existence was made up of gentleness and mercy, and how then in one year could this young woman became a devil?

Then too her religiousness forbids the enterainment of an idea of her guilt. Her constant piety of word and deed and thought, her fervency in prayer, her constancy in alms deeds and forgiveness of injuries. Her devotion to the offices of the church and to its supreme head on earth, of all of which her letters are full, which made Knox give up her conversion in despair; how could she forget all these for a year, to live in adultery and to plot the murder of a man who had just come out the avowed and fervent, although unwise advocate of Catholicism in Scotland!

What could she gain by it. The destruction of a man who was in her way (if you like to have it so), and free communion with Bothwell. She could acquire a Protestant husband twice her age, who was an unscrupulcus

and coarse ruffian, at the expense of imbruing her hands in the blood of a young and handsome Catholic partner.

If she succeeded in concealing her crime, she knew well that Murray her brother—whose eye had never been taken from the throne since his father's death—that the royal blooded Hamiltons and the haughty Douglas, would never obey James Hepburn; she must lose her peace of conscience and become an incarnation of remorse; she must lose the sacraments and ordinances of her creed, the fealty of her powerful nobles, the hope of restoring her religion in Scotland. While if discovered, she would lose all these and more; exemption from open shame; the respect of all good men; the alliances of the European powers; the guardianship of her only child; the very husband she had sinned for, even the feigned friendship of Elizabeth, her crown and throne, her liberty and life.

Again, could she murder the man she loved, not in a passion of jealousy, but with cool deliberate malice? For she did love Darnley, and it was not a sudden passion, as Buchannan fables and Robertson copies.* She was com-

*Let John Knox tell the story. Maitland, he says, was to inform Elizabeth that Queen Mary was minded to marry her cousin, Lord Darnley, and the rather because he was so near of blood to both queens, for by his mother he was cousin-german to the Queen of Scotland, also of near kindred and the same name, by his father. His mother was cousin-german to the Queen of England. Here, mark God's Providence. King James V. having lost his two sons, did declare his resolution to make the Earl of Lennox his heir of the crown, but he (James), prevented by sudden death, that design ceased. Then came the Earl of Lennox, from France, with intent to marry King James

pelled to marry; there was no lineal heir for those two ancient kingdoms. She was beset on all sides, from the time of the death of Francis, to re-wed. Neither her own Protestant people nor Protestant England, would have permitted a Catholic prince to be her husband; and a Protestant was against her own desires. And she chose Darnley, after mature and earnest reflection, because she was compelled to marry, and he was simply the most eligible offer Then she did her best as a good wife to love him, and she succeeded. No matter how much he annoyed her, she always forgave him; even for the murder of Riccio. How tenderly she nursed him in his illness; how patiently she bore with his waywardness; how cuickly she yielded her heart when he sought it penitently! It is impossible to read their last reconciliation, and her conduct towards him afterwards with an unprejudiced mind, and not perceive her love for him. Buchannan says, and Robertson, as usual echoes, that it was all to lull his suspicions; all deceit, all hypocrisy! Great Heaven, his suspicions of whom! What did he suspect her of? he well knew the truth of what she had told him after Riccio's murder, that he had no other friend in Scotland. Her whole life proves that her reconciliation was sincere, that her love was

widow, but that failed also. He marries Mary Douglas, and his son, Lord Darnley, marrieth Queen Mary, James V.'s daughter; and so the king's desire is fulfilled; the crown remaineth in the name and in the family."—John Kaon History of Sootland.

restored to him .n very deed and truth, and there is nothing to the contrary but the simple assertion which George Buchannan was paid for making by Murray, Morton, Maitland and their crew.

And then the means adopted to get rid of him; oh, it is too absurd to profess belief in her complicity in this She could easily have punished him for any of the plots in which he engaged; she could have accepted the divorce, which would have been even a popular measure, and that was proposed at the moment of her keenest indignation. She could have taken him off quietly by poison; she could, with a glance like King John's to Hubert, have procured his assassination. She could have left him to the hands of Dr. Abernethy who was murdering him professionally, by giving him antidotes for poison, instead of sending her own French physician to cure him of small pox. She could have brought him out in the cold air instead of lingering three days to nurse him, and sending for her own litter in order that he might "travel more softly," but she overlooks all these and other quiet methods and chooses of all things the explosion of a mine; chooses to startle Edinburg from its midnight dreams with thunderous pro clamation of the crime. "Credat Judæus Apella: non ego."

Let us look at the argument of facts. Dr. Robertson shall bring the accusation.*

"1. Mary's love for Darnley was a sudden and youthfu The beauty of his person, set off by some external frivolous accomplishments was his chief merit, and gained her affections. 2. His capricious temper soon raised in the queen a disgust that broke out on different occasions. His engaging in the conspiracy against Riccio converted this disgust into an antipathy which she took no pains to conceal. This breach was in its nature perhaps irreparable; the king certainly wanted that art and condescension which alone could have repaired it. It widened every day and a deep and settled hatred effaced all remains of affec tion.* Bothwell observed this and was prompted by ambition and perhaps by love to found upon it a scheme which proved fatal both to the queen and himself. He had served Mary at different times with fidelity and success. He insinuated himself into her favor by address and flattery.† By degrees he gained her heart. 4. In order to gratify his love or at least his ambition, it was necessary to get rid of the king. Mary had rejected the proposal which it is said had been made to her for obtaining a divorce. The king was equally hated by the partisans of the House of Hamilton, a considerable party in a kingdom; by Murray, one of the most popular and powerful persons in his country, by Morton and his associates, whom

^{*} Da, please, read the two first paragraphs of chapter xiv. to refute this loads some fallacy.

[†] Compare with Buchannan a few pages back.

he had deceived, and whom. Bothwell had bound to his interest by a recent favor. Among the people Darnley was fallen into extreme contempt. 5. Bothwell might expect for all these reasons that the murder of the king would pass without any inquiry, and might trust to Mary's love and to his own address and good fortune for the accomplishment of the rest of his wishes. What Bothwell expected really came to pass. 6. Mary if not privy herself to the design, connived at an action which rid her of a man whom she had such good reason to detest. 7. A few months after the murder of her husband, she married the person who was both suspected and accused of having perpetrated that odious crime."

There is a good deal of grammatical writing here quite unnecessary to the accusation. I have inserted the numbers for my own convenience. The point numbered 4 is a mere matter of course and has no bearing either for or against. No. 1 is contradicted at page 191, by the history of his courtship chap. 11 and more fully in Mrs. Strickland's admirable work, vol. iii. ch. 16, et seq. So that it all amounts to this. That before Darnley's death, for some reason or other, Mary came to hate him with "a deep and settled hatred. That Bothwell gained her heart. That Mary if not privy to, at least connived at the murder, and prevented inquiry into it afterwards. That she married Bothwell is an historical truth. It is used here as an

* post facto proof of her guilt and must be answered by the history of that marriage.

But look at the other points. Darnley misbehaved; Mary was vexed and from vexation passed gradually through disgust, antipathy and hatred to murder. Not one shadow of proof given in support of the assertion that she hated him, while it contradicts every fact of their intercourse from the marriage in Holyrood to the farewell at Kirk in the Fields. The reader has but to turn back and read her conduct to Darnley, her indignant remonstrances with him, her angers, and her forgivenesses, to see the injustice of this reasoning. As well accuse the widow Smith of murder, because she showed anger and disgust at her late husband's ill-conduct in his lifetime.

The fact is that the learned historian, from prejudice of religious education, came to his work with a fixed belief in Mary's guilt, and built up this fine argument to prove that belief a correct one, instead of studying her life and coming by its facts sadly but unavoidably to his conclusion. He reasons in a circle. How do you know that Mary was guilty of her husband's death, Dr. Robertson? Because the hated him. But how do you know she hated him! Because she connived at his death! It is a convenient system, but not a strong one.

No, the Doctor starts from his preconceived and educated belief, and when you follow him up where do you find him! Where you find all the rest. In a niche between the so-called confession of French Paris and the letters and sonnets in Master George Buchannan's "Detection." This is the starting-point of Anti-Marian writers, not the birth-day of Mary. They do not examine her from the commencement. They begin at the end.

We have conducted Mary's life to this point. New let us also look at the end.



Chapter XVIII.

Was Mary an accomplice of Bothwell?—
Letters.

WE are obliged to go before our story here; but it has seemed best to settle, at this point, the question of the guilt or innocence of Mary, Queen of Scots.

Henry Darnley was murdered on the 9th of February, 1567.

Bothwell was accused, and owing to the vacillating conduct of Lennox, received a mock trial and acquittal, the court being principally composed of his own accomplices, the signers of the Bond on page 176, April 12th.

After Bothwell's defeat at Carberry, Queen Mary delivered herself up to the rebel lords, and was by them sent prisoner to Lochleven Castle, June 15, 1567.

On the 20th of June, Dalgleish, Bothwell's servant, was captured, and on his person it is asserted were found the letters which convict the queen of adultery and connivance at murder. They were found it is said, as follows:—"In

the castell of Edinburg thair was left by the Earl of Bothwell, before his fleeing away, and was send for be and George Dalgleish his servand, who was taken be the Earl of Mortoun, ane small gylt coffer, not fully ane fut lang, garnisht in sindrie places with the Roman letter F, under ane king's crown, wharin were certane letteris and writings, weel knawin, and be aithis to be affirmit to have been written be the Queen of Scottis awin hand to the Erle."*

The rebel lords propose to charge Mary with tyranny, incontinency and murder, and allege that they have "her own handwriting to prove the charge." July 24.

Finally, they do charge her and produce letters, on the 15th December, just six months after her imprisonment. They are shown the commissioners of Queen Elizabeth in England, Mary being then virtually a captive there.

These letters, sonnets and a paper purporting to be the confession of French Paris, are the only documents upon which the queen's guilt is attempted to be established. I propose to show that all are simple forgeries. And to do this, must begin with a short history of the "Letters."

The first mention made of them is in a letter from Sir Nicholas Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, after Mary's imprisonment in Lochleven, July 24, 1567. He says:—
"Thirdly, they mean to charge her with the murder of her husband, whereof they say, they have as apparent proof

against her as may be, as well by the testimony of her own handwriting as also by sufficient witnesses."* This is the first mention although they are said to have been taken on June 20th.

These letters are eight in number, and are described in an act of Murray's secret council, December 4 (six months after their discovery) as "diverse her privie letters, written and subscribed with her own hand, and sent by her to James, Earl of Bothwell." But the word "subscribed" is withdrawn on the 15th, and it is merely said "wholly written in her own hand."

They next appear at York, October 1568, where the queen's commissioners met those of Murray and Elizabeth, and are exhibited by Maitland and Buchannan as evidence against the queen. §

They were taken it is said in a gilt box. Now what the material of the box was we do not know, but to judge from its elasticity, it was made either of gutta percha or Maitland's conscience. At first it contained but three letters, then seven, then eight. Fifteen months afterwards it gave forth for the first time, the sonnets, || and there is every reason to believe that they could have found in it snything that Robert Houdin, or Signor Blitz find in their lagic boxes.

Mary, hearing something of these papers, instructs her

[•] Strickland, v. 824.

[†] Tytler, i. 85. ‡ Ibid. 1, 87. \$ Ibid. 1, 95. 1 Ibid. 1, 91.

commissioner, that, "In case they alledge they have any writings of mine which may infer presumption against me, in that case you shall desire the principals (i. e. originals), to be produced, and that I, myself, may have inspection thereof and make answer thereto." * A request certainly reasonable but never complied with. She never saw them till the day of her death.

How Elizabeth acted may be judged from her order in council, at Hampton Court, October 30, 1568. After Mary's Commissioners have been received, Murray's are to follow, and of them shall be demanded "Why they forbear to charge the queen with the guiltiness of the murder of her husband. If they will in the end, to show sufficient matter to prove her guilty, it is thought good for many respects that they shall be assured that they shall not be made subject to her indignation, and that her Majesty (Elizabeth), will never restore her to the throne. And because this manner of proceeding cannot be so secretly used, but the knowledge thereof will by some means come to the Queen of Scots, it is thought most necessary of all things, that she be circumspectly looked unto, for doubt of escaping, and therefore it is thought good that all preparation be hastened for removing her to Tutbury."*

So when poor Mary is safely incarcerated in the Castle of Tutbury, the conferences are opened, and the Earl of

Murray and his creatures formally accuse her of particle pancy in her husband's death. November 26, 1568.

Then Mary demands of Elizabeth that she also "may come in proper person into her Majesty's own presence, and that of her nobility, and of all the ambassadors of other countries, to declare her innocency, and to make her Majesty and them understand the untrue, invented calumnies of her said rebels, since they have free access to accuse her," otherwise that the commissioners "shall protest, that for the said considerations all that they can or may do against us, shall be null and of no prejudice to us hereafter." She then protests against the manner in which the conference is conducted, and orders her representatives as follows:—"The Earl of Murray is permitted to come into their (the commissioners') presence, and if the like be not granted us as is reasonable, and yet our sister shall condemn us in our absence, not having place to answer for ourselves as justice requires, then you shall break your conference, and proceed no further therein but take your leave and come away."*

Mary was not afraid of inquiry nor of justice, but an appeal for either to Elizabeth Tudor was a vain one. The fangs of that she-wolf are fastened in her rival's flesh, nor will she loosen hold till she have gnawed her way to the heart.

Again, December 19, she demands to see the original

letter, and says she, "With God's grace we shall make such answer thereto, that our innocence shall be known to our good sister and to all other princes, and shall charge them as authors, inventors and doers of the same crime they would impute to us."*

But on the 12th January, 1569, "The Earl of Murray and all his adherents came into the presence of the Queen's Majesty of England, and got license to depart into Scotland." So away they went with their precious box of letters and sonnets, and these were heard of no more until 1571, when the worthy George Buchannan published the obscene libel which he called the Detection. Then, they were given to the public and disseminated chroughout thurope. Such is the history of the letters. Now for their merits.

To any one familiar with the style of Marv's genuine letters, a mere lection of these epistles were sufficient proof of their spuriousness. Their inelegancy, their excessive coarseness and lack of every feminine and delicate characteristic; their gross imitations and maudlin lustfulness are utterly at variance not only with the queen's character, but even with that of any woman refined enough or cultivated enough to write good French. As for the sounets, Brantôme, a good judge, says—"Ils sont trop gressiers et mal polis pour être sortis d'elle."

That Mary, Queen of Scots, daughter of James V. and

[•] Labanoff, il. 258 † Tytler, i. 155 ‡ Tytler, i. 255.

Mary de Guise, the elegant ornament of the Court of Henry II., the pupil of Ronsard and Buchannan, the belle of Europe, whose hand was coveted by nearly every unmarried prince then living; while her husband was still living and her only child a few months old, that she could write such things as this to rough, fierce, monops Bothwell, is incredible.

"Las! n'est il pas ja en possession

Du corps * * * * * * * *

Entre ses mains et dans son plein pouvoir,

Je metz mon fils, mon honneur et ma vie

Mon pais, mes subjectz, mon âme assubjectie.

Pour luy aussi je jette maintes larmes.

Premier quand il se fist de ce corps possesseur,

Du quel alors il n'avoit pas le cœur," etc., etc.

But that she should send pages of this stuff to him and sign her name to them is impossible.

Then again that Bothwell should preserve such damning evidence against himself, and so carelessly too, not even taking it with him or destroying it in his flight from Edinburg, is incredible. And the box too; she must needs give him a relic of her idolized boy-husband Francis. How Murray got it, might be arrived at by remembering that after imprisoning his royal sister in Lochleven, he robbed her treasury and jewel caskets in Holyrood.

The probable truth is this. They were composed by George Buchannan (compare their style with the Detec

Detection, Sonnetts, passim.

tion) and copied by Secretary Maitland of Lethington, at the command of James Earl of Murray. Lord Errol, who was with Murray until the queen's escape from Lochleven, signs the instructions sent to the queen's commissioners by the loyal Scots nobles, and in those instructions says of Murray, Morton and their accomplices:—"They with deceitful means obtained the strength of the country; also they had the whole munition put in their hands by trea sonable deceit, and boasted that if the loyal lords were to raise an army, they would send her head to them."*

These letters are said to have been found upon Dalgleish on the 20th of June. Why were they kept secret for six months? Why was he respited for six months instead of being hanged with Talla, Powrie and Hepburn? Why was he never examined about them? Why lay they so long idle? Because they did not exist. Because they had not yet been manufactured. When the time comes, you shall have not only letters, but sonnets and a confession of French Paris and a contract of marriage in the bargain!

They hold absolute proof under her own hand that she, as paramour of Bothwell, murdered Henry Darnley. They have it on the 20th of June, yet on the 26th they accuse him of "intercepting her majesty, carrying her forcibly away, holding her as his prisoner, compelling her to marry him, and keeping her under restraint."

And again in answer to the inquiries of Sir N. Throck

morton on behalf of Elizabeth, they describe how she was carried off by force, her person violated, and afterwards they add, "he kept her environed with a continual guard of harquebusiers as well day as night." * * * "Al which considerations had rendered it their duty, to take up arms to deliver their sovereign from his wicked hands."* In the same paper they call him the "murderer of the king," but where is her complicity. They have the proof of it in that miraculous box, why not produce it?

Again. Murray and Morton pledge their words of honor that these letters are written in French by Queen Mary Stuart's own hand. As French originals they were presented to the English commissioners and explained by George Buchannan. In his Detection, over the head of each letter, he gives five or six lines from the original "Now mark, how plain a tale shall put them French. down!" They were not written first in French at all. Therefore they were not written by her to Bothwell, as sworn to, on their honors, by those double-dyed villains and perjured traitors Murray and Morton. These letters, whoever was their author, were originally written in broad Scotch, thence translated into Latin from Latin into French, and this second-hand translation was sworn to by Murray and Morton as Queen's Mary's original writing.

Proofs.—They are full of Scottish idioms which both

^{*} Strickland, v. 324. . † Tytler, i. 188-188; ii. 886.

the Latin and French translators have blundered over.

Take three from the first letter.*

"Ye have sair going to see seik folk." You have, or it is, sore or unpleasant to visit sick folks. Now the Latin man, from the old fashioned long "s," takes "sair" for "fair," and "seik" for "sic," or "such," and accordingly writes:—

"Bella hujusmodi hominum visitatio."

The Frenchman copies,

"Voyla une belle visitation de telles gens." It is pleasant to visit such people. Again:

"I am going to seek my rest till to-morrow when I shall end my by bylle or bylle," a common Scotticism for any writing. But the Latinist makes it "ut tum mea biblia finiam," and the Frenchman "afin que je finisse ici ma. bible," when I shall end my Bible! And again:

"I am irkit (i. e. weary) and going to sleep." The copyist mistook the word and wrote it "nakit," and the Latin says Ego nudata sum, and the Gaul writes Je suis toute nue. I am naked! †

The inhabitants of New York have been electrified by a statement of that great philosopher and clerk of the weather, E. Meriam, that, in the depth of the winter 1856-7 when the cold was 32° below zero, he went out of doors in his night clothes to note the variations of the temperature. But what is this to Mary Queen of Scots who could

^{*} It is first in Tytler, ii. 375, but in my copy of Buchannan's Detection, London, 1721, it is second. Vid. Detection, 126.

[†] Tytler, i. 183, 187-188.

sit up all night writing love letters, stark naked, in the middle of a Scotch January.

Dr. Robertson himself after a hard fight confesses the French to be a translation from the Scottish.*

One other point about this letter. "I will finish it" says the writer "to-morrow." Mary left Edinburg to visit her sick husband, and arrived in Glasgow on the night of the 23d. Fact says she passed her time in nursing him. Murray and Co. say she passed it in writing this long letter to Bothwell. "I will finish to-morrow." That makes it the 24th. The "Confession of Paris," makes that lackey say that he delivered the letter to Bothwell in Edinburg on the 25th, and that Bothwell gave him an answer on the 26th, after dinner, which he took to the queen at Glasgow, where he could not arrive before the 27th. But Murray in his Journal says that Bothwell went into Liddesdale on the 24th and did not return until the 28th, giving the lie direct to Paris. And is it not singular that the queen who parted from Bothwell on the 23d should be so ignorant of her accomplice's movements as to suppose him in Edinburg when he was off in Liddesdale ? †

What does Queen Elizabeth think of these letters? That "there had been nothing sufficiently produced, nor shown by them against the queen their sovereign, whereby she (Elizabeth) could conceive or take any ill opinion of the queen her good sister."

^{*} Tytler, i. 183, 187-183. Robertson, App., Diss. on King Henry's marks.

† Tytler, i. 181.

‡ Tbid. ii. 263-400.

Now where did these French translations from the Latin of the Scotch come from? Lesly, bishop of Ross, a cotemporary writer, declares that several persons about the court could counterfeit Mary's hand. She herself says "there are divers in Scotland, both men and women, that can counter feit my handwriting, and write the like manner of writing that I use as well as myself, and principally them that are in company with themselves," Murray and Co.

Let us look a little closer. A cotemporary author, Crawford, in his Memoirs says "It was notoriously known that (Maitland of) Lethington has often copied the queen's hand."

Such is the story of these French originals, proved to be translated from the Scotch. Growing from three to eight, and thence through fifteen months, expanding into sonnets, marriage contract, etc: vouched for, on his honor, by Murray, who proves, by his journal, that the only direct witness to their authenticity is a liar: utterly unnatural in style, language and thought: kept from Mary's sight: prophecied by Errol: unused for six months, and discredited by Elizabeth. Where did they come from? From the brain of Buchannan and the pen of Maitland.

The internal evidence that they are by the author of the setection is almost positive. And for their use when printed, let Queen Elizabeth "our dear sister and cousin," he "virgin queen," the infanticide and murderess of her

lovers, let her speak to her ambassador in France:——"It were not amiss to have livers of Buchannan's little Latin books, to present, if need were, to the king, as from yourself, and to some of the other noblemen of his council: for they will serve to good effect to disgrace her."*

As for George Buchannan, after one slight tribute to his memory, I have done with him. Bevill Higgons in his "Short view of English History, London 1736," says that he recanted all he had written against Mary on his deathbed. Camden, in his annals writes "that he wished he might have wiped out all he writ against Mary Queen of Scots with his blood." He cannot do that now. He has gone to his place.

Gone with his prostituted genius, varied learning, divine gift of poetry, and leaving his name and character behind him. Covered with wealth and honors, his toil was to impoverish their donor. Trusted by an almost friendless woman, he was proud of his supereminence in treachery to her. Owing her his life, he devoted all its energies to the destruction of hers. A witness of her dignified purity, he described her as more shameless than the basest prostitute. An elegant scholar, he ransacked the vocabulary of the brothel for language to clothe his calumnies. He sought to be unrivalled in baseness, peerless in falsehood, supreme in ingratitude and in all he succeeded. An encomiast without sincerity, a religionist without charity, a reformer

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without principle, a historian without conscience. He had Napoleon's ambition, rendered powerless by a sneaking nature: he had the blood-thirst of a Nero, but paralyzed by cowardice. A traitor, a forger, a false witness, a poltroon, a venal writer, a malignant ingrate. Thus before the eyes of a loathing world, shall stand the caitiff George Buchannan, upon a pinacle of infamy, loftily inaccessible by any other, even the boldest of historical miscreants.





Chapter XIX.

Confession of Paris.

Ir will be remembered that Nicholas Hubert, commonly called French Paris, was a servant of Bothweil, and that the latter had procured him the place of valet in the service of Queen Mary sometime before the murder of the king. He it was who furnished moulds of the locks by which the false keys were made which gave the assassins entrance to the house of Kirk in the Fields.

After the denouement of that tragedy, Paris disappeared. Hay of Talla, Hepburn, Powrie and Dzigleish, were tried for the crime, found guilty and hanged. Paris disappeared and was not again heard of until August of 1569 after Murray's return from the English Conferences. Baffled in those, he made a final attempt to blacken the character of his sister and queen, by another forgery, purporting to be the dying confession of this wretched lackey. Now for the facts of the case.

This unfortunate man was not publicive tried, as Hay and

Hepburn, Powrie and Dalgleish had been; but after, we know not how long a confinement in Murray's citadel of St. Andrew's, he was privately tried by that earl, privately condemned to death, without witness, or recorded proceedings; his very existence being unknown until he was brought out for execution on August 10th.

Several months after, a paper called his Confession was sent to Cecil by Murray after the conferences were over, and though never used at the time, has since served as evidence against Mary wherever the appetite for such evidence has been stronger than good taste or sense of justice. She herself never saw, nor so far as is known, even heard of it during the rest of her mournful life.

There are two papers extant, professing to be the confession of this man. The first dated August 9th, and signed "N," accuses Bothwell of the murder but mentions neither the queen nor the letters. The second, dated August 10th is filled with praises of Murray, direct accusation of Mary, and statements of the manner in which he, Paris, played the postboy between her and Bothwell.

The first of these confessions, still extant in the Cotton library, was publicly made and heard by many. Bishop Lesly says, addressing Murray, "As for him whom you surmise was the bearer of the letters, and whom you have executed for the said murder, he, at the time of his said execution, took it upon his death, as he should answer

before God, that he never carried any such letters nor that the queen was participant nor of counsel in the cause."*

So that Bishop Lesly, who wrote months after the death of Paris, and who perhaps heard his first confession, had never even dreamed of the existence of the second. In deed, the mere fact of keeping it secret, showed that Murray dared not publish it while so many were alive in Scotland who had witnessed the execution and heard what the criminal really did confess.

So that the first confession had many witnesses and the second none. The first was public in August 1569, and the second was kept secret and never used by Murray in support of his accusation.

Again. Even in the Detection where nothing that the bitter malice of a lost soul could invent, is forgotten, even there, there is no mention made of this document. Buchannan himself was ignorant of its existence, up to 1571 and through all his after editions.

Again. Hay, clerk of Murray's secret council, who alone attests that this paper came before the council, on the 10th of January, writes to John Knox on the 14th of December, nearly a whole year afterwards, that they, Murray and Co., "have set out in England our queen's life and process, her sonnetts and letters to Bothwell, etc." and that "they leave nothing unset out tending to her infamy." Yet he never mentions this confession of Paris.

Finally, look at the thing itself. Paris is made to say, "That the first time he entered into trust or credit with the queen was at Kalendar on her road to Glasgow, where she gave him a purse of three or four hundred crowns to deliver to Bothwell." Why not give it herself? Bothwell was with her then and there.

He is made to say that the queen told him, a menial servant, that "the king desired to kiss her and that she refused him for fear of his malady."

That she said "Tell Bothwell, I shall not go near the king except in company with Lady Reres, who shall see all I do."

That, as he was making the queen's bed, he said to her "Madam, Monsieur de Bothwell hath commanded me to bring to him the keys of your chamber as he wants to do something there; that is to blow the king in the air with powder, faire sauter le Roy en l'air par pouldre."

That Bothwell told him that "Lady Reres walked out every night, to meet him (Bothwell) and conduct him to the queen's bedchamber.*

Mary Stuart and haughty James Hepburn talking in this way to a bed-making valet. Faugh!

The forged marriage contract was never produced and eed not therefore be noticed.

The fact of her marriage with Bothwell, as ex post facto testimony against her, will be considered and replied to by the true history of that occurrence.

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So that while the nature of Mary Queen of Scots, her characteristics, her position, the facts of her past life, the confessions of Hay, Hepburn, Dalgleish, Powrie and Paris, and that of Bothwell himself in Denmark;* the decision of Elizabeth and the failure of Murray, who was allowed to urge his charge, and was favored by Ehzabeth, while all these go to exonerate the queen, her adversaries can bring against her no testimony but the forged letters which were discredited at the conference, and the forged confession of Paris which was unused at that shameful persecution of Mary of Scotland.

*Aytoun's Bothwell, 259. Labanoff, iv. 340.



Chapter XX.

Who were the Murderers?

We have seen that Mary Queen of Scots was accused before Elizabeth's commissioners, and that certain forged papers were presented in proof of her guilt. Also, that although prosccuted by her bitterest male enemy, and judged by her bitterest female enemy, the former was obliged to retire baffled, and the latter pronounced Mary Stuart completely guiltless, not having found so much as "cause for any ill opinion of our good sister"*

It is strange that evidence thrown out by the court that tried her, and tried her without giving her that just liberty of defence which is the right even of the meanest criminal, that such evidence should have been raked from the dust to which it was deservedly consigned, and, used as a weapon in polemic debate, should have satisfied so many that she was guilty whom her direct foes proclaimed her innocent.

Mary Queen of Scots, as a final reason for her inno-

cence, was guiltless of the murder of Darnley, because other people without her knowledge, contrived and executed that foul deed. James Earl of Murray, backed by Elizabeth Queen of England, the Earl of Morton and William Maitland laird of Lethington were the authors and doers of the deed. Their instruments were Archibald Douglas and James Hepburn Earl of Bothwell, and his inferior tools were Hay of Talla, John Hepburn of Bowton, Powrie, Dalgleish and French Paris, the last five having confessed and been hanged for the crime.

Queen Mary announced the truth when she said that they, Murray, Morton, Maitland etc., "had falsely, traitorously and meschantlie lied; imputing unto her the crime whereof themselves were authors, inventors, doers and some of them proper executers."*

Remember Dr. Robertson's argument against Mary. "She killed Darnley because she hated him," and remember in the same argument these words—"The king was hated by Murray, one of the most powerful and popular persons in his country."† Compare the queen's character as we know it, with Robertson's character of Murray. After praising his military skill he says, "His moral qualities are more dubious. * * *

His ambition was immoderate, and events happened that opened to him vast projects which allured his enterprising genius and led him to actions inconsistent with the duties

of a subject. His treatment of the queen, to whose bounty he was so much indebted, was unbrotherly and ungrateful. The dependence upon Elizal eth under which he brought Scotland was disgraceful to the nation. He deceived and betrayed Norfolk with a baseness unworthy of a man of honor. His elevation to such a dignity inspired him with new passions, with haughtiness and reserve; and instead of his natural manner which was blunt and open, he affected the arts of dissimulation and refinement."*

Now, of these two characters, which was the more likely to "kill because he hated?" Add to this, that one was a delicate woman, the other an ambitious soldier. One had nothing to gain and all to lose; the other had the object of his desire from early youth to obtain, the throne of Scotland; if not as king, at least as Regent.

Murray was guilty, because he, Morton and Maitland had always worked together, and it is improbable that this occasion was an exception to the rule, inasmuch as he was the only one of the three who could profit by the king's death.

He was guilty because he courted the throne. At the death of Mary of Lorraine, he found himself at the head of the Congregation in Scotland. About this time, July 25, 1559, Throckmorton writes to Cecil:—"There is a party in Scotland for placing the Prior of St. Andrew's in

the state of Scotland, and the prior himself by all the secret means he can, aspires thereto." Again, Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Shrewsbury:-" Before the treaty of Edinburg there was an intent discovered to us, by Maitland, to deprive her (Queen Mary) of her crown, which we utterly rejected." Again. Nineteen lords, eight bishops and eight abbots write to Mary's commissioners, September 12, 1568: - "Shortly after our queen's home-coming from the realm of France to Scotland, the Earl of Murray had respect then, and as appears yet, by his proceedings, to place himself in the government of this realm and to usurp the kingdom."* Again. He betrayed his sister's time of departure from France to Elizabeth,† and exhorted her to send out a fleet to intercept Mary, which was done. Again. Randolph Elizabeth's ambassador-spy in Scotland, writes:-"I have shown your honor's letter to the Lord James, Lord Morton and Maitland. They wish, as your honor doth, that she, Mary, might be stayed yet for a space, and were it not for their obedience sake some of them care not though they never saw her face." Finally, to use an ex post tacto argument, after the manner of Dr. Robertson, he did dethrone his sister, and he did seize the throne as Regent.

He was guilty because he hated Darnley, opposed his marriage and always refused to sign his consent to it in spite of the prayers and entreaties of the queen. Because he headed a plot to seize her and Darnley on the first of July, 1565; to imprison her and to murder him. "God must find him (Darnley) a short end."
"My lord of Murray feareth that the nobility shall be forced to assemble themselves together," to prevent this marriage.—Randolph to Cecil, July 2, 1559.* And again, September, 3, 1565, "Divers of the other side are appointed to set upon the queen's husband and either kill him or die themselves." And finally the declaration of the majority of the Scots nobles, who had joined Murray in his first plot, but on his flight into England had submitted and been pardoned by forgiving Mary, among whom are Lords Argyle, Rothes, Boyd, etc.—says that "Murray, at this time, conspired the slaughter of the Lord Darnley and to have imprisoned her highness in Lochleven and usurped the government."

He was guilty because he contrived the murder of Riccio, the object of which was to disgust the queen with Darnley and to deprive her of a valuable and faithful servant.

He was guilty because he urged the divorce, and pressed Mary "to get rid" of Darnley; because he assisted at the Craigmillar and Whittinghame plots, and was avowedly willing, at least "to stand by and look through his fingers," at the murder: becaused he used forged evidence against the queen: because he procured the acquittal of his instrument Bothwell: and because he urged and helped to bring about that earl's marriage with the queer.

He is guilty because he is directly charged with the guilt by the Earls of Argyle and Huntley, in their protestation sent to England in 1568, "We judge in our conscience and hold it for certain and truth that the said Earl of Murray and Secretary Lethington, were authors, inventors, devisers, councillors and accusers of the said murder, in what manner and by whatsomever persons the same was executed."*

Finally he is guilty because on his journey into Fifeshire, while passing the House of Kirk in the Fields, the day before the murder, he cried out with exultation, "This night ere morning, shall Lord Darnley lose his life!"

So that the accusations of the queen, of Huntley, Argyle and others, as to Murray's guilt are true. Because, he aspired steadfastly to the throne: tried to deliver his sister into the hands of Elizabeth; did finally accomplish that purpose and make himself Regent. Because, he was as one with Morton and Maitland whose guilt is clear, and because he hated Darnley, twice sought his life, prophesied his death, instigated Bothwell to the deed and protected him after its accomplishment.

So much for the guilt of the "godly Regent."

Whatsoever has been said of Murray, in these premises, is true also of his associate, James, Earl of Morton. Besides which, after a long course of crime, he was brought to trial before his peers on the first of June, 1531, the Earl of

Montrose sitting as Lord High Chancellor, and was by them found guilty art and part, in the foreknowledge and concealing of the king's murder.* Sir James Balfour testified to the famous bond,† and Binning, a servant of Morton's tool, Archibald Douglas, confessed his own guilt and his employer's. Morton was executed on the 2nd of June, 1581, after confessing that he knew beforehand of the murderous plot. Finally the lords found their verdict on "writings subscribed by his own hand," and the testimony of persons who were actors in that horrible scene."

What is true of Murray and Morton is true of Maitland who indeed was the active and wily agent of the former. He was directly accused by Morton and Crawford of the murder of the king Henry Darnley, for that crime was tried May 14th, 1571, and of it convicted. He made his escape, and after several turns of fortune, died self-poisoned in prison, October 28th, 1572. He only of this horrica triumvirate was moved by remorse. He appeared to feel some sorrow after his wiles had resulted in Mary's overthrow, and spoke of her as "a princess, so gentle and benign in her behaviour to all her subjects, that wonder it was that any could be found so ungracious as to think evil against her."

Bothwell confessed his guilt, as did his assistants who were executed for the crime.

[•] Tytler, ii. 264. † Vide p 176. ‡ Tytler, ii 276, 266. § Chalmers, ii. 874. | Tytler, ii. 296.

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The complicity of Elizabeth is proven by her constantly preserved understanding with Murray, Morton and Maitland, by her protection of the two former, by the manner in which she caused the conferences to be conducted, and by her unscrupulous injustice and persistent diabolic cruelty to her unfortunate victim. This has been and will be detailed in the course of this narrative.

Thus then, with much labor, with fixed adverseness to prejudice, and with what skill has been given to me, I have written the history of Henry Darnley's assassination and the argument in favor of Mary Stuart and against her brother and his associates.

There is yet one point which goes to show that others than Bothwell were guilty of the actual murder. noble, as we have seen, had proposed that each of the conspirators should furnish two armed men, to watch the king and kill him if possible while hunting. Bothwell, we know, had his men armed and on the alert until the 7th of February, when for the first time the plan of blowing up by powder was suggested to him, and acquiesced in by him. But the king was not blown up. He could not have been blown off eighty yards with his servant, furred pelisse and slippers, yet have neither bruise nor singe upon his body or garments. Mr. Aytoun* has consulted several

[·] Read the whole note, Aytoun's Bothwell.

engineers, and they state that the pewder as placed and fired by Bothwell and his men, could not have destroyed the house as it was destroyed. The very cellars and vaults were blown up, and therefore the house was mined far lower down than the first story. Mines always explode upward.

Morton's indictment reads that he and his accomplices put powder "under the ground and angular stands, and within the vaults, low and back parts and places thereof."

The house of Kirk in the Fields belonged to Robert Balfour, brother to the Sir James Balfour who drew up the bond for the king's death, and who was a creature of Maitland. It is proved that both Sir James Balfour and Archi bald Douglas sent powder for the purpose, and as we have seen, Morton was indicted for the same act.

Now Archibald Douglas, on the dying testimony of his servants Binning and Gairner, in which they confess their own guilt, is proved to have gone out armed, with slippers on his feet, and a slipper known to be his was found among the ruins. Powrie in his confession says that a party of men "met Bothwell at the Cowgate with cloaks over their faces and slippers on their feet."*

The papal nuncio, Archbishop of Mondovi, writes to the Grand Duke of Tuscany information received from Moretta,

Savoyard ambassador at Edinburg at the time, who is of opinion that "this poor prince, Darnley, hearing the noise of people about the house trying false keys to open the outlets, rushed forth himself by a door tha opened into the gardens, in his shirt, without a pelisse to fly from the peril, and was there strangled, and was brought out of the garden into a little orchard beyond the wall of the grounds: and then the fire blew up the house to slay all that were within as they conjecture, because the king was found dead, with his pelisse by his side; and some women whose sleeping-rooms adjoined the garden, affirm to have heard the king cry "Ah, my kinsmen, have mercy upon me, for the love of Him who had mercy on us all!"* "Eh! Fratelli miei, habbiate pietá di me per amor di Colui che hebbe misericordia di tutto il mondo!"

Now Archibald Douglas was a blood kinsman, Fratello, of Henry Darnley. And Morton says on his trial, "Mr. Archibald then after the deed was done, shewed me that he was at the deed-doing." †

- Now mark the consequences of all this. The king was not blown up. Bothwell did nothing but cause the explosion; consequently Bothwell, although willing to murder the king, did not actually do it. Consequently in act he is innocent of it. But Balfour and Douglas both sent pow-

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der, and Douglas was at the doing of the deed. But both these men were dependents confessed of Morton and Maitland, and therefore these were guilty of the king's murder and if guilty no other person was, least of all, Mary.



Chapter XXI.

The Game Advances.

1567.

BOTHWELL had received his mock trial and had been acquitted. Guilty in soul and intention, he was still not guilty in deed of the king's murder. But his astute employers desired to fix upon him the stigma of the act itself, and eventually he bore it. The poor bear, used by foxes and serpents for their own wily purposes. Lured on to take the credit of the explosion of Kirk in the Fields, and to fancy, inane that he was, that his poor powder strewed about the floor of the queen's chamber had dislocated the foundations twenty-eight feet below. Lured on to think that he had killed the king, and to be prosecuted for it by his employers, and to die for it, mad-raving, covered and begrimed with filth, howling out his grim, gaunt soul in the dark, black dungeons of Malmoe.

But after a glance at the circumstances immediately following the king's murder, and not as yet noticed here,

we must find our way back to Bothwell, through the tor turous intricacies of the "godly Regent's" deeds.

Mary retired to Seton with her court upon the 9th of March, and there sought, from devotion, the help that she could derive from no other source. Poor woman! not yet twenty-five years old, betrayed by her people, twice a widow and without a friend. Anonymous placards were put up charging her with complicity in her husband's murder; the fishwives of Edinburg called out, as she passed, "God save and defend your grace if you are guiltless of the king's death." Murray, her brother, refused to remain and help her in spite of her entreaty and passionate weeping. Archbishop Beton writes:-"There is still some notable enterprize in hand against her, whereof I wish her to beware in time." The memories of Riccio's death and the red blood spouting on her garments were with her; in her ears still rung the sound of that reverberating roar which told to shuddering Scotland that the king was dead: the horizon swam in blood, clouded with sulphurous mists from bursting mines of powder. had been forced by fear for her infant's life to send him from her to the strong castle of Stirling; her guards had mutinied for pay and she was too poor to satisfy them!

What wonder that the English spy Drury writes to Cecil:—"She hath been for the most part either melancholy or sickly since the murder, especially this week, she often swooned. There will be hard work to furnish money

for domestic matters. She breaketh very much."* What could she do but go and fling herself, as he records, on the pavement before the altar of God, in the chapel at Seton, and there pour out her prayers for her dead husband's rest and for her own relief, all through the lone watches of the winter midnight and of the chill grey winter morning "The queen went on Friday night," says Drury, "with two gentlewomen with her into the chapel about eleven and tarried there till nearly three o'clock."

But Buchannan, whose memory is immortally infamous, writes thus of her while at Seton:—"Bothwell's apart ment was a place not altogether unfit to asswage their corrows, for it was directly under the queen's chamber; and if any sudden qualm of grief should have happened to come over her heart, there was a pair of stairs wide enough for Bothwell to get up to comfort her."

From George Buchannan to James, Earl of Murray, is a natural step in tracing this road of abominations.

The day before the king's assassination, the earl having seen that his plans were not likely to fail, took himself away according to his usual custom. He ever loved to prove an alibi. But this time he somewhat forgot his natural astuteness in the demoniac joy arising from his certainty of success, and, as he crossed the Forth on the way to his strong citidel of St. Andrew's, he burst out to his servants, "This night, ere morning, Lord Darnley shall lose

his life."* Was this the spirit of sacred prophecy sud denly bestowed upon the "godly earl?" or was it rather the expression of his absolute assurance that his plot was too well formed to fail? Be that as it may, the brave and noble Lord Herries charged him with it bluntly at his own table, and grim silence was his only reply.

The explosion over, the alibi established, he returns again to Edinburg. Not to assist his queenly sister, although besought with tears to do so, but to finish his work in his own wily way.

Mary writes three several times to Lennox, to urge his action in the prosecution of his son's murderers, and, though he replies in willing words, he acts but feebly. At length, however, James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, is formally accused and a day set for trial, April 11th. This done, Earl Murray returns to his place at the council board. Before the time arrives however, he invites Bothwell with Maitland and others to dine with him, to meet the English Ambassador Killegrew, and exhibits every external mark of friendship for him. By the 9th of April, he has the court prepared, and then he retires first to Berwick-on-Tweed, then to the English court and his dear friend Elizabeth, and finally to France. In that realm, he so concerts with the Huguenots and Catherine de Medicis, that all French aid to Mary is effectually prohibited. T So the trial of Earl Bothwell proceeds, of course without Mur-

^{*} Tytler, ii 91.

ray's knowledge, for was not that good nobleman in England or in France!

April 11th, 1567; Lord Lennox refused to enter Edinburg because he feared the power of Bothwell; the latter went boldly before the court, heard his arraignment, pleaded oot guilty, and was solemnly acquitted.

The court was composed as follows:—Earl of Argyle, President. Associates, Lord Lindsay, whom we first saw raging through the streets on the first Sunday of the queen's arrival, with drawn sword, threatening her "idolater priest" with death; whom we next beheld plunging his dagger into the shrinking body of Riccio, whom we shall soon see crushing the white arm of his imprisoned mistress in his fierce gauntleted gripe. Robert Pitcairn Protestant Abbot of Dumferline; and McGill and Balnaves, lords of session.

These men were simply the absolute tools of Murray. Now, their business was to acquit Bothwell, upon their honors, of the murder of the king. Soon after, the business of the same four men, with the noble addition of George Buchannan, was to accuse Bothwell, always on their honors, of the murder of the king. They did both according to the directions of their master.

A decree of parliament was easily obtained the next day, declaring the judgment good and Bothwell guiltless of this crime at least. That generous nobleman could or course do no less than celebrate his triumph by a feast at Ainslie's Tavern, whereto all the good gentlemen his friends were invited. He gave them, doubtless, a fine spread; they confess to abundance of rich wines, and they all drank freely and were grateful to their hospitable entertainer. So grateful indeed were they, that they gave him a document, unto the following remarkable extracts from which I most earnestly entreat my readers' particular attention. The entire paper will be found in the notes to Aytoun's Bothwell. It sets forth—

"That he, Bothwell, has omitted nothing for the perfect trial of his accusation, that any nobleman of honor, or by the laws, ought to underlie or accomplish."

Then his services are rehearsed and praised, and the bond continues.

"We therefore oblige us, and each one of us, upon our Faith and Honors, and Truth in our bodies, as we are Noblemen, and will answer to God, that in case hereafter any manner of person or persons, in whatsoever manner, shall happen to insist further to the slander and calumniation of the said Earl of Bothwell, as participant, Art or Part, of the said heinous murder, whereof ordinary Justice has acquitted him, and for which he has offered to do his Devoir by the Law of Arms in manner above rehearsed; we, and every one of us, by curselves, our kin, friends, assisters, partakers, and all that will do for us, shall take true, honest, plain and upright Part with him, to the Defence and Maintenance of his Quarrel, with our bodies

heritage, and goods, against his private or public calumnia. tors, byepast or to come, or any others presuming anything in Word or Deed to his Reproach, Dishonour, or Infamy, Moreover, weighing and considering the time present, and how our Sovereign the Queen's Majesty is now destitute f a Husband, in the which solitary state the Commonweal of this Realme may not permit her Highness to continue and endure, but at some time her Highness in appearance may be inclined to yield into a Marriage; and therefore, in case the former affectionate and hearty service of the said Earl done to her Majesty from time to time, and his other good Qualities and Behaviour, may move her Majesty so far to humble herself, as, preferring one of her native born subjects unto all foreign Princes, to take to Husband the said Earl, We and every one of us undersubscribing, upon our Honours, and Fidelity, oblige us and promise, not only to further, advance, and set forward the Marriage to be solemnised and completed betwixt her Highness and the said Noble Lord, with our Votes, Counsel, Fortification, and Assistance in Word and Deed, at such time as it shall please her Majesty to think is convenient, and how soon the Laws shall leave it to be done; but in case any should presume directly or indirectly, openly, or under whatsoever Colour or Pretence, to hinder, hold back, or disturb the said Marriage, we shall, in that behalf, esteem, hold, and repute the Hinderers, Adversaries, or Disturbers thereof, as our common Enemies and evil Willers; and notwithstanding the same, take part and fortify the said Earl to the said Marriage, so far as it may please our Sovereign L. dy to allow and therein shall spend and bestow our Lives and Goods against all that live or die may, as we shall answer to God, and upon our own Fidelities and Conscience; and in case we do to the contrary, never to have Reputation or Credit in no Time hereafter, but to be accounted unworthy and faithless traitors. In Witness whereof, we have subscribed these presents, as follows, at Edinburgh, the 19th day of April, the year of God 1567 years."

Signed by nine earls and eleven barons.

The first name on the list of signers is that of James, Earl of Murray.

The authenticity of Murray's signature, as well as that of the so-called consent of the queen, will be discussed in the next chapter.

The bond was given to Bothwell on the 19th of April, 1567, and thus fortified, he gave full freedom to the dreams of his ambition. The queen was at Seton on the 19th, where, as we have already mentioned, her guards mutinied for pay and were satisfied by Bothwell, April 20th. On the 2nd, she set out for Stirling to see her son; and even this was destined to add a new pang to her already almost intolerable sufferings. When she advanced to meet the infant, he did not know her, but turned away frightened and crying, to hide his face in his nurse's bosom. The

poor mother took an apple from her pocket and tried to allure her babe; but when he saw the tall figure, the pallid, sad, emaciated face, all wrapped in gloomy folds of black funereal crape, he would not come to her and it took some time to reconcile him. Is not this scene mournful enough to touch any human heart? See how it touches Drury, Elizabeth's base spy. He says that she attempted, thus openly, to poison her only child!

"She took an apple out of her pocket and offered it, but it would not be received of him; but the nurse took it, and to a greyhound bitch, having whelps, was it thrown. She ate it; she and her whelps died presently."*

Now look upon this picture and on that! The crapeenshrouded widow trying to woo the caresses of her peetish infant. Or if you like it better, the fierce Medea, after a journey of thirty-one miles, trying publicly to poison her baby with the picturesque adjunct of a lady-greyhoun? eating an apple!

After reducing the mutinous guards, Bothwell, strong as Shylock in his bond, faintly suggested marriage to the queen; and his suggestion was repulsed. He therefore fell back upon his old plans, and put them into execution.

What he did was beforehand known to and approved by "our loving sister and cousin," "good Queen Bess." Drury writes, "the Earl Bothwell hath gathered many Liddesdale, but there is feared some other purpose which he intendeth much different from that, of the which I believe I shortly shall be able to advertise more certainly. He hath furnished Dunbar Castle with all necessary provisions, as well of victuals as other thing forcible."

So on the morning of April 23d, Mary Stuart lett her boy and her royal castle of Stirling, never to see either again. She had gone but four miles when she was taken suddenly ill, perhaps with one of those swoons recorded by Drury, and was obliged to rest some time in a cottage by the roadside ere she was able to resume her saddle. She reached Linlithgow, where she slept, and in the morning proceeded towards Edinburg. Her retinue was composed of a dezen persons only.

They had nearly reached Edinburg, indeed were within a mile of it, in a sort of suburb called Foulbriggs, when Bothwell met her at the head of one thousand horsemen. Without a word, he and his men swept upon the little troop, overpowered and disarmed them, and the ruffian earl himself, seizing Queen Mary's bridle rein, turned her palfrey and galloped rapidly to his previously fortified and provisioned castle of Dunbar. With her, Huntley, Maitland and Sir James Melville were made prisoners. As Bothwell caught the rein, he told her quickly that she was in immi-

nent danger, and besought her for her own sake to permit him to guide her to some strong post in his power.*

Then after a ride of thirty-one miles to Stirling, a night devoted to her boy and to what poor rest her grief permitted her; after fainting by the roadside and reposing, if she could, at Linlithgow, she was compelled by this brutal soldier to ride more than thirty miles again to the bleak north sea coast.

His troops were dismissed by Bothwell, with orders to hold themselves in readiness for any emergency, and a boast from him that he would marry the queen in spite of all the world—"yea, whether she would herself or not."

All the queen's ladies were dismissed and no attendance allowed her save that of Lady Cunningham, sister of her ravisher. No effort was made to rescue her by the nobles, even by the friends and party of her own brother, but the people of the city rose in a body and would have followed her and stormed Dunbar, had not the conspirators caused the gates to be closed and the guns of the castle to be pointed on the town.

Powerless, friendless, unattended, Mary remained twelve days a captive in Dunbar, while the plot for her dethronement and destruction went on towards its successful denouement.

Bothwell, it will be remembered, was a married man

but he had concerted a project of divorce with his wife, giving her a whole village for her compliance. She accused him of adultery with Bessie Crawford, one of her servants, and obtained from the Presbyterian Court of Kirk Sessions a divorce with permission to remarry.

Then from Dunbar the queen was brought to Edinburg and confined in the castle. The abductor had wooed her and met with contempt; he produced the bond of the nobles in his favor, but it gained him no better advantage; but she was completely and hopelessly in the power of an unscrupulous and unmitigated ruffian, who had sworn that she should marry him with or without her consent.

Finally, he used physical force and committed upon his sovereign the greatest outrage that woman can suffer.

Her heart was broken, her courage destroyed, no help from man was near, her dignity and her person had suffered the extremest insults, and now even her pride forsook her and she remained a passive victim in his power.

Meantime he procured a second bond from several of the lords in urgent recommendation of the marriage,* and on the 8th of May he ordered the banns of marriage to be read at St. Giles. The honest parish clerk positively refused to read them, and he then had recourse to the minister Mr. Craig. This gentleman required to be certified of the queen's assent, and not receiving it, also refused to read them. The next day however, Sir John

Bellenden, Justice Clerk, brought her consent, however it was obtained, and the honest minister published the banns with great reluctance and with a solemn protest against the marriage. Furthermore, when called before the council to account for his protest, this brave man repeated it, and then and there charged Bothwell to his face with adultery, with procuring a divorce by collusion with his wife, with murdering the king and with ravishing his queen.*

And now the poor lady, utterly at his mercy, resigned herself passively to his will. She declared her assent to the marriage; created him Duke of Orkney; pardoned the nobles who had signed the nefarious bond, and on the 14th of May in bridal robes of black crape she was married by Adam Bothwell, the Protestant Bishop of Orkney assisted by Mr. Craig.

No gorgeous display was here; no pomps nor pageants; no wine ran in the fountains; no jubilant bonfires illumined the heathy hill-tops—no banquets nor dancings followed the consummation of this mournful sacrifice, but all was gloom and silence, and men waited in dismal foreboding; for what should happen next.

As for Mary, "she was the most changed woman in face that her courtiers had seen.† Her people told du Croc, the French ambassador, "that unless God aided her, they feared she would become desperate," and "she herself told him in Bothwell's presence not to be surprised to see her

^{*} McCrie's Life of Knox. 294.

porrowful," for that "she could not rejoice, nor ever should again. All she desired was death."*

That also shalt thou have poor lady, but not yet.

Thus have I endeavored to tell in truth and simpleness the history of this horrible marriage. In the next chapter I shall endeavor to prove the exact correctness of all the foregoing statements, as well as that Mary was but a suffering and helpless victim, and Bothwell but a brutal tool in the hands of James, Earl of Murray and his fellow-conspirators.

Labanoff, vii. 111.



Chapter XXIII.

The Last Card is Played.

1567.

MARY STUART was accused by Murray and his fellow-conspirators of loving Bothwell, procuring the removal of her husband by death, and forming with the earl the plan of her own abduction. These accusations have been revamped by Robertson, McCrie and others. They rest for proof solely upon the "Silvergilt Casket Letters" and other papers already discussed. I have done what I could to show the worthlessness of those papers, and will repeat nothing here. But I have one point to add.

Mary Stuart left Edinburg on the 22d of April; rode thirty-one miles on horseback to Stirling; visited her child and slept there. The next morning she returned as far as Linlithgow where she passed the night. The next day she was seized by Bothwell.

But several days before, Drury knew that Bothwell had fortified Dunbar and had a troop of 1000 men ready for

some desperate enterprise; which was, as the result shows to carry off the queen.*

This being true, if in complicity with Bothwell, she did not write (as Maitland, Murray and Morton swear upon their honors she did) letters VI., VII. and VIII., which contain nothing but entreaties to be informed of the when, where and how he intends to abduct her.

Putting aside the improbability of a delicate woman in extremely ill health, after a horseback ride of thirty-one miles, sitting up all night to write three letters on the same subject and of her getting a messenger to carry them thirty-one miles and back, the mere fact that Bothwell's plan had been matured for days and that she, if guilty, must have known it, is a sufficient proof that she never wrote those letters at all.

But Maitland, who was with her at Stirling, and was captured with her at Foulbriggs, swears on his honor that write them she did. He was with her yet does not say he knew of her writing them at the time: nay, must have been ignorant of it inasmuch as one of those choice epistles begs Bothwell to "persuade the lords as much as he can," and particularly "to say many fair words to Ledington."

These words appear to me another proof that Maitland of Lethington was himself the author of the letters, and

[•] See page 239. Vide also this work, p. 246.

[†] Buchannan's Detection, 146-152. ‡ Ibid. 149.

that he mentioned himself in them, to show that he had no part in nor knowledge of Bothwell's plan.

She saw Bothwell on the night of the 20th when he pacified the mutinous guards. Most probably she saw him on the morning of the 21st when she left Edinburg, yet although she had formed with him a plot for her abduction, she goes thirty-one miles away from him for the express purposes of writing three letters to him that night for information about it, of attempting to poison her child and of teaching greyhound whelps to eat apples!

So much for the evidence against her. Let us look on the other side, and first of all hear Mary Stuart's own version of the whole story; for, in these cases, women are permitted, in every court, to testify for themselves. I quote from her instructions to the Bishop of Dunblane to explain her marriage to the court of France.

After a noble recognition of Bothwell's past services, she proceeds:—

"Of late, since the decease of the king our husband, as his pretensions began to be higher, we found his proceedings rather strange. Albeit now since we have so far proceeded with him that we must interpret all things for the best, yet we have been highly offended; first with his presumption in thinking that we could not sufficiently reward him, unless we should give ourselves to him in recompense of his services; next for his practices and secret means, and at length the plain attempt to get us by

force into his power for fear of being disappointed of his purposes."

She then rehearses her own kindness and acts of gratitude towards him, exhibits her full knowledge of the language of the nobles' bond, and continues:—

"The same (the bond) being once obtained, he began afar off to discover his intention to us, and to try by humble suit to purchase our good will; but finding our answer nothing correspondent with his desires, etc., etc., he resolved to follow his fortune, and laying aside all respect, either to lose all in an hour or to bring to pass what he had taken in hand."

Then she mentions his assault at Foulbrigg's, his carrying her to Dunbar; his humble but unceasing urgency of his desire, and his plea of faithful services, and "when he found her like to reject all his suit and offers," his production of the bond. She speaks of her complete lone-liness in his power, "never any man in Scotland making any attempt to procure our deliverance, and finally tells how he partly extorted and partly obtained our promise to take him to our husband, and yet, not content therewith, fearing ever some alteration, he would not be satisfied with all the just reasons we could allege to have the consummation of the marriage delayed * * * but as by bravado in the beginning he had won his first point, so ceased he never until by persuasions and importunate suit, accompa-

nicd not the less with force, he has finally driven us to end the work,"*

And again in her instructions to Ridolfi, sent by her to the Pope, the King of Spain and the Duke of Alva:

"You shall declare to his Holiness our great grief at being made prisoner by one of our subjects, the Earl Bothwell, and carried captive with the Earl of Huntley and Livingston our secretary to the castle of Dunbar, and thence to Edinburg Castle, where we were retained against our will in the hands of the said Earl, until he could obtain a divorce from his wife, a sister of Lord Huntley and our own near relative, and compel us to give our promise, still against our will, to him. Therefore I implore his Holiness to take such order in this matter, that we may be relieved from this indignity by means of a process at Rome, or by a commission ordered in Scotland, to all the Bishops and other Catholic judges as may seem best to his Holiness."

Here we see two documents full of Mary Stuart's gentleness and delicacy, even in describing as infamous avoutrage as ever reckless ruffian perpetrated on this earth.

Others are plainer in their statements. In the Archives of the Medicis in Florence, is found a contemporary Jecument addressed to all Christian kings and princes. That also declares how Bothwell "one day as the quant was j

neying, almost alone, to visit her son, assaulted her on the highway with many of his friends, and with good words and declarations that her Majesty was in iminent danger, (grandisimo pericolo), carried her off to one of his castles."*

Mr. Craig, the honest minister of St. Giles, accused the rude Earl openly of carrying off and ravishing the queen, and asserted also that such was the public opinion.

Read next the act of Parliament for Bothwell's attainder, December 20, 1567, framed by McGill who afterwards accused her, and passed under the presidency of the Regent Murray, attended by Morton, Maitland and the rest of the conspirators. These men declare by solemn act of the Three Estates of Scotland, in the name of King James VI., that Bothwell "did most treasonably intercept the most noble person of our most illustrious mother, Mary, Queen of Scots, on her way from Linlithgow, to the town of Edinburg near the bridges vulgarly called Foulbriggis, besetting her with a thousand armed men, equipped in manner of war, she suspecting no evil from any of her subjects, and least of all from the Earl of Bothwell. He by force and violence treasonably seized her most noble person, put violent hands upon her, not permitting her to enter her own town of Edinburg in peace, but carried her away that same night to the castle of Dunbar against her will and there detained her as his prisoner for about twelve days."

Huntley, Maitland, Sir James Melville and others, who were captured with her, assisted in the passage of this act.

Sir James Melville says "The Queen could not but marry Bothwell after what had occurred against her will," adding, says Mrs. Strickland, "words too explicit to be repeated here, plainly indicating that it was amongst the erroneous notions of that age that injuries of that nature might be repaired by marriage."*

Finally, the very rebels self-styled "Lords of the Secret Council," who made Murray Regent, who immured her in Lochleven Castle, these very lords in their own proclamation declare that Bothwell "intercepted her Majesty, carried her forcibly away, compelled her to marry him, and kept her under restraint." And again in their letter to Elizabeth's ambassador Throckmorton, "The Queen our Sovereign, was shamefully led captive, and by fear, force and, as by many conjectures be well suspected, other extraordinary and unlawful means compelled."

Mrs. Strickland, to whom we are again indebted, refrains from motives of delicacy from quoting any further, the language which explains the horrid unmanly outrage "in the most positive words and homely phraseology."

Thus is Queen Mary proved not only guiltless of any complicity with Bothwell, but that she was the victim of fiend ish outrage by her whole past life, by the calm serenity of her holy death, by her own impassionate assertion; by the Italian contemporary writer; by the minister who married her; by the public opinion of the day; by the proclamation and official letters of the very rebels who dethroned her, and by solemn act of the Parliament of Scotland, held under Murray's Regency.

And the only evidences against her are the assertions and forged papers of Murray, Maitland, Morton and McGill, who swear to Elizabeth's commissioners, that they possessed those damning proofs of her guilt six months before they passed the act of Parliament declaring her the spotless victim of unexampled brutality.

I do not believe that Bothwell, in spite of his services, which were indeed meritorious and distinguished, would ever have so far presumed had he not been goaded on by Murray and his accomplices. Leslie, Bishop of Ross, expressly asserts it: "Why did you, Earl of Murray, with a great number of the nobility, move further and work the said marriage as most meet and necessary for your queen! Why did you, as by your handwriting it will appear, profer and promise to him your faithful service?"*

The answer is a simple one. Because he saw that such marriage would destroy her. For he had plotted Darnley's murder, and used Bothwell as a tool. He could at any time convict that nobleman of the crime; but to do so

would be to make him infamous, render his marriage with Mary impossible, and so her destruction would be more difficult. Therefore he acquitted Bothwell, induced the marriage, accused both, drove one into exile, immured the other in prison, and attained the object of his whole life's yearning desire, the throne of Scotland.

The original of this "Bond of the Nobles" is lost; but two copies are extant, one in the Cottonian Library, and the other in the Scottish College, Paris. The former bears Murray's name, and is attested by "John Reade, servitour and writour to Mr. George Buchannan." The latter does not bear Murray's name, and is attested by Sir James Balfour, murderer of Darnley, discoverer of the "Silver Casket Letters" and tool of Regent Murray. Number one is declared by Cecil to have been presented to him by Lethington, Buchannan and Read, as evidence against Mary, in 1568.* Number two does not see the light until Morton quarrels with Balfour, in 1581. If Balfour's copy does not bear the name of Murray, neither does it bear those of Glencairn, Lindsay, nor, we may be sure, Sir James Balfour!

The merits of both as pieces of testimony being equal, compare the probabilities of correctness. One is brought to light fourteen years after its date, by a signer of it, an accomplice of Murray's faction, the acknowledged murderer of Darnley and finder of the silver casket, and is used as

evidence against another accomplice, the then Regent, Ear. of Morton. The other is produced as evidence against Queen Mary, by Murray and his commissioners, Morton and Lyndsay, Maitland, Buchannan, Balnaves and McGill; is attested by Buchannan's own secretary, John Reade, and is offered before Queen Elizabeth, and with the rest of their documents thrown out.

This then is likeliest to be the true copy; this, which bears Murray's signature; and this likelihood is corroborated by Bishop Leslie's contemporaneous accusation quoted above; by the assertion of the loyal nobility, some of whom were repentant signers of the bond; by the fact that Morton, Maitland and the rest did nothing without their master Murray; by the fact that Murray was the public prosecutor of his sister; by the fact that this copy with his signature was given in, by his commissioners as evidence on such prosecution, and by the certainty that the wily Cecil would not entertain the idea of such a measure, if it were unsanctioned by the most powerful man in Scotland, the regent of that kingdom.

On the other hand, the only things against his signature are that his accomplice and tool did not betray him after a silence of fourteen years; and what, to my great amazenent, satisfies Mr. Aytoun, that he, Murray, could not have igned it because he was in France! Just Heaven! Why Dick Turpin himself was but a pupil of this man in the

also when Riccio was killed. He was in Fifeshire when Darnley was murdered. He was with Elizabeth when Bothwell was tried. He was abroad when the queen was seized and himself proclaimed regent. Therefore, how could those guileless innocent fingers sign the bond when he was in France?

One other precious document must here be mentioned, as it is by Cecil, no less a matter than a regular "warrant from the Queen of Scots, giving them license to sign the bond," before they did so.*

Now, although this paper was never produced in evidence, but only privately shown to Cecil, yet Buchannan, and Robertson, and McCrie—the first, fourteen years afterwards, and the other two. a couple of centuries after-raked up the wretched forgery, and use as if a piece of evidence then and there accepted against Mary Stuart!

Yet the same authorities inform us, as does the truth also in this case, that the nobles afterwards craved and obtained her pardon for signing this bond. Asked and got pardon for doing what they had her own express warrant and commission to do!

And now I have done with the evidence in this loathsome conspiracy. I have treated it as laboriously, honestly and fairly as my powers have permitted me. At all events, I have done with it.

THE LAST CARD PLAYED. 255

The plot has thus far succeeded. There is but one more card to play, and then the trick will be won. Away with you, James, Earl of Murray; go hide yourself deep in the heart of France; establish your alibi, and then you shall some back to us, the "Godly Regent" of Scotland.



Chapter XXIII.

The Trick is Won.

June 16th, 1567.

THE venerable and noble statesman du Croc, who had been the friend of Mary of Lorraine, was still at the court of her daughter as ambassador from Charles the Ninth, and to his most respectable testimony we are indebted principally for the ensuing narrative.

He had refused to attend the miserable wedding, the marriage feast of the wolf and the lamb, but he called upon the mournful queen on the same day. Already he saw by her manner that she was no willing bride. She begged him to excuse her sadness, telling him that she could not ever again rejoice, that her only hope was the rest and untroubled silence of the grave. The day before, when in a cabinet alone with Bothwell, she was heard to shriek, nay, in her despair, to cry out for a dagger* that the might end her own unhappy life, and the shuddering

hearers thought that "if God did not soon aid her she would perish desperately."

The conduct of her brutal husband was what might have been expected from him. "Already is the princess treated so badly and with such contempt, that I," says Sir James Melville, "heard her one day, in Arthur Erskine's presence, ask for a poignard to stab herself, and threatening even to fling herself from the window."*

To win, if possible, the good will of the Congregation, Bothwell procured the revocation of her Act of Religious Toleration, the first ever passed in Europe, and made nonconformity to the worship and doctrines of the new religion severely penal. No one was allowed access to her except through lines of his armed followers and by express permission from himself. In public, when he compelled her to appear with him, she was constantly surrounded by his guardsmen. "He was so beastly and suspicious," says Melville, "that he suffered not to pass a single day without causing her to shed abundance of salt tears." Even traitor Maitland bears witness to this, for he told du Croc "that, from the day after her nuptials she had never ceased from tears and lamentations, and that Bothwell would not allow her to see any one, nor any one to see her."

He refused to let her go to Stirling to see her son, unless accompanied by himself with a strong force, and this, of course, Earl Mar the prince's guardian, would not allow.

He and the queen both knew Bothwell's desire to get possession of James, and she, prisoner as she was, found means to send Bishop Lesley to Stirling, with earnest injunctions to Mar never to yield her boy to any other hands than her owr.

Nor were these all her sorrows. Du Croc told her that Murray was not in France at all, as she supposed, but in England "plotting with the council, little to her good."* She knew that Sir Robert Melville, her ambassador in England, was her secret enemy: that Morton had retired from the capital to work out some new evil. Already had the conspirators purchased Sir James Balfour, captain of Edinburg castle, and he was ready at the first summons to give that fortress up to them. Maitland the crafty still spun his webs and lay in wait beside her until Bothwell quarrelled with him; for that brute drew his dagger on the secretary and would have slain him on the spot, had she not thrown herself with characteristic bravery before the uplifted weapon. And thus did Mary Stuart save the life of William Maitland of Lethington at the imminent risk of her own.

And Maitland paid her for it! with the same coin he paid her that George Buchannan had used to recompense the like service, to wit, with dethronement and captivity, a broken heart and a bloody death.

And next, James Hepburn dismissed from her service

the Countess of Buccleugh and Lady Reres and they railed violently against him and the queen. He dismissed Lady Reres, who, George Buchannan says, had been at first his mistress, then his procuress and then his go-between with Mary. Dismissed her and she railed angrily in word and writing against her royal mistress, but not one syllable about the "Silver Casket Letters," not one insinuation however slight of any sin between Queen Mary and Earl Bothwell.*

No wonder that the terrible fainting fits came on again and that all who saw her marvelled at her altered and crushed appearance.

But now it is time for James Stuart, Earl of Murray, be he in England with Elizabeth or plotting with the Huguenots in France, to pull the wires and to set his puppets in motion for the last grand scene.

In vain did Bothwell frequent the sermons of the ministers; they distrusted him only the more. In vain did he devise pageants for the people and drag his poor captive, surrounded by a guard, to witness them; the people only hated him the more. In vain did he cause her to make a proclamation, demanding troops to put down an insurrection on the Borders; the people refused to rise and the nobles would not follow him, Lord Warden and Lieutenant though he were.

Then Morton began the play. Having, as we said above,

purchased Sir James Balfour,* he raised a force, and prepared to march to Edinburg and seize on Bothwell and Queen Mary; Bothwell, however, fearing some such deed, retired to Borthwick Castle, an immensely powerful fastness, twelve miles southeast of Edinburg, dragging his prisoner with him. This was on June the 7th.

The next day Morton, at the head of the rebels, marched to besiege this castle, and as the line of advancing lances began to glimmer in the distance, Lord Bothwell bade his castellan make good resistance, and fled himself out of a postern door.

Ere nightfall, Borthwick was beleaguered by twelve hundred spears, but the walls were high and strong. So after shouting insults to their sovereign, they fell back to Dalkeith.

The gaoler had fled; his people, though devoted to his interests dared not to intrude themselves upon Queen Mary's privacy; she was released from his odious presence, and once more the royal soul awoke within her and she resolved to attempt her freedom, and to throw herself upon the loyalty of her people.

She wrote to Sir James Balfour, ordering him to fire on the rebels if they should enter Edinburg, and then when the inmates of the castle had sunk to slumber, in the mirk midnight, she arose, dressed herself fully in cavalier's attıra

^{*} For the bond given to this wretch by Morton and others, in full, vide Strick land, v. 269.

purred boots and plumed chapeau, stole from her room and down the turret stairs, into the dining hall; thence through a window, she lowered herself down twenty-eight feet to the ground, passed through the postern door, seized on a trooper's horse, kept there in readiness for service, and bravely leaping on his back rode forth alone into the dim night, through swamps and tracts of whitethorn, wheresoever it might please God to guide her.

But she was not thus to be free. She had a gloomy future before her, and she must "dree her weird." She was entirely ignorant of the neighborhood, and perhaps the night was dark. She must have ridden round and round for weary hours, for she had only gained two miles from Borthwick, when, in the grey of the misty dawn, she rode suddenly out of the shadows into the midst of a band of troopers and the presence of Bothwell.

For the second time he carried her to his own strong fortress of Dunbar.

June 11.—The conspirators enter Edinburg, and publish a proclamation stating that the queen having been forcibly carried away prisoner by Bothwell, they have appointed a secret council to govern the realm and take measures for her deliverance.

June 12.—They issue the proclamation on page 249, accusing Bothwell of the murder of Darnley, of the forcible abduction of the queen, and of having violently compelled her to espouse him.

June 14.—Bothwell has succeeded in raising twenty-five nundred men, and with the queen, Le marches from Dunbar. Morton, at the head of three thousand well armed troops, issues from Edinburg, and the fces meet face to face on the 15th, at Carberry Hill, five miles from Edinburg, near the disastrous field of Pinkie.**

The armies thus fronted each other until the afternoon, neither being particularly desirous to engage: indeed not being very sure what they were to fight about. The insurgents declared themselves in arms to avenge the death of King Henry Darnley, punish his murderer and deliver their sovereign. Bothwell's men, on the other hand, if we except his own feudal retainers, had little stomach for the fray. Some of them "were informed of the many indignities put upon Mary, by the Earl of Bothwell since their marriage. Part of his own company detested him, other part of them believed that her Majesty would fain have been quit of him, but thought shame to be the doer of the deed directly herself."

Mary had persuaded Monsieur du Croc to go and treat with the insurgents. On the 12th he met Earls Morton and Mar, Lords Hume, Lyndsay and Sempill and endeavored to bring them to some composition; urging the absurdity of their proclaiming Bothwell a murderer and ravisher when they themselves had acquitted him on trial, and given him a bond testifying to his innocence and

their object to listen to sense however, and the ambassador retired in disgust.*

He was with Bothwell's troops however, on the 15th, and there urged the queen to prevent any engagement if possible, telling her that the insurgent lords declared them selves her humble and loyal subjects; but demanded that she should at once quit Bothwell.

To that noble's question of what the lords wanted, du Croc replied that they were the queen's humble servants, but his, Bothwell's, inveterate foes. Then the rude nobleman, who at least was not a coward, begged the Frenchman to carry his cartel into the enemies' camp, proposing to settle the question by single combat. This however appeared absurd to the aged statesman and he refused to be the bearer of the message. Again he returned to the rebels, and told them that the queen was ready to forgive them if they would submit. Their answer was to put on their helmets and barrett-caps, and begged him to leave the field before the battle joined.

Meanwhile, Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange was riding about, trying, it seemed, to cut off Bothwell's passage to Dunbar. Mary saw and sent for him to come to her. He came but only to renew assurances of respect for her if she would but quit Bothwell. That ruffian tried to have him shot by a soldier, but the queen overheard the directions

[•] See du Croc's narrative in full, Labanoff, vil. 113.

and indignantly forbade the deed. Kirkaldy offered to accept the challenge, but Bothwell refused, saying he, Kirkaldy, was neither earl nor lord and therefore not his peer. He refused the Laird of Tullibardine on the same grounds. He was crazy to fight Morton, but that worthy had not the slightest intention of getting within the reach of such an arm as Bothwell's. At last, as big a ruffian as himself was proposed and accepted. This was Lord Lyndsay, the hunter of "idolatrous priests;" but while they were arranging the preliminaries of the fight, the queen sent again for Grange and offered to yield to the lords, if she might trust their words.

He went back to his camp and came again with renewed assurances of loyalty and respect "in all their united names." Bothwell entreated her not to trust the rebels; to await the issue of the single combat; to fly with him to Dunbar. But she was weary of the infamy and agony of his company, refused his request and ordered him to retire to his castle, where she would write to him what course he should pursue.

So here, mounted on his fierce, black charger, his soul full of hate and useless fury, mad with disappointed ambition and baffled schemes of power, James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell and Duke of Orkney rides forth, away from the presence of his victim, wife and queen and disappears forever from these pages.

First to Dunbar not there to rest but to fling himself

inte a back, and sail madly northward through the fretful sean; coasting the bleak, extreme capes of Scotland to the Orkneys. There to be denied entrance into his own castle, and to go furious, full of wrathful anguish to Denmark. Then the grimy dungeon, where the salt sea cozed through the walls and, trickling damply down the pale green mould, covered the floor with bitter slime; and thence, picking the accumulated filth of years from his gaunt body and howling out vain curses, to await for the end; for the time when his blood-stained soul should go forth over the dark and icy shores of death to its utterly hopeless eternity.

"Laird of Grange," said Mary, Queen of Scots, "I render me unto you upon the conditions you rehearsed to me in the names of the lords."

She extended her hand and he knelt down on the field and kissed it. Then, when she was got to horseback, he mounted his own strong war-horse and holding his steel cap high above his head, preceded her down the hill.

If she would but abandon him who was her husband's murderer, the rebel lords declared that they would love and serve her fat thfully and well.

Well she has done so; let us see now how they keep faith. There are the sons of the Douglas the and Ruthven, who shed their blood like water for her heroic ancestor

Robert Bruce; how will they treat his child and reprosentative? A short time will tell.

At the hillfoot Morton advanced to meet her, and she addressed to him and his colleagues these words:

"My lords, I am come to you, not out of any fear I had for my life, nor yet doubting of the victory if matters had come to the worst, but to save the effusion of Christian blood; and therefore have I come to you, trusting in your promises that you will respect me and give me the obedience due to your native queen and lawful sovereign."* Then Morton, "with great reverence" replied, "Madam, here is the place where your grace should be; and we will honor, serve and obey you as ever the nobility of this realm did any of your progenitors before."

But scarcely had the black hypocrite thus spoken when the already prepared coarse cries broke out, "Burn her! burn the murderess!" She was not frightened, but turning to him, asked "What is your purpose, my Lord of Morton? If it be the blood of your princess you desire, take it! I am here to offer it, nor need you other means to seek to be revenged." "Then," says the same authority, "the earl took her and committed her to safe custody."

She was led before the banner they had prepared for the occasion, and which bore the likeness of Darnley lying dead beneath a tree, with the young James kneeling with clasped hands beside it, and praying "Judge and avenge Edinburg, the brutal troopers reviling her as she went, until restrained by the drawn sword of Kirkaldy. Sometimes she almost swooned with anguish; sometimes shed torrents of irrepressible tears, and at other moments broke out into fits of unavailing anger, threatening the traitors with her vengeance. Her vengeance, poor powerless, broken-hearted woman.

The base mob hooted as she passed along the streets to her first lodgings in the Provost's house, the common prison of Edinburg, but the better part of the citizens, aroused by her cries, would have stormed the house and rescued her, if she had not been persuaded to pacify them. When the night fell, preceded by the horrible banner and guarded by twelve hundred men, she was conducted to Holyrood; and at midnight she was delivered into the hands of Lord Patrick Lyndsay, the remorseless and fanatic ruffian, and of Lord Ruthven, brutal and drunken stabber of David Riccio, and by them carried over the dark waves of the Frith of Forth to where the castle of the Douglas frowned grimly over the deep waters of Lochleven.*

It was held by the heir of Morton, and Queen Mary's gaoler was the mother of the base-born Murray. June 17th at midnight.

Get ready to come home now, Earl of Murray, for the cards are played out and the trick is won.

Chapter XXIV.

The Breaking of the Sceptre July 24th, 1567.

WE have seen Queen Mary enter her capital, "worn out with fatigue, covered with dust, bedewed with tears and exposed as a spectacle to her own subjects. Notwithstanding all her arguments and entreaties, the same standard was carried before her, and the same insults and reproaches repeated."*

"In the morning, the first display that the queen's weary eyes beheld from the windows of her prison was the same banner."† "The rebels having kept the queen that night under a strong guard in the provost's gaol, the honest part of the citizens crowded to the place threatening to set her at liberty. To prevent this required all the address of the conspirators; thereupon, with well feigned grief, they pre tended they were sorry for giving her cause to complain assured her that they never intended to deprive her of her

freedom and would instantly restore her to her own palace of Holyrood house."* Among these "assurers" were Morton, Lindsay and Maitland.†

"Sche came yesterday," writes Archbishop Beatoun, "to ane windo of hir chalmer that lukkit on the hiegait, and cryit forth on the pepill, quhow sche was haldin in prison and keepit be her awin subjectis quha had betrayit hir Sche came to the said windo sundrie times, in sa miserable a stait, hir hairs hangand about hir loggs (ears), and hir breest, that na man luk upon hir bot sche movit him to pitie and compassioun. For my ain part, I was satisfeit to heir of it, and meight-not suffer to see it."

Meantime, the burgesses and craftsmen of the good city were crowding beneath her windows, grim in their silent Scottish anger, their "dour wrath," waiting for the moment when their own blue banner should appear, to sack the house and free Queen Mary.

On their knees Morton and Athol pleaded; swore to her by God, their honor, and their consciences, that they would treat her as their sovereign if she would dismiss the people, and once more prevailed on her gentle and now exhausted nature to pardon them. She appeared at the window, and pacified the citizens, while the lords pledged their words to them that she should be conducted to her palace.

^{*} Tytler ii. 176.

Lingard, vi, 78.

[†] Strickland v. 294-5.

[§] Tytler, ii. 176. Strickland, v. 253.

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The brave people believed them and retired, and a midnight, the conspirators kept their word. They led her to her palace, on foot, surrounded by twelve hundred men at arms, and occupied more than an hour in a walk of ten minutes. Two of her Maries, Seton and Livingstone, walked close behind her; but Morton's rabble yelled at her as she passed and hired strumpets sate on their brothei door-steps and shrieked with harsh, drunken voices, "Burn her! drown her!"

The Queen of Scotland turned to the scum populace of her capital and fearlessly confronted them. "I am innocent," she said, "I have done nothing worthy of blame. Why am I handled thus, seeing I am a true princess and your native sovereign. You are deceived by false traitors. Good Christian people, either take my life or free me from their crueltv."*

So was the traitors' promise kept; so did they conduct their Sovereign to the palace of her fathers, and thence at midnight, "stript of her princely attire and ornaments and clothed in a coarse woollen cassock," she was delivered to Ruthven and Lindsay to be carried to Lochleven Castle.

Those good men hastened and not without need, for Seton and Home and a dozen other lords and gentlemen were "up for the Queen." When Mary reached the shores of the loch, she refused to enter the boat, and wept and

etruggled, till they flung her into it, and so they gained the castle before her loyal friends reined up their smoking steeds upon the bank.

The castle stands upon an island of about five acres in extent, in the midst of a rough Scottish loch some four-teen miles in circumference. It is quadrangular and has two towers, the central square, the corner one octagonal. On three sides it is washed by the deep waters, on the fourth, a garden lies within the wall. Her place was in the octagon tower which had but two outlets, one a window high up and on the lake, the other a door leading unto the apartments occupied by the family.

Her gentle keeper "the Lady Lochlevin, Murray the the Bastard's mother;"* received her from the grim barons who had brought her and welcomed her with these kind words:—"Madam, ye are but an usurper, and my son, the Earl of Murray, is rightful King of Scotland and legitimate heir of James V."

Mary, without looking at her only replied, that even Murray "was too honest to to say so himself,"† and then she passed into her apartments and the doors were closed and barred upon her.

June 23.—Monsieur de Villeray ambassador from his most Christian Majesty Charles IX. of France, and Sir Nicholas Throckmorton ambassador of Elizabeth of Eng

land, apply for permission to deliver their credentials to the Queen of Scotland, or even to see her. But the requests of both are refused.

June 26-27.—'The lords of the Secret Council proclaim Bothwell a murderer and traitor, and send Sir William Kirkaldy of the Grange to arrest him—eleven days after his riding forth alone from the fore front of their army. They did not want to take him. He knew too much. Kirkaldy misses him, but takes Talla, Hay, Powrie and Dalgleish, who are tried, confess Bothwell's guilt, protest the Queen's innocence and are hanged for the murder of King Henry Darnley. Bothwell escapes then to die in Malvoe.

July 18.—The Lords of the Secret Council propose to the Queen, to disavow her marriage with Bothwell; she replies that she was married by their leading minister Mr. Craig, and by Adam Bothwell Bishop of Orkney,* and that

*This Adam Bothwell must not be taken for a real bishop. I will not say why, but will let Mary's strong Scotch Presbyterian enemy, the great historian Robertson, take my place.

"On the death of the Archbishop of Saint Andrew's, Morton obtained from the Crown, (i. e. from the infant for whom he was regent), a grant of the temporalities of that See, but as it was thought indecent for a layman to hold a benefice to which the cure of souls was annexed, he procured Douglas (Protestant) rector of the University of Saint Andrew's, to be chosen Archbishop; and, allotting him a small pension out of the revenues of the See, retained the remainder in his own hands. The nobles, who saw the advantage they might reap from it, sustained him in the execution of this plan. It would have been rash in the clergy (of the New Religion), to have irritated too much notlemen upon whom the very existence of the Protestant Church of Scot-

she will do nothing which may blight the fair fame of the child (Bothwell's), which she thinks she bears in her bosom.*

Let us return to Mary at Lochleven:

The day after her incarceration, the rebels seized upon all ner plate, jewels, dresses and other personal property in Holyrood, among which was probably the "silver gilt casket," afterwards used for their letters. And the booty they took was coined into money to pay their own rebel lious troops with.

In Edinburg her French servants were besieging the house of du Croc for food, and he broke open a box of plate which she had given him to keep, and with the proceeds sent them back to France.

A party was formed for the queen and had their headquarters at Hamilton.

Murray was waiting for Elizabeth's permission to return and ascend the throne. †

land depended, and it was at last agreed in a convention composed of leading men among the clergy, together with a committee of the Privy Council, 'That the name and office of Archbishop and Bishop should be continued during the King's minority, and these dignities be conferred among the best qualified of the Protestant ministers. Knox agreed with this decision, and, in consequence of the Assembly's consent to the plan agreed upon in this convention, Douglas was installed in his office and at the same time an Archbishop of Glasgow, and a Bishop of Dunkeld were chosen from among the Protestant clergy. They were all admitted into the place in Parliament which belonged to the ecclesiastical order. But in imitation of the example set by Morton, such bargains were made with them by different noblemen."—Robertson, p. 220, Harper's Edition, 1855.

^{*} Labanoff, ii. 59.

On the day of her being led into captivity, John Knox, Chief Apostle of the Scottish Reformation, who had fled the country at the time of Riccio's murder, reappeared in Edinburg and resumed his sacred functions as follows:

"This day," July 19, writes Throckmorton to Elizabeth, I was at Mr. Knox's sermon, who took a piece of Scripmere forth of the books of the Kings, and did inveigh vehemently against the queen, and persuaded extremities towards her by application of his text."* And the same good minister of Christ, according to the same letter, continued to "pour it out cannon hot" against his defenceless queen, branding her openly from St. Giles' pulpit as a murderess, coupled with the coarsest terms of vituperation and denouncing the "great plagues of God to Scotland if she were spared."† Very eloquent he must have been, according to Dr. Robertson's quotation from Melville.‡ That scoundrelly and sneaking traitor writes with a nasality of hypocrisy that one can almost hear:

"Of all the benefits I had that year, was the coming of that most notable prophet and apostle of our nation, Mr. John Knox, to St. Andrew's. I heard him teach there the prophecies of Daniel that summer and the winter following. I had my pen and little book and took away such things as I could comprehend. In the opening of his text he was moderate the space of half an hour, but when he entered into application, he made me so grue and

very weak. I saw him every day of his doctrine go slowly and fair, with a furring of matticks about his neck, a staff in one hand, and good, godly Mr. Richard Bellenden holding him up by the oxter from the abbey to the parish kirk: and he, the said Richard, and another ser vant lifted him up into the pulpit, where he behoved to lean at his first entry: but ere he was done with his sermon, he was so active and vigorous that he was like to ding the pulpit in blads and fly out of it."

Daily these generous gentlemen sent intimations to their victim that she should be removed to an old tower in Locheven, and shut up to perish; or that she should be stifled between two beds, and her body hung to the bed-post, as if she had committed suicide.*

Finally, when their own good time had come, they sent sneaking Melville, her treacherous ambassador, and brutal Lord Patrick Lyndsay of the Byres, the assassin of Riccio, the first to wheedle, the second to compel her renunciation of the crown, her abdication of the throne.

Sir Robert Melville was not one of the ruffians who had stained her garments with the blood of her secretary: he was guiltless of Darnley's murder and had no part in Bothwell's cruel abduction, nor in the taking up arms against her. He was simply a sneaking spy, paid by the English government to keep in Mary's confidence and reveal all he

could learn to the crafty Cecil and the sanguinary Elizabeth. He dunned Elizabeth for money to pay her other tools in Scotland. He, when with the lords of the Secret Counci. informs Cecil of their perfect adherence to the Queen of England, and requests that their pay may be sent by Throckmorton, or as he elegantly orthographises him "Sir Nicholas Fragmaton." He informs Cecil that the lords will accord to keep the prince (James VI.) and to her Highness's (Elizabeth's) desire put him in custody of her Majesty.*

Patrick, Lord Lyndsay we know as exciting the populace to murder Mary's chaplain the first day of her arrival in Scotland; as an assassin of David Riccio; as a signer of Bothwell's various "bonds," and as a religious fanatic to whom Habbakkuk Mucklewrath or Gabriel Kettledrummle were but lambs.

These two then, the sneak and the bully, bore to Queen Mary the prisoner, the *ultimatum* of the rebel lords.

She must abdicate in favor of her son as king and of Murray as Regent, or they would charge her with adultery, the murder of Darnley and tyranny.

Well then, behold them arrived at Lochleven Castle, these two gentlemen. Melville, sleek and smooth in his sad-colored doublet and trunk hose, with his little, neat dress sword at his side; and Lyndsay, dark-browed, trucu lent, dirty and cased in steel from crest to jingling spur.

They are ushered into the presence of the queen by Lady Lochlevin, ex-mistress of King James V., and her sons, Sir William, and Mr. George Douglas.

Melville went first and strove to coax Queen Mary into an abdication of her rights. He failed and then the wild beast Lyndsay burst in, to add, by his infuriate howls, to the terrors of the broken-hearted woman. He flung the deeds before her on the table, and with rough vehemence, ordered her to sign.

"What!" said the royal lady, "shall I set my hand to a deliberate falsehood, and, to gratify the ambition of my nobles, relinquish the office God hath given me to my son, an infant little more than a year old, incapable of governing, that my brother Murray may reign in his name?"

Lyndsay scowled on her with a laugh of mingled hate and scorn, and said:

"If you sign not these instruments, I will do it with your heart's blood and cast you into the loch to feed the fishes."

She burst into a flood of wild hysterical tears, wailing out only this:

"Alas? I am not yet five-and-twenty!"

Then snake Melville hissed in her ears, "Sign Madam, to save your life."

She wept more bitterly, but would not sign. And then Lyndsay with his steel-clad hand griped her white arm, till the blood rose at the violence, thrust the pen into her fingers and once more bade her sign. "He had begun

the matter," he said, "and he would finish it then and there!"

Fainting almost with terror, the hot tears paralyzed upon her lashes, Queen Mary Stuart signed her abdication.

Go now, false lords, unworthy gentlemen, defilers of your fathers' noble names and desecrators of their sacred dust; go with your ill-gotten papers and render an account of your day's work, now to your masters in Edinburg; hereafter unto God.

They are gone, and Mary stands there in that wave-encircled fortress. She looks not out over the lake nor upward at the sky: hears not the sough of the midsummer air as it shakes the purple bloom of the heather; sees not the hazel-coverts of Benarty; dreams not of her sunny youth in beautiful France, nor of the welcoming, upturned faces that greeted her at Leith. She stands there pale, wan, desolate, frigid, alone. The fatal pen still lies upon the table; the ink is undried yet upon its point. Her cheek is colorless and cold, her brown eyes are distilling bitter tears and her bare and bruised arm blackens slowly in the air.

Her sceptre is broken, her crown cast down, her throng dishonored. Let the curtain fall!

BOOK II.

Mary, the Captive

O Domine Deus, speravi in Te :
Nunc care mi Jesu, O libera me i
In dura catena et misera pœna
Desidero Te.

Longuendo, gemendo et genuficatendo, Adoro, impioro ut liberes me!

MARY'S PRAYER.



Mary the Captive.

Chapter I.

Loch even and Langside.

June 1567—May 1568.

LADEN with the fruits of their treachery and brutality, Lindsay and Morton posted to Edinburg. There in their hands were the papers that robbed Queen Mary of her throne and fulfilled the designs of her cruel brother Murray. But they were not yet in condition to see the light; they lacked the royal seal, which alone could give them authenticity. But the seal was in the keeping of Thomas Sinclair, a loyal gentleman who could neither be coaxed nor intimidated.

To him, however, Lindsay, with a band of armed followers, carried the documents and required him to affix the seal. He however refused to do so to any papers of importance "while the queen's grace was in ward." Short

time did Lindsay waste in arguments. The faithful keeper was seized, and notwithstanding his energetic protests, the seal forced into his hands and the act compelled from him.

Meantime, Kirkaldy of Grange writes to Bedford to hasten Earl Murray's return, and Cecil informs Sir Robert Norris, English ambassador in Paris, that he must instantly send a certain packet of letters to Murray, "whereof you may not make the Scottish ambassador privy;" that his return to Scotland is much needed, and that he is to be supplied with as much money as he desires.*

Already Mary's plate and jewels had been sold, and her wardrobe and those of her ladies seized upon. On the 29th of July her infant son was crowned, being then thirteen months old. He lay, poor baby, on the throne, while round him stood five rebel earls, eight lords and a great company of preachers and men-at-arms. The act of abdication was read, and Lyndsay and Ruthven swore that Mary had signed it voluntarily. The English and French ambassadors, the Hamiltons and other loyal lords refused to be present,† and Throckmorton answered:—"That Elizabeth wished the young prince as much honor as was wished by any one among them; but would never consent that the son should depose the mother from the throne."‡ To Cecil he writes:—"It is to be feared that this tragedy will end in the queen's person, after the coronation, as it

[•] Strickland, v. 810. † Labanoff il. 61. ‡ Lingard, vi. 🗪

began in the person of David the Italian and the queen's husband."*

The child could not take the oath, but James Douglas, Earl of Morton, his father's murderer, swore freely for him The usual oath had been improved for the occasion; now it provided that the king "should serve the Eternal, his God according to His holy word, established in the Kirk, should abolish and gainstand all false religion, and should root out heretics and enemies of God's worship convicted of the same by judgment of the Kirk."

Then John Knox preached a sermon.

That excellent man Adam Bothwell annointed the king in spite of Knox's protest against that Jewish rite; and then followed the usual processions and bearing of crown and sceptre, and James the Sixth was as much king of Scotland as Morton and Athol could make him.

The Lord James Stuart, Earl of Murray, had done all he could in France with the Huguenots and Catherine de Medicis,‡ who was then in league with them, to prejudice his sister's cause. With the young king, however, he could do nothing. From his veriest childhood, Charles the Ninth had loved Mary better than anything on earth,§ and would not now listen to one syllable against her. So Murray lied

^{*} Strickland, v. 880. † Lingard. vi., 80; Chalmers, i. 181.

[‡] For the best exposition of this queen's fast and loose dealing with the Huguenots read Balzac's "Martyre Calviniste."

[§] See page 56.

as usual. He even swore to the king that every effort in his power should be used to set her free and to place her, triumphant, on her throne.* But while swearing this, he writes to his sister, at Lochleven, with a pretence of secrecy that Charles can only make peace with his subjects "on condition of sending her no help." He received a title and pension from the king as the reward of his future services to his sister, and then returned to Elizabeth to regulate his plot with her and so to enter Scotland.

Accordingly, Sir Robert Melville and Maitland are dispatched to meet him, and he enters Edinburg triumphantly, on the 11th of August, 1567. M. de Lignerolles follows him as ambassador from Charles, sues for admission to the queen's presence, but being refused, goes back to his sovereign no wiser than he came.

Murray found that his own party had become bifurcate. Morton, Lindsay and the sterner brutes and crazier fanatics wanted him to take the Regency at once, and to pass an act sanctioning whatever they had done in his absence. But Maitland, Marr and Kirkaldy perferred that, if possible, he should come to some arrangement with the queen. But he, good man, looked at them with those still shadowed eyes of his and listened, but said nothing.

On the 16th of August, however, taking Morton and syndsay with him, he set out for Lochleven, to visit the

^{*} Labanoff, il. 71.

^{\$} Lingard, vi. 81.

[†] Chaimers, ii. 185.

[§] Labanoff, ii. 61.

royal prisoner there. She went hopefully to meet him, but his stern and inscrutable face repulsed her. He was cold, hard and unconsoling; her sad looks, her mournful voice, her ready tears, had no effect upon him; he suggested to her the scaffold as the probable termination of her story; and had no greater comfort to bestow upon her at parting after midnight, than to say that "she had nothing left to hope for but God's mercy, let her seek that as her chief refuge!"* And so he left her, broken-spirited, uncomforted, almost in despair.

In the morning he came again; this time making use of some semblance of kindness. Enfeebled by anxiety and a sleepless night, and terrified by his representations, the poor lady at length bade him accept the Regency, a measure which he assured her could alone secure her life and that of her child. Fortified with this, he left her, but with no kinder parting speech than this:

"Madame, I will declare to you which be the occasions that may put you in jeopardy, and which be they that may preserve you. First for your peril, these be they: your own practices to disturb the quiet of the realm and the reign of your son; to enterprize to escape from where you are, or to put yourself at liberty; to animate any of your subjects to trouble or disobedience, or the Queen of England or the French King, to molest this realm either with their war or with war intestine, by your procurement or otherwise."

To all this she had nothing to reply but tears; and the "good Lord James" went on his way to be proclaimed Regent on the 22d August. He took the same oath, "to root out heretics," which Morton had taken for the baby king, with his hand laid on the Bible, making an inclination of the body, and singing the seventy-second Psalm; the most frightful piece of blasphemy that even that dark hypocrite was ever guilty of.*

And now he had reached his zenith. He was sole ruler of Scotland.

And first he broke all the public seals and dies which bore the face or title of the queen. Then he purchased Edinburg Castle from that ingenious traitor Sir James Balfour. The price was £5,000 in cash; the priory of Pittenween; a pension for his son; a pardon for the king's murder, and possession, in this world, of his caitiff soul.

Wearily, weatily the hours of captivity crawled on in the lake circle's tower of Lochleven. On the 24th of July, the thirty-seventh day of her captivity, she wrote to Sir Nicholas Throckmerton, thanking him for some kind message, and stating the impossibility of writing with freedom. She dates it sadly "De ma prison, en la tour de Loghlevin." To the Archbishop of Glasgow she writes a short note, begging the sympathy of France; telling him that she has neither paper nor time to write fully, and biding him burn her letters, since, if found by her enemies, or if they knew that she was writing, it "would cost many their

life; would put hers in peril and would certainly procure for her a severer prison."

To Elizabeth, on the first of May, she writes, reminding her of a ring once sent by her, with promise of instant help in time of need. The ring poor Mary cannot send. "You know," she says, "that my brother Murray holds all that is mine." "Have pity then upon your good sister and cousin, and be assured that you will find no near relative more affectionate in the world."

And to Catherine de Medicis, saying "I cannot write fully. I am so closely espied that I have no time except when they are dining or when I rise during their slumber, for their girls sleep with me." She declares that all Scotland will rise against Murray and Morton if troops are sent from France, and begs her mother-in-law's aid. She dates it simply "From my prison, this first of May."*

When Lyndsay and Melville came to compel her signature to the deed of abdication, Sir William Douglas, Castellan of Lochleven, indignantly protested against the insult put upon his house, and refused to enter the Queen's presence with those traitors. His bitter mother, and his younger brother George however went in. The first to feed fat her ancient grudge; the second to look on with pitying wonder until he saw the tiger claws of Lyndsay clutch the white arm. From that moment he vowed his life to the service of his beautiful and suffering sovereign;

and put himself in communication with the loyal lords who had associated in the queen's name. These were the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, Earls Argyle and Huntley, Lords Ross, Fleming, Herries, etc.

Dec. 4th.—The "letters" are first mentioned although six months old. An additional proof that the very form of accusation which they were to contain had not been settled on until now, will be found in a note at the end of this chapter. I discovered it too late to insert it in its place.

Dec. 20th.—Art of Parliament attaining Bothwell for having forced the queen.

March 23d, 1568.—George Douglas makes his first attempt to rescue Mary Stuart. She was not allowed to have even a laundress in her service and her washing was done upon the mainland, the woman going to and fro in a boat. Douglas, Beton, brother of the Archbishop of Glasgow and others had arranged their plot with this good woman. In the morning she arrived as usual at the castle, and after being searched, was sent up stairs to the queen's room before that lady had risen. Mary then took her cloak, bonnet and muffler (heavy veil), placed the laundress in her own bed, took her basket and went quietly down the stairs and out at the landing. She entered the boat and had nearly reached the middle of the lake when one of the boatmen observed that she kept her muffler very close round her face.

"Let us see what kind of a damsel this is," he said and tried to pull the veil aside.

Two delicate snow white hands were put up to keep it in its place.

"Ah," cried the man, "those are no washerwoman's bands!" and they instantly stopped.

Then Mary threw back her hood, called up the sovereign within her and commanded them on their allegiance to row to the opposite shore. But the clansmen of Lochleven refused, although they promised to say nothing about it if she would return at once to her chamber. Thus were her hopes of escape disappointed; with the free air of the lake blowing upon her; the grand free Highland nature all around her, she must needs turn back to her prison, to the heartless stone walls of her tower in the fortress.

For this attempt, George Douglas was instantly ordered to quit Lochleven. He obeyed, and took up his abode a the village of Kinross on the Northern shore.

April 27th, 1568, saw another futile attempt on the pan of a French ambassador, M. de Beaumont, to gain access to the queen. In spite of his formal promise to both Charles and Catherine, Murray persisted not only in the imprisonment, but even in the absolute seclusion of the queen.

Thus then in company with two of her Maries, Seton and Livingston, Madame Courcelles, Mademoiselle Rallay

and Jane Kennedy, the weary months, eleven of them dragged on until the second of May, when she succeeded in escaping, and for the last time pressed her arcked foot upon the heath of her native but disloyal Scotland

Sir William Douglas, Castellan of Lochleven, was as we have seen an unvilling gaoler, and although he obeyed his orders, yet he liked them none the more on that account. George his brother was at Kinrose; there remained however another of the name in the castle, an orphan boy of seventeen, called William, or better known as the Little Douglas. He was a quick, active, shrewd young fellow, and was devoted to George and to the beautiful queen.

It was about seven in the evening of Sunday May 2d, while all the household were at supper, that the younker managed to possess himself of the keys which lay by Sir William's plate and to escape unnoticed from the room. His first act was to make "captivity captive," by locking the door upon the family. Then he hastened to the queen's apartments, conducted her down stairs and out upon the landing. Here she found a boat all ready, and she and Jane Kennedy with their young deliverer started from the castle. Mary's own fair hands seized an oar and lent what aid they could towards gaining her freedom. So the lake was passed, the keel grated on the pebbled shore, Lord Seaton, Hamilton, George Douglas and Beaton rushed down to welcome her as she sprang to land, and getting at

once to horse, they galloped all night to Hamilton, some seven or eight miles south of Glasgow.

She never forgot those services even to the day of her death. George Douglas and Beaton were well rewarded and "the little Douglas" is a legatee in her last will.

Then all who were loyal flocked to her standard, A grie, Huntley, Cassilis, Eglinton and Rothes, the heads of those ancient names Montrose, Fleming, Livingstone, Seton. Boyd, Herries, Ross, Maxwell, Ogilvy and Oliphant. Nine belted earls, nine mitred bishops, eighteen powerful lords and many gentlemen came to her at Hamilton. In one week she had an army of six thousand men.

Then the queen issued a proclamation, commanding Murray to give up the regency, declaring that her signature to the act of abdication had been obtained by physical force, to the truth of which Sir Robert Melville, who had left Murray's side so soon as hers began to look strong, added his testimony as an eye-witness.

The Regent, on his side, summoned all his troops, and declared the partisans of Mary guilty of high treason.

Hamilton was not esteemed sufficiently secure, and it was resolved to carry the queen to the strong castle of Dum parton on the Clyde; the castle which had secu. I her infancy in the times of grim King Harry Bluebeard. Accordingly, on the 13th of May, she and her troops set out from Hamilton. But Murray had news of her proseedings and determined to cut her off from so imprege

her; and the armiez came face to face at the village of Langside, about two miles south of Glasgow.

The rebel force numbered only four thousand, but they were well trained and equipped. Murray himself was a man of unusual military talent, and Sir William Kirkaldy of the Grange, his principal general, was the best soldier in Scotland. The royal troops were commanded in the main body by the Earl of Argyle, the van was led by Lord Claude Hamilton and the cavalry by Lord Herries. She desired to pass without engaging, but the rebel Lennoxes and the loyal Hamiltons hated each other too soundly to let so favorable an opportunity pass without blows.

Kirkaldy bade every horseman take up a foot-soldier behind him and gallop to the crest of a hill which intervened between the forces. By this means he obtained the vantage ground; while Argyle was obliged to post his troops on a lower eminence. Then the roar of artillery opened the terrible drama and a fierce fire was kept up for half an hour, without doing much injury, however, to either party. Then Argyle gave the order to charge, as did the Earl of Morton on his side. Down from the heights thundered the wrathful soldiery. Argyle was met and driven back to Morton, but Herries routed Murray's horse. Then the battle became general; hand-to-hand and foot to foot they fought for half an hour when the queen's troops began to waver; and then a fierce body of Murray's

Highlanders joined the contest, and their terrible broadswords and Lochaber axes settled the fate of the day. The royal lines were broken, the royal troops turned and fled, leaving three hundred dead upon the field and their best mer prisoners in Murray's hands.

So was Queen Mary Stuart's last battle fought and lost! She saw it all from a neighboring hill top, and as her last hop of regaining the crown of her fathers crumbled into pieces before her eyes, she burst into an agony of tears. An! then with small retinue southward she galloped, without rest or pause, full sixty miles to Dundrennan Abbey.

Next day she wrote a letter to Elizabeth beseeching her assistance, and saying, "I have been kept in prison, treated with the last indignities, and now, chased from my kingdom, I am reduced to such a state that, after God, I have no hope except in you."*

Woe's me, poor queen, you lean upon a broken reed, whose jagged, pitiless splinters will scor pierce your heart and drip red with your very life-blood

On the 16th she determined to go to England and throw herself upon Elizabeth's sense of justice. Faithful Lord Herries besought her to go to France, but she would not listen: Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, flung himself upon his knees and implored her for the love of God not to trust the Queen of England; but her dark fate lay in that land and she must go to meet it. So with a small

retinue of a score of persons, she embarked that fatal Sunday (May 16th) in a fishing boat, and sailed away across the Frith of Solway from the Scottish coast, never to see its blue lochs and heathry hills again for evermore

Note.—Murray when in France, writing to the Spanish ambassador said, "He felt exceedingly for the imprisonment of the queen, but had always anticipated evil from her connection with Bothwell. There was even in existence a letter of three sheets of paper written by her with her own hand to Bothwell, in which she urged him to put in execution the plan concerted between them for the death of Darnley, by giving him a potion or by burning him in his house, quemando la casa. He, Murray, had not indeed seen the letter, but he knew the fact from one who had read the original." So that as yet the conspirators had only got up one letter out of the eight, and the very language of that was still undetermined.—Vide chap. xviii. For the above quotation see Lingard, vi. 81, note.



Chapter II.

From Carlisle to Bolton

1568.

MARY first set her foot on English ground, at Working ton in Cumberland. From this place she dispatched Beton with the ring mentioned in her letter quoted in the last chapter, and bade Lord Herries write to Lowther, the English Warden of Carlisle. That gentleman encouraged her to come on, and with Lord Scroope came to meet her. She had but the one coarse robe and not one shilling in her pocket.

Before leaving Workington she wrote a long letter to the English queen, rehearsing the whole story of her sorrows since the death of Riccio, a resumé of the melancholy history of the twelvemonth. She accuses the rebel leaders of the king's murder, and tells her cousin that she has come to England to seek justice at her hands. "I implore you to send for me soon," she says, "for I am in

a most piteous condition, not only for a queen but even for a simple gentlewoman. I have nothing on earth but my person, just as I escaped by a ride of sixty miles the first lay. Since then I have only dared to travel at night, as I will show you if it please you to have pity on my extreme misfortune, which I will cease to bewail now, lest I should annoy you; and I pray God to grant you health, a long and happy life, and to me patience and the consolation which I hope for at your hands."*

To this touching appeal Elizabeth was content to order the sheriff and judges of the peace to treat the royal refuges with all possible respect, but at the same time to watch her closely and be particularly careful to prevent her escape. Cecil wrote also to assure Mary of her cousin's kind and sympathetic feeling for her: and Lady Scroope, sister of the Duke of Norfolk, was sent with some other gentle-women to attend her. Sir Francis Knollys who brought these letters tells Cecil that Mary "is a rare woman. For, as no flattery can abuse her, so no plain speech seems to offend her if she thinks the speaker an honest man."

By-and-by a respectable household gathered about her and she took what comfort she could at Carlisle. But on the 28th of May, the Earl and Countess of Lennox presented themselves before the English sovereign and accused Queen Mary of complicity in Darnley's guilt. At this time the countess was thoroughly under the persuasions of

her cousin-german the Earl of Morton. A few years later however she found him out, and in her loving and tender letter to her royal daughter-in-law calls him "the wicked governor."*

Mary remained at Carlisle until the 16th of July, when in spite of all her protestations to the contrary, she was removed to Bolton Castle.

This intervening time was however busily occupied in writing letters to France and England. She sent Lord Fleming to represent her condition to Charles Ninth, Mary de Medicis and the cardinal of Lorraine, showing them the extreme difficulties of her position. Elizabeth promises to replace her upon the throne on condition that she will ask no help from France and England, yet she cannot feel full confidence in the promises of that queen, and is therefore undecided what course to pursue. Only, Lord Fleming is instructed, in case of failure with the English court to implore aid from France, and particularly to ask her uncle Lorraine's help to recompense those loyal subjects who had suffered in her cause.†

Later on the 21st of June when Elizabeth's plans began to be more clearly shown, she herself writes to the king, the cardinal and the Duke of Anjou, mentioning her suspicions, protesting that she is suffering for religion's sake,‡ and asking their protection. Clearer and clearer, as the days advance grow the schemes of her wily enemy. She tells

the king, June 26th, that it appears settled to keep her a prisoner in England and entreats him to prevent that; while under the same date she laments to Catharine her utter destitution and poverty. Every one of these letters contains sentiments of the most heartfelt gratitude to Flem ing, Seton, Herries, the Douglases and Beaton, with entreaties to her French kinsfolk to do something for those gentlemen, who had lost all for her.*

Not unmindful of her duties as sovereign, she issues a warrant empowering Lord Herries to form leagues and raise troops for her in Scotland, and creates the Duke of Chatelherault, lieutenant-general of that kingdom.

We must trace Elizabeth's course with her unfortunate and too confiding relative. We learn that on the 28th May, Mary thanks Elizabeth for a promise of assistance, and that on the same day that queen receives from the Earl and Countess of Lennox an accusation against her. Elizabeth promises faithfully that if no recourse be had to France she will furnish Mary "with troops, money, artillery and all else necessary, in case that my Lord of Murray and his colleagues refuse to accord peaceably with such propositions as the queen of Scotland may think good to make."

But on the 13th of June, in spite of Mary's reiterated prayer, Middlemore brings a letter from Elizabeth positively refusing to admit her to her presence, until she should prove

Letters and warrants will be found in Labanoff, ii. 84-186.

[†] Labanoff, ii. 86.

herself guiltless of Darnley's murder.* To this Mary Stuart replies (June 30):

"Madam, my good sister, I thank you for the desire you manifest to hear the justification of my honor, which is of importance to all princes, and principally to you whose blood kinswoman I am. Where, madam, have you ever heard a prince blamed for listening in person to the complaint of one who mourns at being falsely accused. Banish from your mind, madam, the idea that I am come hither for the safety of my life, since neither the world nor all Scotland have yet renounced me. But I am come for the defence of my honor, to get aid in punishing my false accusers; I am not to reply to them as their equal, for I know they should not be heard against their sovereign, but to accuse them: before you, whom I have chosen from among all other princes as my nearest relative and friend; to do you honor as I supposed, in making you the restoress of my crown, to give you all the honor and my own good-will throughout life; to make you see with your own eyes, my innocence, and how falsely I have been dealt with. I see, however, to my great regret that another interpretation has been given to my acts.

"You say you are counselled by people of high quality to be careful about this affair. Please God, madam, I who sought the contrary, will not be the cause of your dishonor Be pleased, therefore, since my affairs require haste, to let me see whether other princes will act thus; and so you will not be blamed. Permit me to seek those who will receive me without such fear."

Mary then complains of being imprisoned already as it were by Elizabeth, and complains of her favoring the rebels while restricting their innocent queen. She reminds Elizabeth, that at her own earnest intercession those rebels were pardoned who now seek her (Mary's) ruin.

"Excuse me, but I must speak to you without dissimulation; you received my bastard brother into your presence, when a fugitive from me, and you refuse the like favor to me, delaying it the longer, it seems to me, because my cause is a just one. Aid me therefore, I pray you, making me owe you all, or let me seek elsewhere for help and be you neutral; for by thus delaying my affairs you, more than my enemies, accomplish my ruin."*

Meanwhile, Middlemore goes to Murray and cites him to appear before Elizabeth to answer Mary's charge of high treason. Knollys writes frequently to Cecil to know whether the Queen of Scots be a prisoner or no, but gets no answer.† The arrival of an hundred harquebussiers, however, and the increasing severity of Lord Scrope's vigilance enlighten the queen. The fortifications of Carlisle were strengthened; she was not allowed to ride out any distance, for, writes Knollys:

"Once she rode out hunting the hare, she galloping so

[•] Lebanoff, il. 96.

fast on every occasion, and her whole retinue being so well horsed that we, doubting that some of her friends out of Scotland might invade and assault us on a sudden, so as to rescue and take her from us, mean that she must hold us excused in that behalf."*

Again Mary addresses her relative, telling her that she has received absolute proofs, and citing them, of Murray's perfect understanding with the English ministry to keep her in captivity: requests again permission to appeal to other crowned heads: sends her copies of the letters she desires to lay before the Emperor and King of France and Spain; asks leave for Lord Fleming to carry them, and concludes with a solemn warning.†

And again, June 21st. The same things over again, mingled with bitter complaints of the sufferings of the loyalists in Scotland: of the double-dealing of Middlemore: of Murray's favor with Elizabeth.

And again, on the 22d, and again on the 26th, and again more imploringly on the 5th of July, and to all these letters her answer is this. She is forced from Carlisle and carried into the interior of England, and there confined in Bolton Castle. July 16.

Then follow a dozen letters to Elizabeth and to Cecil, protesting against their cruel and unjust conduct, as well as against all the acts performed by Murray and his rebels. At first she refuses to submit to any trial, as being a "free

queen" and no criminal, but finally she is teased, frightened and cajoled into consent, and against the advice of her best counsellors, she agrees to lay her case before Elizabeth's commissioners and thus makes that sovereign the arbitress of her fate. For some relief from this painful subject, I will give here her first attempt at English composition, a letter to Sir Francis Knollys, who had been kind to her. Queer work she makes of it, poor soul. Sept. 1.

"Mester Knoleis, y heune har sum neus from Scotland: y send zou the double off them y vreit to the Quin my gud sister, and pres zou to du the lvk, conforme to that y spak zesternicht vnto zou, and sut hesti ansur y refer all to zour discretion, and wil lipne beter in zour gud delin for mi nor y kan persuad zou, nemli in this langasg: excus my iuel vreitin, for y neuuer vsed it afor and am hested. Ze schal si my bel vhiulk is opne, it is sed Seterday my unfriends wil be vth zou, y sey nething bot trest weil, and ze send oni to zour wiff ze mey assur her sche wald a bin weilcom to a pur strenger, hua nocht bien aquentet vth her wil nocht bi ouuer bald to vreit bot for the aquentana betuix ous. Y wil send zou letle tekne to rember zou off the gud hop y heuu in zou, guef ze fendt a mit messager, v wald wysh ze bestouded it reder apon her nor oni vder: thus efftir my commendations, y prey God heuu zou in bis kipin.

"Zour asured gud frind,

"MARIE R.

[&]quot;Excus my iuel vreitin thes furst tym."

TRANSLATION.

"M1 Knollys, I have heard some news from Scotland, 1 send you the double (duplicate) of them. I write to the queen my good sister and pray you to do the like, conformably to that I spake yesternight to you and that hasty answer. I refer all to your discretion and will lippen (confide) better in your good dealing for me than I can persuade you namely in this language: excuse my evil writing for I never used it afore and am hasted. You shall see my bel (bill or letter*) which is open. It is said, Saturday my unfriends will be with you: I say nothing but trust well. If you send any (one) to your wife, you may assure her she would have been welcome to a poor stranger, who not being acquainted with her, will not be overbold to write but for the acquaintance betwixt us. I will send you (a) little token to remind you of the good hope I have in you. If you find a meet messenger I would wish you bestowed it upon her rather than any other. Thus after my commendation, I pray God have you in his keeping.

"Your assured good friend,

" MARIE R.

[&]quot;Excuse my evil writing this first time."

[•] This Scottish word is that which the Latin and French translators of the lilver Casket Letters mistook for "Bible."—Vide chap. xix. p. 209.

Chapter III.

Murray's Conferences and his End

1568, 1570.

ELIZABETH has at length succeeded in getting Mary upon trial before her; her decision is to give back to that beautiful but detested rival her crown and throne, or to sentence her to the death which is the meet award of the murderess.

Ought no. the power to do either of these two things satisfy the terrible Tudor? It will not. She will do neither of them: but something far otherwise, unreckoned upon by either side.

On the 4th day of October 1568, the conference was solemnly opened. The judges were Thomas Duke of Norfolk, earl-marshal of England; Thomas Earl of Sussex, Viscount Fitzwalter, Lord Egremont and Bornewell and Sir Ralph Sadler.

Queen Mary's commissioners were John Lesly, Bishop of Ross, William Lord Livingston, Robert Lord Boyd, John Lord Herries, Gavin Hamilton, commendatour (lay prior) of Kilwinning, Sir John Gordon of Lochinvar, Sir James Cockburn of Stirling.

The rebel commissioners were James Earl of Murray James Earl of Morton, Adam Bothwell pseudo Bishop of Orkney, Patrick Lord Lyndsay of the Byres, Pitcairn lay prior of Dumferline. These were assisted by William Maitland of Lethington, George Buchannan and the lords of session McGill and Balnaves.

Murray and Morton had signed the bond which endorsed Bothwell's acquittal and had urged his marriage with the queen. Morton had issued the proclamation which accused Bothwell of carrying Mary off by force and compelling her to marry him. Maitland with Murray and Morton had voted for the act of parliament which declared their sovereign an innocent victim and Bothwell a ruthless ravisher. McGill and Balnaves were members of the court which unanimously acquitted the earl of any guilt as to the king's murder; and now Murray and Morton, Maitland, Balnaves and McGill come before Elizabeth Tudor to accuse Mary Queen of Scots as Bothwell's accomplice in that crime.

To prepare the way for the opening of these conferences Elizabeth pledged her word to Mary that she should be restored to her throne; * and to Murray she promised that his royal sister should never be permitted to return to Scotland. Mary had consented to these conferences only

[•] Labanoff, il. 191. Lingard, vi. 89. † Bell, il. 142. Lingard, vi. 89.

on Elizabeth's express promise to restore her to her realm. The English queen herself declared that, by these proceedings, "she only meant to have such as the Queen of Scots abould please to call into England, to be charged with such crimes as the said queen should please to object against them; and if any form of judgment should be used, it should be against them."* We shall see how the promise was kept.

Mary credits her commissioners publicly in the name of "God everlasting." She instructs them as plaintiffs to accuse Murray, Morton and the others of rebellion and treason, in wasting her property, stealing and selling her jewels, destroying the houses, wealth and lives of her loyal subjects: to rehearse and give thanks for Elizabeth's promise to restore her; which promise has prevented her from suing for help to France or Spain: to show that all delay had been caused by Elizabeth's urgent request for time, that she might persuade the rebels, if possible, without at once proceeding to force.

Then they are to say that, although Mary has consented to this course, yet she "does not recognize herself to be subject to any judge on earth, but is a free princess holding her crown from God and having no other superior." Then she sets forth the rebellion of Morton, the usurpation of Murray and the consequences thereof; repeating that although willing to complain to and ask help of Elizabeth,

yet she "will not submit her estate, crown, authority or titles to any prince or judge on earth.*

They are to demand that any answer which the rebels may make shall be given in writing: to declare, if need be, her innocence of Darnley's death; that her marriage with Bothwell was wrought purely by themselves; that if they say they have writings of hers, she must be allowed to look at the originals; that anything so produced is forged; that her act of abdication was null and void as having been obtained by force: that she never can nor will recognize their so-called parliaments; that if restored, the new religion as established in Scotland shall never be disturbed by her; that relations of peace and amity shall be strictly maintained in England.

All this is fair and above board. How do Murray and Co. reply to it? Let it be remembered that one only of those letters produced in open court and proved to be Mary's writing, would have condemned her instantly and forever. But instead of this they are privately shown to the English commissioners not as testimony, but as secret information to them as private individuals, while no answer whatever is made to her charges.

On the 10th October, the conferences are suspended until further orders. On the 19th Elizabeth demands two deputies from each side to be send to her with particular information; for which personal inquiry Mary earnestly

[·] See whole instructions, Labanoff, \$ 195.

thanks her. On the 24th Elizabeth orders the conferences to be reopened before her and her council at London. Mary again sends her servitors, but with a more determined assertion that she does not recognize Elizabeth nor her lords as judges; and with orders to break up the conference if they attempt to proceed on any such basis.

Meantime, Elizabeth receives and listens to Murray while Mary is kept close prisoner. This coming to the queen's ears, she indignantly remonstrates against the course and demands personal access to her sister in England; which demand only procures the reopening of the conferences on the 25th. Thus the ball is kept up. Mary constantly asks admission to Elizabeth's presence and is as constantly refused, while Murray has free access to her. Mary's confinement grows daily more severe; the opportunity of exercising her religion is refused her, and she is compelled to hear a Protestant chaplain.* Protesting against her exclusion from the presence of the council, Cecil refuses to receive the protest.

Dec. 8, Murray produces the letters officially. Mary demands to see them and is refused. Dec. 24th, her commissioners solemnly accuse Murray and Morton of participation in the murder of Darnley. Jan. 8, 1569, Cecil proposes an accommodation between the queen and Murray, based on the abdication of the former. Of course this is refused; and so at length the whole shameful and cruel

farce ends. The rebels had been guaranteed against any punishment; Murray had openly neglected to reply to her accusations; had been permitted to charge her and to bring evidence against her which neither she nor her commissioners were permitted to see. Fenelon, French air hassador, writes, "that her reputation, her crown and life were at the mercy of her enemies."* The Duke of Norfolk and Earl Arundel told Elizabeth that "in thus permitting Mary to be oppressed by her subjects, she was setting a bad example to her own." The Spanish ambassador writes, "that Cecil was trying to destroy the Queen of Scotland with terrible fury, con furia terrible." But from the moment the conspirators were frankly accused by Mary, they became anxious for permission to return to Scotland; and on the 12th "The Erle of Murray and all his adherentis came to the presence of the Queen's Majestie of Ingland and gat licence to depart into Scotland."§

Every prayer for the commonest justice had been refused to Mary Stuart, and now when Elizabeth had decided that nothing hath been shown to cause "even an ill opinion" of her royal cousin; and when the Scottish commissioners demanded her liberty, even as Murray had received his they were informed by Cecil "that the Quene of Scotland their misstress could not be suffered to depart for divers respects."

^{*} Lingard vi. 98. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid. ii. 94. § Tytler, i. 155. † Tytter, i. 159. For other iniquities in the manner of this trial please consult thap. xviii.

No, never again was this poor princess to breathe the air of freedom. Kings should demand it later in her history, and be answered with a copy of George Buchannan's Detection; and at the proper time the charge of high treason should appear and so the end be reached.

For the present Mary Stuart must content herself with captivity at Carlisle, and then in Tutbury Castle, Feb. 3d, and then in Wingfield, April; then back to Tutbury, July, 1569. Just now the episode of the Duke of Norfolk claims our attention.

This gentleman was not only the first subject but the most popular man in England. He was at the head of Elizabeth's commissioners to try the case of the Queen of Scots, and, having royal blood in his veins, he conceived the idea of a marriage with her, that so he might obtain the throne of Scotland and ultimately, by her right, that of England. He accordingly did everything in his power to induce the usurper Murray to cease his persecution of his sister. His first confidant was frank, open-hearted Maitland of Lethington, who gave him every possible encouragement and induced him to communicate his designs to the Earl of Murray.

That godly man assured the duke that his position "was no less acceptable to him than beneficial to both kingdoms, and that he would concur with the utmost ardor in promoting so desirable an event."* Thoroughly confiding

in honest Murray's word, the unfortunate nobleman wrote to the Earls of Northumberland and Westmorland, and, I am sorry to record, dissuaded them from putting into execution their most laudable intention to waylay the Regent on his road home and to cut his throat.

Mary, by advice of her loyal servant and faithful counsellor, Lesly, Bishop of Ross, gave in seemingly to Norfolk's project as a means of escape, from what she now recognized as the poisonous talons of Elizabeth. Letters and tokens were exchanged, and Norfolk, encouraged by his friend Murray, went blindly forward.

Percy Earl of Northumberland and Neville Earl of Westmorland, representatives of the most heroic names of England, and staunch Catholics, had espoused the cause of the Scottish Queen from the beginning; and they now reagued with Norfolk to effect her delivery, together with other objects desirable, as they supposed, for England, namely the restoration of the old religion and the definite regulation of the succession.

This was farther than the other peers would go, although nearly all were strongly in favor of the marriage. Arundel, Pembroke, Leicester, Lumley all signed a letter pressing Queen Mary to accede to the match, but requiring her to respect the Protestant religion as now established, to do nothing against Elizabeth's possession of the throne, to pardon her rebels and to form a league perpetual between the two kingdoms.

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By-and-by Northumberland and Westmoreland were discovered by Elizabeth and on being summoned to court, broke out into open rebellion. First of all Mary Stuart was sent to a fortress in Coventry and then troops were marched against the insurgent lords and they were driven over the borders into Scotland.

And then James Stuart Earl of Murray basely betrayed Norfolk to Queen Elizabeth. His letter will be found in Dr. Robertson's appendix No. xxxiii. The duke was accused by his sovereign and not only denied that he had formed any such project but stooped to the meanness of maligning Mary to prove his own innocence. He called her both an adulteress and a murderess, and asked how he or any other man could desire to marry such a one. This baseness destroys all sentiments of pity for this nobleman, who although he gratified the malignity of Elizabeth by such language, yet did himself no good. She recommended him to "beware on what pillow he rested his head," an exceedingly unpleasant remark from the lips of a Tudor. Accordingly on the 9th of October he was committed to the tower.

Then he made humble submission to the queen and bound himself to renounce any marriage project with the Scottish sovereign. He was set at liberty and instantly renewed negotiations with Bishop Lesly and with the French and Spanish emissaries engaged in the scheme. He was, two years afterwards, again imprisoned, tried and

found guilty of high treason. The trial was conducted with the extreme unfairness frequent at that court* and resulted of course in the gratification of the ancient spinster's lust of blood. On the 2d of June, 1572, he knelt beside the same block at which his father had suffered a quarter of a century before and his head was struck from his shoulders.

Our old friend Sir Nicholas Throckmorton was tried for participation in the same plot, and although he was acquitted, yet he lost forever the confidence of the queen whom he had served so long and so unscrupulously. He died at the Earl of Leicester's, "being there taken suddenly in great extremity the Tuesday before; his lungs were perished, but a sudden cold he had taken was the cause of his speedy death. God hath his soul, and we, his friends, great loss of his body."

William Maitiand laird of Lethington was also an active participant in the scheme, and strangely enough he now forsook Murray; he had wriggled and squirmed, plotted and planned until both the fox and serpent qualities of his nature were worn out and exhausted. Then he grew desperate and turned honest. What he gained by that manœuvre we are now about to see.

The chief of the Reformers, after Murray, James Earl of

[•] See Report of Trial, Library of Entertaining Knowledge, vol. xvi. part 1, and Robertson's Hist. Scotland, p. 190-215.

[†] Oriminal Trials. Lib. Ent. Knowlege, xvi. 62.

Morton, had seduced the sister-in-law of Kirkaldy of Grange, the soldier who had won for Murray the field of Langside and had set him upon the regental throne of Scotland. The dishonored gentleman, Sir James Kirkaldy, slew his falso mate in her polluted bed, but Morton was too high for him to reach. But he joined Maitland, and when Murray attacked that statesman, protected him. Maitland was arrested on a charge of complicity in the murder of Darnley; not by the "godly regent," of course. Oh, no, that good man always declared that it filled his pitiful soul with pain to see his dear friend thus maltreated. Be that as it may have been, Maitland was arrested and sent to Edin. burg Castle. Sir William Kirkaldy was then captain of that fortress, and he received Maitland as a friend, and defied the strength of Murray and afterwards of Lenox, Mar and Morton. From that time Kirkaldy raised the standard of his rightful queen, fought well and bravely, though in vain, for her, and Maitland the wilv helped him with his coun-But he had destroyed that poor lady and the "strong right hand of the eternal God" was on him. could not repair his wrongs to her; his power and his wiles were alike unsuccessful to get her from between the well clenched fangs of the abominable she-wolf of England. He was persecuted by Morton, when that earl became Regent, and he died of poison in a dungeon. His body lay above-ground festering, uncoffined, in the air, until its merited rottenness procured for it from fear what

human love nor human pity would bestow, an unattended burial.

This was the end of Maitland of Lethington.

Let us pass from the servant to the master, "Godly" James Stuart, by the love of his abused sister Earl of Murray, by the grace of the Congregation Regent of Scotland. When his conferences were ended, and, with his Casket of Letters under his arm, he was ready to go "back again," the woman to whom he sold the independence of his country, to whose jealous hate he betrayed his friendless queen and sister, as well as the Duke of Norfolk, paid him for his last job five thousand pounds sterling in cash.*

So, comfortably, he went back to Scotland, from which country he wrote, Feb. 2, 1569, to Secretary Cecil, "that there never was greater occasion to be careful of Mary's security. And if the Lords Boyd and Herries and the Bishop of Ross could be stayed for a season, it would do a great good."† On his arrival in Scotland, he found the people distrustful of him. They suspected that he had sold his country; and they manifested some disposition to obey Hamilton Duke of Chatelherault, who had published his commission from the queen as Lieutenant-General. This was the hardest card to beat for the moment; but Murray knew the tricks of the game.

He invited the lords of both parties to assemble and to

see whether a harmonious arrangement might not be arrived at. They, loyal gentlemen, came to the rendezvous, were set on by Murray's men and the Duke, Lord Herries and others, were imprisoned.*

His grace the Pagent now found leisure to amuse himself a little. In May he pilloried some priests for saying mass; he burnt a witch, one Mother Nicneven, of whom Sir Walter has made a character in the Abbot; he hanged Sir William Stuart, lord lion king-at-arms, for sorcery. Poor gentleman! he was not only a sorcerer but he had said he could prove that Murray was a murderer of Darnley.† He then attended to Maitland's case as we have seen. Then he performed his last good deed, and was instantly presented with the proper reward.

Among the loyal gentlemen in arms for their queen was James Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh. Upon his estates Murray seized, confiscating them on a charge of treason. Hamilton's wife was the heiress of Woodhouslee, and being of course without power to resist, she instantly yielded her husband's estates and retired to the property left her by her father. Thither the Regent sent a party of soldiery, who coming there at midnight, thrust the unfor tunate lady, in her night dress, out into the Scottish January midnight. She wandered about for hours, until reason forsook her and she died raving miserably in the drifting snows.

Then James Hamilton took his harquebus, went down to Linlithgow, and when the "godly Regent" swept past at the head of his troops, shot him down in the streets like a dog

And thus, laden with an incalculable weight of evil; with the dethronement and broken heart of his sister; with the murder of Huntley and Darnley and Lady Hamilton and Norfolk; with the betrayal of his country and the ruin of his race, the soul of that dark hypocrite passed down to its account. Jan. 23, 1570.

There are two Scottish poetical contributions to Murray's fame, by the citation of which I will end this chapter. The first is from a poem of the day, author unknown:

"He trained up was in the school of Satan's lying grace,
Where he hath learned a finer feat that Richard erst did see
To do the deed and lay the blame on them that harmless be.
For he and his companions eke agreeing all in one,
Did kill the king and lay the blame the sackless queen upon."

The second quotation is from Aytoun's noble poem of Bothwell:

"Get thee," (says Bothwell to the devil) "across the howling seas,

And bend o'er Murray s bed,

For there the falsest villain lies

That ever Scotland bred.

[•] See the whole poem in Chalmers, ii. 842.

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False to his faith, a weddea priest, Still falser to the crown: False to the blood that in his veine Made bastardy renown; False to his sister whom he swore To guard and shield from harm: The head of many a felon plot, But never once the arm. What tie so holy that his hand Hath snapped it not in twain? What oath so sacred but he broke For selfish end or gain? A verier knave ne'er stepped the earth Since this wide world began; ALU yet—he bandies texts with Knox A 1d walks a pious man l"



Chapter IV.

Eighteen Years in Scotland

1569-1587.

This insurrection showed to Elizabeth how delicate was the position she occupied towards Mary Stuart. It was certain that foreign Catholic monarchs would demand her freedom and that they must be cajoled or persuaded by some means. It was certain that very many powerful English subjects not only greatly commiserated the captive lady, but hated the cruel Tudor who held her imprisoned. long as she remained immured, so long would her name be used, with or without her consent, by any faction that might arise in England. What then to do with her? To set her free was impossible, half of Scotland was still loyal; the great Catholic nobles of England would have joined France, Spain, Germany were ready to give their The Archduke of Austria and the Prince Philip of Spain were negotiating for her hand. Pope Pius V. had excommunicated Queen Elizabeth and Felton had nailed the bull on the palace gates of the Bishop of London getting immediately hanged for his trouble in so doing.

What was to be done with the royal prisoner?

Diabolical Cecil suggests at once the simplest plan quietly to murder her in prison.* Nov. 14, 1569. From the odium of this however Elizabeth still shrunk, although neither its cruelty alarmed nor did its baseness revolt her, for she proposed to deliver up her trusting kinswoman to the tender mercies of Murray.

And again she sent Killegrew, during the regency of Mar, offering to hand over Mary Stuart to him and brutal Morton, on the express condition that "she should be tried and executed within six hours after her arrival in Scotland."

The natural result of such a proposition we will see very shortly.

The Earl of Murray was succeeded in the Regency by Lennox, who was chosen at the bidding of Elizabeth. This nobleman signalized himself by the capture of several castles in the hands of the Queensmen, and by the murder of a venerable prelate. He succeeded in taking the strong fortress of Dumbarton in which he found Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, and this clergyman and most loyal

The loyalists instantly adopted for their war cry "Remem ber the Archbishop of St. Andrew's!" and when Lennox was taken with the town of Stirling, he met as sudden a fate as the unfortunate prelate had suffered at his hands. He was shot by command of Lord Claude Hamilton, brother of the murdered man, Sept. 3d, 1571.

Morton seized upon the revenues of the see, and Mar was elected regent; to enjoy that position however only for a short time, and then to become melancholy mad and die miserably, October 28, 1572. This nobleman has been a good deal praised by Robertson and even by Bell for gentleness and desire for the pacification of the kingdom. But stubborn state-paper facts prove that he was quite willing to put to death his suffering and innocent sovereign in order to gratify the malignity of Elizabeth.

For on the 9th October, Killegrew informs Leicester and Cecil that the regent is ready with his terms, and on the 26th they were sent to the English ambassador. They were as follows: 1. The queen of England shall take the young king of Scotland under her especial protection.

2. The English Parliament shall declare that no sentence pronounced against Mary Stuart shall prejudice the rights of her son.

3. A league, offensive and defensive, shall be formed between the two kingdoms.

4. The Earl of Huntington, Bedford or Essex, shall lead three thousand troops

into Scotland to assist at the execution of Mary Stuart
5. That those troops shall then aid those of the regent in
the reduction of the castle of Edinburg and shall give it
up to him. 6. That Elizabeth shall pay all the arrearages
due to the Scottish soldiers."*

Two days after signing these articles, the Earl of Mar very properly died.

The field was now clear for Morton. This quadrupled rebel and traitor, this assassin of Riccio, this murderer of Darnley, this destroyer and detractor of his innocent queen, this man, who had been protected by Percy Earl of Northumberland on his flight into England after Riccio's death, who, when Percy in turn became a fugitive and asked for refuge from him, sold him for money to Elizabeth by whom his head was struck off, this man was now Regent of Scotland. A short sketch of the period of his power will be all that is necessary here.

He had always been an eminent leader of the Congregation, but it was simply from hypocrisy and avarice. He not only seized upon the revenues of St. Andrew's, but of twenty other benefices, appointing a single minister to serve three or four cures; fomenting their disputes and using religion only as a cloak for unscrupulous wickedness and insatiable covetousness. "Spies and informers were everywhere employed; the remembrance of old offences was revived; imaginary crimes were invented; petty tres-

passes were aggravated and delinquents were compelled to compound for their lives by the payment of exorbitant fines."*

He seduced, as we have seen, the lady of Sir James Kirkaldy, and when, with Queen Elizabeth's help, he had reduced Edinburg Castle, hanged both the brothers of that name. He persecuted Maitland to the death of a poisoned rat in a cellar. He probably poisoned Athol at his own dinner-table, to which he had invited that nobleman;† the king's life was considered unsafe in his hands, and thus, although constantly fostered and protected by Elizabeth, the also came to his end.

On the 1st of June, 1581, he was accused of the murder of Darnley. Balfour and others of his accomplices testified against him; he was found guilty, and although confessing his guilt, died hypocrite as he had lived. His head was stuck over the gateway of Edinburg jail, "and his body, after lying until sunset upon the scaffold, covered with a beggarly cloak, was carried by common porters to the usual burial place for criminals."

They are all gone now, that terrible band who desolated the young life and broke the heart of Mary Queen of Scots. She came to them a sorrowful widow of nineteen; she was driven out by them a crushed and friendless widow of twenty-five to pass eighteen years of cruel imprisonment, and to die upon the scaffold. But they are

Robertson, 225.
 † Ibid, 281.
 ‡ Ibid, 280, 284.
 § Ibid, 237.

warning; some perished alone in foul and grimy dungeons; some dying impenitent upon the scaffold. But now they pass away all from these pages. Knox and Ruthven and Lyndsay, Murray and Bothwell, Morton and Maitland.

Prince James is now called King of Scotland. His mother in the prisons of Elizabeth Tudor.



Chapter V.

Mary the Captive.

Why is this royal lady kept in prison? The vile charges of her rebellious subjects, and the forced proofs with which they were supported, have been treated by Elizabeth with the contempt they deserved. "We find no cause of evi opinion against our good sister." What, though the about minable Tudor accept the dedication of George Buchannan's libel? What, though she orders its circulation about the European continent? She gives the reason in her orders. There is no suspicion of guilt in Mary, but these books must be disseminated because "they will serve to good effect to disgrace her, which must be done before other purposes can be obtained."* What other purposes in heaven's name? Murder! most foul, unnatural, pitiless, ruthless murder!

What faults has Mary Stuart? Two kinds: political and religious. She is next heir to the throne of England

will not marry; power is too sweet. If she have children she dare not acknowledge them. But Leicester and Blount and Hatton and Paleigh and Oxford and Anjou and Simier ought to know.* And this detested next heir is young and beautiful and a mother. This detested next heir will neither be frightened nor cajoled into any act of abdication. "Never will I yield my crown," she writes from her prison at Bolton, Jan. 9, 1569, "for I am deliberately resolved rather to die than do so, and the last words I shall utter in my life shall be those of a Queen of Scotland."

In vain do they coax or threaten her about her religion: in vain offer her every possible advantage if she will change it: in vain they take away her chaplain and compel her to attend the services of a Protestant minister: in vain refuse her every prayer for spiritual consolation and threaten her with more rigorous imprisonment and loss of credit if she ask for it again; ther reply is the same forever, "As I have lived so I will die in my religion, or, if need be, for it!"

There is another cause why the she Pharaoh will not let Mary go. Every day come to her ears reports from the very gaolers themselves, of that lady's beauty, gentleness, and wisdom, of her forgiveness of injuries and patience, of

[•] Lingard, vi. 322, 368.

ner exquisite urbanity and courtesy, of her enduring sweet ness, although impresoned, robbed of power, of service, of consolation, and half the time of hope, while she the Tudor knows well, however flatterers may speak, that no such tribute comes from any heart to her. For she is shedding the blood of her subjects by hundreds for high treason; she is saying of the austere Protestant Bishop of London's sermon on finery as unbecoming her years, and on the necessity of turning her thoughts to heaven, "that if he touch on that subject again she will fit him for heaven! That he shall walk there without a staff and leave his mantle behind him:" she is collaring Sir Christopher Hatton, custing the ears of her earl-marshal; spitting on Lord Arundel's dress; getting her nose painted red by disrespectful waiting maids, and cursing and swearing about her court with the ready blasphemy of a drunken dragoon.*

All these are good causes for Mary's captivity, and she shall rest therein, suffering, until God set her free.

From the first days of her vain search for refuge in England, was the iniquitous scheme conceived. "To detain her in captivity for life," was declared to be "the most conducive to the security of their sovereign and the interests of their religion."† There they state their own motives, political and religious; and on those motives only will they act until the melancholy end.

Lingard, vi. 821, 822. Ben. Jonson's letters of the time, etc, Labanoff vi. 50-54.

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Let us sketch the course of action based upon these motives:

From May 19th, 1568, to February 18, 1587, eighteen years and nine months, Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, .anguished in English prisons. She entered them a beautiful woman of twenty-five, she left them broken and faded, and her still abundant hair white with the chill mould of captivity.

These were her prisons:

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Carslisle,
           from
                   May 19, 1568.
                                     two months.
Bolton,
                   July 16, "
                                      six
Tutbury,
                   Feb. 9, 1569,
                                     two
Wingfield,
                   April 7,
                                      seven
                   Nov. 14, "
Coventry,
                                      one
                                             66
                   Jan. 2, 1570,
Tutbury,
                                     four
                                             66
Chatsworth,
                   May 17, "
                                      five
                   Nov. 28, "thirteen y'rs and nine m'ha
SHEFFIELD
                   a visit for health.
Buxton Baths
                                      three months.
Wingfield,
                   Sept. 3, 1584,
             66
                                      eleven "
Tutbury,
                   Jan. 13, 1585,
                   Dec. 24, "
                                      one
Chartley,
                                      nine
Fotheringay,
                   Sept. 25, 1586,
                   Feb. 18, 1587.
The Grave,
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From one place to another this mournful victim was cartied as state policy, fear or caprice might dictate. three months out of all this terrible time she was permitted to go to Buxton Baths to restore impaired and nearly

ruined health, but this was her only relaxation after sixteen years of imprisonment.

At first she was treated with some of the courtesy due to her exalted rank, to the aid that she had requested and to her personal dignity, only that she was closely watched. But this course soon became changed, for mere prison-life, and as we shall see, deprivations of the very necessaries of life.

All Protestants were properly indignant at the outrageous, indefensible and horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew. Elizabeth was not personally pleased at her own excommunication; and she vented her spite as much as possible upon her Catholic prisoner. The various rebellions gotten up in England, wherein frequently the name of Mary was made use of, although constantly denied by that princess, but made Elizabeth's hand fall heavier upon her, although proof she could get none of Mary's complicity. As to the attempts made purely and simply to set the Queen of Scots free, she always said openly that she would do all in her power to promote them, and would of course escape if ever an opportunity offered.

In the five hundred and twelve letters that lie before me now, the poor soul pleads by all that is holy and just and tender and womanly and merciful to be set at liberty. Send her anywhere she says, to France, to Spain, to Scotland, only out of the humid walls, out into God's free nature and the air of heaven. She pleads by her love for

her child, by her harmlessness, by the ties of kinship; by her neuralgic agonies contracted in the damps of her prisons; by everything that could not fail to move a human heart, but, alas, she addressed herself to Elizabeth's.

Mary was a dangerous person. Says one of Cecil's letters: "There should very few subjects of this land (England) have access to a conference with this lady; for, besides that she is a goodly personage, she hath, withal, an alluring grace, a pretty Scotch speech, and a searching wit cloudea with mildness." "Lord Shrewsbury," he proceeds, "is very watchful of his charge, but the queen overwatches them all, for it is one o'clock every night ere she go to bed, I asked her grace, since the weather did cut off all exercise abroad, how she passed her time within. She said that all the day she wrought with the needle, and that the diversity of the colors made the work seem less tedious; and she continued so long that even pain made her give over; and with that, laid her hand upon her side and complained of an old grief newly increased there. She then entered upon a pretty, disputable comparison between carving, painting and working with the needle, affirming painting in her opinion for the most commendable quality."*

And this is the manner and occupation of the ruthless murderess of Darnley, of the lewd and blood-stained mistress of grim Bothwell!

Elizabeth and her cabinet claimed the right to hold her

captive by treaty! because she had borne the arms of England when in France! because Elizabeth had the best right to the Scottish throne, through John Baliol, competitor of Robert Bruce! and because English subjects had complained of Mary "in matters of blood!"

Norfolk's intrigues; Westmorland and Northumber land's rebellion; Elizabeth's excommunication; the resist ance of the persecuted English Catholics; the massacre of the French Huguenots; everything indeed was visited upon the head of the innocent captive. She was prohibited from sending messengers to her friends on the continent. Her own subjects in England were denied access to her. Her letters were intercepted and sent to Cecil. Her faithful servant the Bishop of Ross was cast into prison. She was refused the privilege of even going abroad, and not until her constitution was broken, did her fiendish and implacable cousin revoke the cruel order.

Charles the Ninth died, and Catharine de Medicis, who hated her, had all power in France. Her Scottish loyalists were gradually impoverished, ruined and destroyed. By-and-by she seemed to be forgotten of all the world. Commissioners were occasionally sent to her to treat of "reconciliation," "leagues of amity," and the like, but these were all attempts to procure Treaty of Edinburg, or abdication or renunciation of her faith. Mary remained firm, and her chains each time were tightened.

So premature old age crept over the lovely form and the

sweet eyes faded, and the once healthy body grew full of aches and pains. At Tutbury she was enclosed on all sides by fortified walls, on the summit of a hill that lay exposed to every wind of heaven. Within the walls was an ancient hunting lodge made of lath and plaster, the latter damp and crumbled with age. This building was sunk so low that the rampart was on a level with the roof, and not one ray of sunlight could get in to warm the nursling of beautiful France. Neither could fresh air penetrate, but drizzling damps and everlasting fogs covered the furniture with green mould.

In this abode she had two small chambers, so cold as almost to defy comfort; so cold as to sicken every one of her attendants. Her English physician refused to charge himself with her health. The absolutely requisite places were so filthy as almost to preclude the possibility of use, and in order to complete the horrors of this abode, they chose the only window out of which she could see, as the proper position opposite which to hang a priest!*

It may easily be supposed that human nature could not long endure this, and on the 2d of May, 1580, she writes from Sheffield, "Van douzième de ma prison," reminding Elizabeth of the many letters written to her and to which she had not deigned to reply, and imploring her to moder ate the excessive rigor of the treatment.

"Consider, madam, if you please, that I have never

broken a promise to you; nay, because I have sometimes kept faith with you too inconsiderately. I have greatly suffered. Remember that you can make and keep me more your own out of prison, by touching my heart with so signal a kindness, than you can by guarding my body within four stone walls; since force has but little influence upon people of my rank and nature, as some experience of the past might have taught you. I am convinced that if you will remember the promise which you gave me with a ring, sometime before the late troubles in Scotland, you will recognize how I, trusting to it, came, of my own free and deliberate will, to place myself in your hands and to reclaim from your plighted word, the support which you promised me against my treacherous rebel subjects. Not only am I a sovereign queen, but your nearest relative in Christendom and your rightful heiress. What reputation then will you gain if you pitilessly permit me to languish so many years in so miserable a condition, or if, by a continuation of the same bad treatment I have hitherto received, I end here my days already far advanced.

"In truth, when I consider the grievous maladies contracted by me during these last years, and my present actual state of health, I am forced to believe that I cannot bear the regimen which when young and strong I could have borne, but that before long death must set me free."*

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To this also no answer.

Nor are these all her sorrows. Her warm and yearning mother heart must be wrung until it bleed. If she write to the prince, her son, her letters are intercepted; if she implore news from Elizabeth or her ministers, no answer is returned; nor is she allowed to send to him and give him. though it were only at second hand, assurances of her love, the counsels of her experience or her hopes in his affection. But the bad news gets to her. She knows that he has forsaken his religion, that George Buchannan, her defamer, is his tutor; she is sure that if possible they will rob her of his love and even his respect. She fears for his very life from ruthless Morton, and again from fierce Ruthven, who as is well known, carried him off in the famous Gowrie conspiracy or Raid of Ruthven; and all these maternal griefs were added to her already almost intolerable sorrow.

I will quote her own words for one delicate religious attention. If she were so wicked as some pay, she might have been allowed a clergyman at least. But for years she begged to be allowed to see one without being able to obtain permission. Once, as she writes to the French ambassador de la Mothe Fénélon, Nov. 22, 1571, from Tutbury.

"J'avoy demandé ung prestre pour m'administrer le Bainet Sacrement, et, en l'estat où je suis, me renger de tout ce qui peult nuire à ma conscience, et ledit Baitman* qui estoit porteur de ma lettre m'a rapporté en lieu de consolation ung livre diffamatoire par ung athée Bucannan."

"I had begged for a priest to administer to me the Holy Sacrament, and to help me relieve my conscience in this sad condition of mine; and they who carried my letter brought me instead of consolation the diffamatory book of the atheist George Buchannan!"

No wonder that to the first clergyman she could write to she said, "I thank you for the good advice, the salutary counsels and learned instructions of which your letter is They have given me infinite consolation in my captivity. For me they will be as a mirror or picture to show me daily my shortcomings in action as well as the grace that I shall need, to accomplish the work for which I hope my God, so merciful and just, hath hitherto left me in the hands of His chief enemies. With all my heart I implore Him that it may be for His glory, and the increase of His Church, rather than for any joy to me whose continuance in sorrow has made me forget the charms of the world, to seek my true remedy in the life and death of His Son, our Saviour and Redeemer Jesus Christ. And now I am more than ever resolved, by the help of His grace, to follow the pathway which He traced

^{*} Bateman, an officer in Sheffield Castle.

[†] Labanoff, iv. 5: Chalmers, i. 251.

towards the Cross, my part of which in this world I shall be but happy to bear, that so I may gain what He has acquired for me in his kingdom; a gift so great and inesimable, as to be cheaply purchased even by the sacrifice of all human felicity, though that were separable from the pain and labor of this life."*

No wonder also that she wrote such mournful sonnets as the one which I shall now attempt to translate by way of closing this chapter. It was composed by her in Sheffield, 1581.

Que suis je, helas! et de quoi sert ma vie?

Je ne suis fors q'un corps privé de cœur;

Un ombre vain; un objet de malheur,

Qui n'a plus rien que de mourir envie.

Plus ne portez, O ennemis, d'envie

A qui n'a plus l'esprit à la grandeur!

Je consomme d'excessive douleur!

Vôtre ire, en bref, se voira assouvie:

Et vous, amis, qui m'avez tenu chere,

Souvenez vous que sans heur, sans santé

Je ne saurois aucun bon œuvre faire;

Souhaitez donc fin de calamité;

Et que, çi-bas étant assez punie

J'aye ma part en la joie infinie!

ALAS, what am I? what is my life's worth?

What but the clay without the soul am I?

But a vain shadow; sorrow's sport on eartn,

With but one longing, yearning wish—to dia.

For all earth's grandeur fadeth from my heart.

Soon will your sated anger set me free,

And my own sorrow call me to depart.

And you, dear friends, so true through all my woo.

Nought can I give you for your love again.

Then let your tears for me forget to flow

And wish the end of this my lingering pain;

That, travelling wearily life's bitter road,

I too may find repose forever with my God!

Chapter VI.

Counsel for the Prisoner.

Nov 8, 1582.

I EARNESTLY ask my readers not to be frightened at the extreme length of the following letter. It is the noblest piece of writing that ever came from the pen of the slaughtered Queen of Scotland. Logical, intelligent, energentic as it is, it is none the less elegant, tender and full of wonderful pathos. It contains the whole merits of her captivity, as well as an argument for her innocence. Every syllable, in the original is beautifully written with her own hand; and the Prince de Labanoff, from whom I take it,* says that it has not yet been correctly translated by Blackwood, Whittaker, Chalmers or Mrs. Strickland It is the most remarkable paper in the history of Mary's life, and I hope that even in my translation some of the interest and excellence of the original will be found. The letter is written from Sheffield to Elizabeth, Nov. 8, 1582 the 14th year of Mary's captivity, and is as follows:

MADAM:

In consequence of what I have learned about the late conspiracies against my poor son, in Scotland, and having every occasion, from my own experience, to fear the consequences, I must employ what life and strength I have remaining, to empty my heart to you ere I die, of my righteous and melancholy complaints. I desire that this letter may serve you so long as you live after me, for a perpetual testimony engraven on your conscience; for my acquittal in the eyes of posterity, and for the shame and confusion of all who, by your own avowal, have so cruelly and unworthily treated me here, and brought me to the extremity in which I now am. But inasmuch as their designs, practices, actions and procedures, detestable as they have been, have always prevailed with you, against my most just remonstrances and my sincere conduct, and since the power which you hold has always made you seem right in the sight of men, I now have recourse to the living God, who has established us both, under Himself, for the government of His people.

I call upon Him, in this extreme hour of my urgent affliction, to render to you and to me, that part of merit or of demerit, that each owes to the other, even as He will render it on His final judgment. And remember, madam, that from Him we can disguise nothing, by the coloring and the policy of this world, as my enemies, under you, have temporarily disguised from men, and perhaps from you, their subtle and malicious inventions and their godless dexterities. In His name, therefore, and before Him as judge between you and me, I will maintain: first, That by the agents, spies and eccret messengers, sent in your name to Scotland while I was still there, my subjects have been corrupted, tampered with and excited to rebel against me, to make attempts against my own person, and in a word, to say, do, undertake and execute whatever, during my

troubles, has occurred in that country. Of this I will now present no other verification than the confession of one who has since been one of the most advanced,* and the testimony of those confronted with him; of one advanced for the good service he has done; and who, had I then done him justice, would not now, by favor of his ancient acquaintance, have renewed the same practices against my son. Neither would he have furnished to my treacherous and rebel subjects who sought refuge with you, the aid and support that they have received since my detention here; a support without which those traitors would not, I think, have prevailed then; nor have subsisted since then so long as they have done.

When in my prison of Lochleven, the late Throckmorton counselled me, in your name, to sign the act of aodication, which he said would be presented to me, and which he assured was valueless: and valueless it has ever been esteemed in every portion of Christendom, except here, where even open force has been lent to support its authors. On your conscience, madam, would you recognize such liberty and power in your subjects? Yet my authority was given by my subjects to my son while utterly incapable of exercising it, and since he has arrived at a proper age to act for himself, and, when I would have legitimately assured him in it, it is suddenly torn from him, made over to two or three traitors, t who having already robbed him of the reality, will soon rob him also, as they did me, of the name and title, should he contradict them at all, and perhaps of his life also if God provides not for his preservation.

So soon as I escaped from Lochleven, and was about to give battle to my rebellious lords, I sent you back, by a gentleman, a

Randolph, whose dealings with the rebels are recorded in the earlier pages of this volume.—Vide p. 95.

[†] Lennox, Mar, Morton, etc.

dnamond ring which I had previously received from you in token and assurance that you would aid me against those very rebels, and even, should I retire towards you, that you would come in person to the frontier to assist me: and this was confirmed to me by various other messages. This promise, coming reiterated from your own mouth (or if not your ministers have frequently deceived me), caused me to put so great confidence in you, that when my field was lost, I came at once to throw myself into your arms, if I might have that privilege as well as the rebels. But on my road to find you, behold me arrested on my way, environed with guards, confined in fortresses and finally reduced, shamelessly, into the captivity which is now killing me; me who have already suffered a thousand mortal pangs.

I know you will allege what passed between the late Duke of Norfolk and me; but I maintain that there was nothing in our dealings to your prejudice nor against the public good of this realm; and that the treaty was formed by the advice and still existing signatures of the first men of your then council, with an assurance that you too would favor it. How would such personages undertake to persuade you to approve of an act which would destroy your life, honor and crown, as you declare to all ambassadors and others who speak to you of me?

Meanwhile, my rebels, perceiving that their precipitate course was carrying them further than they anticipated, and the truth having appeared that what they uttered against me were slanders, before the conference to which I voluntarily submitted in this country,* in order to clear myself publicly in open assembly of your

* The French is rather inverted. Et la vérité estant apparue des impostures qu'on semoit de moy, par la Conférence à laquelle je me soubmise voluntairement en ce pays." It is this sentence which Labancii says has been generally ill rendered, v. 322. deputies and mine, many among them returned to their loyalty and for this they were pursued by your own forces, besieged in Edinburg Castle; one of the first among them poisoned;* and another, the least blamable among them, most cruelly hanged,† although, at your request, I had twice caused them to lay down their arms, under assurance of agreement, which perhaps my enemies never even intended.

For a long time I was willing to try whether patience would mitigate the rigorous treatment to which I have been subjected, especially during these ten years past; and I accommodated myself exactly to the order prescribed, during my captivity in this house, as well with regard to the number and quality of my fervitors, as to the diet and exercise necessary for my health. I have lived hitherto as quietly and peaceably as any one of far lower rank and far more obliged to you than ever I have been; even depriving myself, to remove all shadow of suspicion or distrust on your part, of the right to demand intelligence from my son and my country. There was neither right nor reason in refusing me this intelligence, particularly about my son, but instead of that, they labored to influence him against me, so to enfeeble both by dissension You will say I was permitted to send to him three years ago. His captivity in Sterling, under the tyranny of Morton, was the cause of your permission, as the liberty he has since enjoyed is the cause of your refusing a similar permission all this past year.

I have at various times made overtures for the establishment of a sound amity between us, and a sure understanding between our two kingdoms for the future. Commissioners were sent to me for that purpose at Chatsworth about eleven years ago. The ambasdors of France and my own treated of it with your own self. And

I, throughout the past year made every possible advantageous proposition to Beale.* And what is the result? My good intentions are mistaken; the sincerity of my acts neglected and calumniated; the condition of my affairs made worse by delays, surmises and such other artifices and, to conclude, worse and worse treatment every day, no matter what I may have done to deserve the contrary My too long, useless and ruinous patience has brought me to such a point, that my enemies, accustomed from of old to do me evil, now think they have a right by prescription to use me, not as a prisoner (which in reason I cannot be) but as a slave, whose life and death depends, regardless of God's law or of man's, upon their tyranny alone.

I cannot, madam, suffer any longer; and I must, even in dying expose the authors of my death; or living, if God shall grant me still some respite, endeavor, under your protection, to destroy, at any price, the cruelties, calumnies and treacherous designs of my enemies, and obtain for myself a little repose during the time I may nave to live. In order therefore to settle the pretended controversies between you and me, enlighten yourself, if you please, upon all that has been told you of my conduct with regard to you. Reread the despositions of the foreigners taken in Ireland.† Let those of the executed Jesuits; be shown to you. Give free liberty to any one who will undertake to accuse me, and permit me also to make my defence. If there be found any ill in me, let me suffer for it. I can do so more patiently when I know the reason—but if good be discovered, mistake me no longer, nor suffer me any more

[•] Secretary of Elizabeth's council, sent really as a spy, ostensibly to treat with Mary. See her letter to him. Labanoff, v. 288.

[†] During the troubles with O'Neal of Desmond.

Campian, Sherwin and Briant, executed for high treason for preaching the Datholic Faith.--Lingard, vi. 168.

to be so li repaid. You have so great a resposibility to God and man.

The vilest criminals in your prisons, born under obedience to you, are permitted to justify themselves, and to know both the accusers and their charges. Why should the same order not be taken with me, a sovereign queen, your nearest relative and lawful heiress. I fancy that this last quality has been the principal point of my enemies and the cause of their calumnies, that by causing disunion between us, they might slip their own unjust pretensions in between us. But, alas, they have little right and less need to torture me any more on that account, for I protest on my honor, that I now look forward to no other kingdom than that of my God, which I see prepared for me, as my best recompense for all my past afflictions and adversities. It will be your duty conscientiously to see my child put in possession of his rights after my death; and meantime to restrain the constant intrigues and secret means taken by our enemies in this realm to his prejudice and to advance their own pretensions, while, at the same time, they are laboring with our traitors in Scotland to effect in every way his ruin. I ask no better verification of this than the charge given to your last envoys and deputies to Scotland, and the seditious practices of those envoys, of which I am willing to believe you ignorant, but to which they were diligently incited by the earl, my good neighbor, at York.*

Apropos, madam, by what right is it main ained that I, his mother, am interdicted not only from aiding my child in so urgent a necessity as this, but even from having information about his condition? Who can bring more carefulness, sense of duty and sincerity to this than I? Whom can it touch more nearly?

At least, if, in sending to provide for his safety, as the Earl of

[·] Earl of Huntington, who had some claim to the English throne.

Bhrewsbury lately told me you have done, if it had pleased you to receive my advice therein, how much greater (it seems to me) v gratification and obligation on my part would have accrued to you But consider what you left me to think, when forgetting so sud denly the pretended offences of my son, and when I begged that we might send together, you dispatched a messenger to the place of his imprisonment, not only without informing me, but while depriving me of all liberty so that I could not by any means get news of it. Ah, had they who moved you to so prompt a visitation to my son, really desired his preservation and the peace of the country, they had not been so careful to conceal it from me, as a thing in which I would not concur with you, and thus caused you to lose the pleasure which you would have received by so doing. To speak more plainly to you, I beseech you to make no more use of such means and persons, for although I hold Mr. Carey* too mindful of the blood from which he is sprung, to engage his honor in any bad action, vet he had an assistant, a sworn partisan of the Earl of Huntington, by whose evil offices, so base an action only could succeed by a like effect. It will suffice me if you will but prevent all damage to my son from this country, which is all that I have ever hitherto asked of you, even when an army was sent to the frontier to hinder justice from being done to the detestable Morton; and also that none of your subjects shall meddle directly nor indirectly with the affairs of Scotland, unless I, who have a right to such knowledge, know of it; or without the assistance of some one on the part of the most Christian king, my good brother, who, as our principal ally, should participate in all this matter, however little credit he may have with the traitors who now detain my son.

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^{*} Son of Lord Hunsdon, who, on the mother's side, was cousin-garman & Elizabeth.

Meantime, I declare to you frankly, that I consider this last conspiracy* and innovation as a pure treason against the life of my son, his well-being and that of the kingdom; and that so long as he remains in the condition in which I hear he is, I shall not believe that any word, writing or other act of his or that may pass ander his name, proceeds from his own free will, but solely from the conspirators themselves, who risk his life in using him as mask.

Now, madam, with all this liberty of speech which I foresee may displease you in some points,† although the very truth itself, yet I am persuaded you will find it still more singular that I now again importune you with a request, which is of the greatest importance, yet which you can most easily grant and effect. It is that, while patiently accommodating myself so long to the rigorous course of this captivity; while conducting myself in all things with perfect sincerity, even in the least thing, which interest you but little, I have yet been unable to assure myself of your good disposition, nor yet give you proof of my entire affection. Therefore, all hope of anything better for the short time I have to live being lost, I implore you, yet, in honor of the bitter Passion of our Saviour and Redeemer Jesus Christ, I implore you, let me leave this kingdom for some place of rest; to seek some solace for this poor body so worn with perpetual sorrows, and with freedom of conscience, to prepare my soul for God who is calling it day by day

Believe me, madam (and the physicians you sent me last sum mer, may also have judged of it), believe me I cannot last long, so that you need retain no jealousy nor distrust of me. Yet, nevertheless, exact what assurances and just and reasonable conditions

[•] The Raid of Ruthven or Gowrie conspiracy.

[†] Highly probable.

may seem good in your sight. The greater strength is always on your side to make me observe them, even if anything could make me desire to violate them. You have had sufficient experience and observation enough of my simple promises, and sometimes to my prejudice, as I showed you two years ago. Remember, if you please, what then I wrote you, that "by no means, save gentleness, could you bind my heart to yours, even though you confined my poor languishing body for ever within stone walls, for that those of my rank and nature could be cajoled nor forced by any severity whatever."

Your prison, without any right or just cause, has already destroyed my body, the last of which you will soon see, if my captivity endure much longer, and my enemies will have but short time to satisfy their hatred of me. There remains to me only my soul, which is beyond your power to make captive. Give to it then the liberty to seek, a little more freely, its salvation, which now it longs for more than any earthly grandeur. It cannot, I think, satisfy you or be to your honor or advantage, if my enemies crush my life beneath their feet, until I lie suffocated before you; while on the other hand if you release me, in this extremity (although too late), you will greatly oblige me and mine, especially my poor child, whom by so doing you will perhaps bind to yourself. I will never cease to importune you with this request until it be granted, and therefore I beg you to let me know what you intend, having, to please you, waited without complaint for these two years past, ere I renewed the entreaties to which the wretched condition of my health compels me more than you can imagine. Meantime, provide, if you please, for the amelioration of my treatment here. since it is beyond my power to suffer longer; and do not leave it to the discretion of any other than yourself, from whom alone, as I wrote you lately, I wish to receive all the good and evil which

nenceforward I am to have in your country. Do me the favor to write your intentions either to me or to the French ambassador for me, for as to being tied up to what the Earl of Shrewsbury or others may write in your name, I have had too much experience to put my trust in that, their lightest fancy being sufficient warrant for the change of everything about me daily.

Besides, when I lately wrote to members of your council you gave me to understand that I was not to address myself to them but to you only, and it is not reasonable to extend their authority only to do me evil, as in this last restriction of theirs, by which, contrary to your desire, I have most shamefully been dealt with. This gives me every reason to believe that some of my enemies in your counsel have expressly hindered other members thereof from hearing my just complaints, and who either knew not the persistent endeavors of their companions against my life, or had they known them, would have opposed them for your honor's sake and their duty to you.

Finally, I particularly request two things of you: first, that, near as I am to my departure from this world, I may have near me some honorable churchman, who will point out to me daily the way I have to walk, and instruct me to do so according to the rules of my religion, in which I am firmly resolved to live and dic. It is a last duty which should not be refused to the most wretched and miserable being. It is a liberty which you extend to every foreign ambassador, and which all Catholic kings extend to yours. And I have ever forced any of my subjects to do anything contrary to their religion even when I had power and authority so to do? And now in this extremity you cannot act justly and deprive me of this freedom. What advantage could you gain in refusing it? I trust that God will pardon rue, if thus oppressed by you, I render Him the duty I owe only, as is permitted me, in my heart. But you

will set a very bad example to the other princes of Christendom, to use towards their subjects and relatives the same rigor that you exhibit towards me, a sovereign queen, and your nearest kinswoman, in despite of my enemies, as I am and will be so long as I live.

I will not importune you now about the augmentation of my nousehold, of which I shall have no great need during the time I have to live. I only ask of you two chamber-women to take care of me in my illness; protesting before God that they would be extremely necessary were I even a poor creature of the simple people. Grant them to me for the honor of God, and show that my enemics have not credit enough with you to exercise their vengeance and cruelty in a matter of so little consequence, in so simple an office of humanity.

I come now to the accusation of the said Shrewsbury (if accuse me he can), namely, that against my promise given to Beale and without your knowledge, I have negotiated with my son about yielding him the title to the crown of Scotland, after having promised to do nothing without your advice and by one of my subjects, who, in their common voyage should be directed by one of yours. These I believe are the precise terms of the said earl. I would tell you, madam, that Beale never received any simple and absolute promise from me; but several conditional propositions, by which I could not in any way be bound save in the fulfillment of the conditions upon which they were based by me; with which conditions he was so little satisfied, that I have never even had any reply to them, nor in your heart even heard them so much as mentioned since; and, with regard to that, I remember perfectly well, that the Earl of Shrewsbury, last Easter, desiring to draw from me some new confirmation of what I had said to Beale, I explained clearly to him, that it was only in case that the said Both are still living to testify to this before you if they will to speak the truth. Since that, seeing that no answer was made to me, but that, on the contrary, by delays and negligence, my enemies continued more licentiously than ever their intrigues, arranged since Beale's visit to me, to thwart my just intentions in Scotland, as the effect has thoroughly shown, and have thus opened a door for the ruin of my son and myself, I took your silence for refusal and discharged myself by letters express to you and your council of all that I had treated with Beale.

I made you a participant of all that the king, my brother-in-law, and the queen my mother-in-law,* had written to me with their own hands about this affair, and asked your advice about, which is still to come, although by it it was my intention to proceed had you given it me in time, or had you permitted me to send to my son, and assisted me in the overtures I made you about establishing a sound friendship and perfect understanding between this realm for the future. But to oblige me at once to follow your advice before I could know what it was, and in the journey of our people to make mine subject to yours, even in my own country, I was never so simple as even to think of.

And now, if you have known the false play which my enemies have used in Scotland, to bring matters to their present condition,* I leave it to your consideration which of us has proceeded most sincerely. God be judge between them and me, and turn from this island. His just punishment of their demerits. Look once more, at the intelligence that my traitor subjects in Scotland may have given you. You will find, and I will maintain it before all Christian princes, that I have never done anything to your prejudice, nor against the welfare or peace of this kingdom,

[·] Henry III., and Catharine de Medicia.

of which I am no less desirous than any counsellor or subject of yours, having more interest in it than they. It has been suggested to gratify my son with the title and name of king, to assure him of the said title and the rebels' impunity for their all past offences, and so to put all things in a condition of peace and tranquillity for the future, without any innovation whatever. Was that to deprive my on of the crown? My enemies, I believe, do not wish him sure of it, and for that reason are quite content that he should possess it by the illegal violence of certain traitors, foes from of old of our Was it to seek justice for the past deeds of those traitors, justice which my clemency has always surpassed? An evil conscience can never be at rest, carrying, as it does, its chief fear and greatest trouble continually with it. Was it a desire to change the repose of the country?—to procure it by a gentle abolition of all things past and a general reconciliation of our subjects? What is it that my said enemies fear from that as much as they make demonstration of desiring it? What prejudice could be done to you by this? Mark down and cause to be verified what other thing there is if you please; I will answer it on my honor.

Alas, madam, will you let yourself be so blinded by the artifices of my enemies, who (act) only to establish their unjust pretensions to this crown after you, and perhaps against you? You suffer them, you living and seeing them to ruin, and cause cruelly to perish, those who are so near to you in heart and blood! What honor or good can result to you by their keeping my child so long separated from me and both of us from you?

Resume those ancient pledges of your natural goodness, draw your own to you by your kindness: give me this contentment before I die, that, seeing all things settled between us, my soul, freed from the body, may not be compelled to pour out its complaints to God for the wrongs you have suffered to be done to us

here below, but rather, that departing from this captivity in peace and concord with you, I may go to Him whom I pray to inspire you to see my very just and more than reasonable complaints and grievances.

Sheffield, this 8 November,

Your most desolate, nearest cousin,

And affectionate sister,

MARIE R.

To this sad letter there was no reply.



Chapter VII.

Mary's Last Crime

1583-1568.

Lord God the Eternal
My hope is in Thee;
Now, Jesu beloved
Oh liberate me!
From bitterest prison
My sighs have arisen
In anguish to Thee.
With weeping and walling
And lowliest kneeling,
I adore and implore thee
To liberate me!

A FEW more sorrows, a little more lingering apprivity, a new lesson or two of the hollowness of this world's truth and worth, a little more prison-mould to whiten the abundant hair and then that yearning supplication shall be granted. She shall see her son desert her, her servants betray her, new enemies defame, old hatred revive

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against her, the ruin of her health, the destruction of her hopes, the triumph of her persecutors and yet she shall at ast be able to say.

In humble suppliance at Thy throne my Father and my Friend:
Thou who has crowned my youth with hope, my early days in glee,
Give me the eagle's fearless wing, the dove's to mount to Thee!
I lose my foolish hopes on life, its passions and its fears:—
How brief the yearning ecstasies of its young careless years!
I give my heart to earth no more, the grave may clasp me now;
The wind whose tones I loved may play in the dark cypress bough;
The birds, the streams, are eloquent, yet I shall pass away,
And in the light of heaven shake off this cumbrous load of clay,
I shall join the lost, the loved of earth and meet each kindred breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."*

Calumny had not quite done with her, prematurely old as she was, broken-hearted and disappointed in all her affections as she was and physically so reduced that she was obliged to be carried about in a chair. The Countess of Shrewsbury and her two sons, the Cavendishes, diligently spread reports of improper conduct between her and the earl her guardian. She wrote in vain to Elizabeth but could get no redress, and not until the slanders reached Shrews bury's ears were they checked. That nobleman complained to his queen: the countess and her sons were called before that sovereign and then and there acknowledged the malignant falsehood of their assertions.

And then she opened negotiations with her son, employing

and thoroughly confiding in the Master of Gray for the execution. But he, like many an other Scotchman of the time, sold her to England, betrayed all her councils influenced the young prince against her, and at last induced him to write to Elizabeth and declare that he had not formed, nor would form any association with his mother. To that unhappy lady, the unworthy lad declared that he could consent to no partition of the throne, that she was only Queen Dowager of Scotland and must content herself with an empty regal title without any power whatever.

For this dutiful epistle, and as a bribe for future meanness Elizabeth bestowed upon James a pension of £5000.*

The after service was soon performed. A treaty in defence of the Evangelical religion, and for the establishment of mutual amity between the kingdoms was signed. In it was no reference to the Queen of Scotland, to the broken-hearted mother, perishing in her English prison.

All this time every letter written by Mary was carried at once to Cecil or Walsingham. She wrote much, and sent much through de Mauvissière the French ambassador. Cherelles was the name of his secretary, and he, bought by the English ministers, betrayed to them every letter that passed through his hands.‡ By-and-by her own secretaries, Naue and Curle will be set against her; and so the dénouement of the drama will come about.

On the 25th of August, 1584, the Earl of Shrewsbury

^{*} Bobertson, 256. † Labanoff, vl. 883. ‡ Ibid. v. 61; vl. 150, 966.

was replaced temporarily by Sir Ralph Sadler, and finally, April 17, 1585, by Sir Amyas Paulet, a fitting gaoler. He was a stern and even fanatical Puritan; often entering Mary's presence covered and without any respect; a bluff rude man, who was delighted with the severity which he had been enjoined to use towards the papist queen. Let his fitness for his post be judged of from his own letters. On being ordered by Cecil to take good care that the queen should not escape, he says that his guard is too rigorous to fear that, and adds, "Should I be violently attacked, I will be assured by the Grace of God that she shall die before me."*

When ordered to rob her of what money might be found in her possession, he performs his task in the following gentle manner. He was assisted in the pleasing duty by one Mr. Richard Bagott, who thus has purchased for his name, otherwise unnoticeable, a certain share of infa mous immortality.

"The next morning," says Paulet, "we had access to the queen whom we found in bed, troubled, after the old man ner with a defluxion, which was fallen down into the side of her neck and had bereft her of the use of one of her hands; unto whom I declared that upon occasion of her former practices, doubting lest she would persist therein by corrupting underhand some bad members of this state, I was expressly commanded to take her money into my

hands, and to rest answerable for it when it should be required; advising her to deliver the said money unto me with quietness. After many denials, many exclamations, and many bitter words against you (Cecil), (I say nothing of her railing against myself) with flat affirmation that her majesty might have her body, but her heart she never should have, refusing to deliver the keys of her cabinet, I called my servant and sent for bars to break open the door. Whereon she yielded, and causing the door to be opened, I found in the coffers five rolls of canvas containing five thousand French crowns, and two leather bags, whereof the one had in gold, one hundred and four pounds two shillings, and the other had three pounds in silver. which bag of silver was left with her, affirming that she had no more money in the house and was indebted to her servants for their wages. I thank God with all my heart, as for a singular blessing that this falleth out so well."*

Paulet has received a good deal of praise because he refused to assassinate Mary in private when urged by Elizabeth to do so; yet although he would not do that, he was not above the meanness of breaking open all her letters and communicating them to Walsingham and Cecil.

The oppressed and persecuted English Catholics whom Elizabeth was slaughtering by hundreds, were constantly plotting against her and organizing feeble conspiracies. One of these conspiracies was at length made useful in the

destruction of the Scottish queen. Nearly every one of them set forth her deliverance as one of their objects; and whenever a respectable head was found, as in Norfolk's case or in the last fatal case of Babington, she, poor soul, caught at the hope of freedom, and did all she could to promote their efforts for her. That, however, she ever for a moment approved of any plot against Elizabeth's person, there is not the slightest evidence adduced; while every circumstance of this mournful last act of the tragedy proves conclusively the contrary.

In 1584, Francis Throckmorton, a Cheshire gentleman, was executed for having commanded one of these conspiracies, and his case furnished the reason for the formation of an association, the first principle of which, backed as it soon was by an act of parliament, furnished the weapons for the cold-blooded murder of Mary Stuart.

On the 19th of October, 1584, an association was formed, upon the pretence of loyalty towards Elizabeth; really to pave the way for the murder of the Scottish queen. The members were bound by the most solemn oaths "to defend the queen (Elizabeth) against all her enemies foreign and domestic; and if violence should be offered to her life, in order to favor the title of any pretender to the crown, they not only engaged never to allow or acknowledge the person or persons by whom or for whom (!) such a detestable act should be committed, but vowed in the presence of the Eternal God, to prosecute

such person or persons to the death, and to pursue them with their utmost vengeance, to their utter overthrow and extirpation.*

Then followed the act of parliament, 1585. By this, was enacted what we, in these days, can scarcely credit to be possible, so abominable in its injustice; so fiercely bloody and cruel in its indiscriminate murderousness: "That, if any rebellion should be excited in the kingdom or anything attempted to the hurt of her majesty's person, by or for any person pretending a title to the crown, the queen should empower twenty-four persons, by a commission under the great sea, to examine into and pass sentence upon such offences; and that, after judgment given, a proclamation should be issued declaring the persons whom they found guilty excluded from any right to the crown, and her majesty's subjects might lawfully pursue any one of them to their death; and that if any design against the queen's life took effect, the persons by or for whom such a detestable act was executed and their issues, being in any wise assenting or privy to the same, should be disabled forever from pretending to the crown, and be pursued to death in the like manner."

How perfectly plain is all this! If anybody shall plot for Mary Stuart, she and her son shall be punished for it.

It may easily be imagined how this act filled the poor captive's soul with terror. No matter what conspiracy

was set on foot---no matter that she, guarded and espied as she was, might never even have heard of it—yet she was to be the victim of it, if it pleased the conspirators to make use of her name. That is, if you, my chivalric friend, knock a fellow down for insulting a lady, that lady shall be prosecuted for assault and battery. Besides this, Mary the Queen has no trust in her guardians. They have taken from her the haughty noble whose rank and honor were guards at least against assassination, and have replaced him by the fierce fanatic ruffian Sir Amyas Paulet. She is penniless, sick, deserted, broken-hearted, a prisoner. Usquequo, Domine, usquequo!

Everything is now prepared for the judicial assassination of Mary Queen of Scots. Let us try to see exactly how it was brought about. Three parties are necessary for the full completion of the design. 1st. Morgan and Paget, the agents in France for Mary Stuart's dower as Queen Dowager of that realm, her faithful friends and laborious servants, who had always striven, and were still striving, to effect her release. 2d. Anthony Babington and his friends, Catholic conspirators against Queen Elizabeth. 3d. Walsingham. Elizabeth's secretary, and his agents, masters of the position and stage-managers.

Mary had always kept ap a correspondence with Morgan and Paget as to the best means of effecting her liberation and the business matters to which they were attending in France. Much of this correspondence was in cipher.

these letters were carried to Walsingham and deciphered for him by one Phillips, a person adept in such matters.

Anthony Babington, an amiable and accomplished young gentleman, of large fortune, and the head of an ancient Derbyshire family, had been partly brought up by the Archbishop of Glasgow, Mary's ambassador in France, was passionately attached to his religion, and chivalrously devoted to the unfortunate captive princess. To him came Doctor Gifford, Gilbert Gifford, and James (?) Hodgson, English Catholic priests, who had organized a plot against Elizabeth, and who persuaded him to take the leadership of it. He consented, and associated with him Messieura Windsor, Salisbury, Tinley, Tichborne, Gage, Travers, Barnewell, Charnock, Dun, Jones, and Robert Poolly. They opened a correspondence with Morgan and Paget, and through them with the Queen of Scots.

Poolly was already a spy of Walsingham's, and that secretary soon purchased Gilbert Gifford, who sold for English guineas, July 15, 1685, his religion, his honor, his comrades, and the life of Mary.

Now on the caitiff's name

Be everlasting shame

And scorn and good men's hate. Amen, amen?

Every letter was carried at once from Chartley, where the queen now was, to Walsingham. If in cipher, it was submitted to Phillips, who soon translated it.

Next, Naue and Curle, Queen Mary's secretaries, were

purchased, and they did as they were ordered by Walsing ham. That worthy's first attempt was to engage Mary in a correspondence with the conspirators. They succeeded, so far as the regaining of her own liberty was concerned, but remained ignorant of any plans against the person of Elizabeth. Walsingham's plan was as follows:

A brewer in Chartley, who is mentioned in their correspondence as the "honest man," and who carried weekly a load of his nutritive beverage to the castle, was recommended, as a trustworthy messenger, by Walsingham to Gifford, by Gifford to Babington, Paget, and Morgan, and by them to poor trusting Mary. This "honest man" received packets from both parties, and delivered them punctually to Sir Amyas Paulet, who, after they had been deciphered by Phillips, read by Walsingham, and carefully copied, forwarded them to their respective addresses, newly sealed with counterfeited seals.*

Mary wrote two letters to Babington, the second of which † was made the principal testimony against her. There is not one word of hers that goes to show a knowledge of any purpose against Elizabeth. But there are interpolations that can be and were wrested into a proof of such knowledge. The whole letter, with the interpolations and the exposure of the fraud, are to be found in Prince Labanoff ‡ and in my Appendix F. I do not reproduce it, nor touch the argument here, inasmuch as I

consider that Mary would have been perfectly justified in adopting any means in self-defence, and because I wish that this plot had succeeded.

Instead of that, however, it was the plot of Walsingham that was crowned with success. So soon as the secretary supposed that he had accumulated sufficient evidence for his purposes, the conspirators were arrested. Babington and thirteen others were executed; the first seven, among whom were that unfortunate gentleman, Ballard, and Savage, were hanged, cut down before they were dead, embowelled, and then quartered.*

As for Mary, she was carried about from house to house for some days, until all her closets, cabinets, trunks, coffers, and caskets had been rifled of money, papers, and jewels. Then she was taken back to Chartley. The poor thronged round her to receive her usual alms, which sacred duty her sorrows had never caused her to forget; but on this occasion she had to refuse them. She burst into a passion of tears, as she said, "Alas! I have nothing to give you. They have taken all from me, and I am a beggar as well as you." †

When she entered her disordered and rifled apartments, she looked round her with horror for a moment, collected herself, and then, turning to Paulet, with queenly dignity, eaid—

"There are still two things which you, sir, cannot take

[•] Bell, ii. 186.

from me: the royal blood which gives me a right to the succession, and my attachment to the faith of my attachment."*

Naue and Curle were arrested on the 2d of September and their answers on examination not proving satisfactory, they were threatened with the Tower and the torture unless their replies were more accordant with Walsingham's desires.

September 25th, Mary Queen of Scots is carried to her tast earthly prison-house, the Castle of Fotheringay, there to await her trial and its result.†

- * Lingard, vi. 211.
- † The account of Babington's conspiracy is drawn from M. de Chateauncuf's contemporary account; Labanoff, vi. 274; Robertson, 260, 261; Bell, ii. 181-187; Lingard, vi. 199-210; Chalmers, 300-304: Labanoff, vi. 213, 252, 329, 844, 361, 436.



Chapter VIII.

The Grand Commission.

1588.

Mary Stuart now occupied Elizabeth and her council. One or two spoke in her favor, but the stronger ones declared that "her death was indispensably requisite to the establishment of the new religion." The Earl of Leicester wrote from Holland earnestly suggesting the sure process of poison, and sending a reverend divine with the message and with instructions to prove its Christian lawfulness.* But it was finally determined that she should be brought to public trial according to the act of parliament quoted at page 359. The necessary evidence was of course to be produced by Walsingham, who now had the secretaries Curle and Naue prisoners in his house. Here they were constantly beset by urgent requests to betray their mistress.

backed by threats of torture until they were at length happily brought to the desired disposition, as Cecil thought, and were ready "to yield somewhat to confirm their mistress' crimes, if they were persuaded that themselves might scape and the blow fall upon their Mrs. betwixt her head and her shoulders."*

These delicate preliminary measures having been thus arranged, there remained only to prepare the witnesses, appoint the court, and try the accused. Walsingham had copies of all of Queen Mary's letters for the last year or two, and copies of letters being rather pliable material in skillful hands, he did not despair of bending what he had into some shape that might prove mortal.

As for the witnesses it was difficult to manage them. They were a pair of weak pusillanimous scribes whose principal characteristic was a good hand-writing. For some time they refused to say anything about their employment while with their royal mistress, but on being threatened with the Tower and the torture, Naue became terrified and wrote to Elizabeth disclosing all that he knew, "upon his salvation." He said that in Babington's letters to Mary, there was an allusion to Elizabeth's death, but that Mary took no notice of it, because it was a thing which she neither desired nor intended. Finally, immediately after the execution of Babington and his friends, these miserable quill-drivers were brought up before Brom'ey, Cecil and

Hatton, and bullied into some sort of testimony as to Mary's answer to Babington's letter.* They were not shown the letter, nor yet a copy thereof, but simply an "abstract of the principal points therein contained," which abstract they were ordered to testify, fairly exhibited Mary's answer. Whether they did even so much† is unimportant and cannot be discovered now. These were the witnesses.

The grand commission was issued to forty-six peers, privy counsellors and judges, who thus formed the court. Among these judges were Cecil, Paulet, Walsingham, Sadler and other personal enemies of Mary.

The accused was kept in ignorance of all proceedings until October 12th, when thirty-six of the commissioners having arrived at Fotheringay, Sir Walter Mildmay, Sir Edward Barker and Sir Amyas Paulet presented themselves before her and gave her a letter from Elizabeth. This epistle was full of accusations and reproaches, and ended with a command to prepare herself for trial. Mary replied that "she found it very strange that Elizabeth should write in such sort, for it was in the nature of a commandment that she should answer as a subject, but for her part she was born a queen and she would not prejudice her rank or state, nor the blood whereof she was descended, nor her son who was to follow her; nor would she give so prejudicial a precedent to foreign princes, as to come to

[·] See Appendix.

answer as according to the effect of those letters; for her heart was great and could not yield to any affliction." She said further, "that she was ignorant of the laws and statutes of the realm, was destitute of counsel, knew not who her competent peers were; that her papers were all taken from her, and that nobody dared or would speak in her behalf. After all which, she protested that she was innocent, and had not procured nor encouraged any hurt to her majesty."*

With this answer the trio retired, to return again however immediately and press the queen to yield. She simply reiterated her refusal, adding that Elizabeth had said that she, Mary, had enjoyed and was under the protection of the English laws and was therefore subject to and to be tried by them. But to this she replied that "ever since her coming she had been restrained as prisoner, by reason whereof she had enjoyed no protection of the laws of the land nor no benefit thereof."

Then she was informed that if she refused to appear and plead, the Commissio ers would simply proceed to try the cause in her absence, and so condemn her by default. But Mary said, "She was no subject, and would die rather than make herself one." She added, that "she never meant evil to the queen, and was not to be proceeded against, for she was no criminal: furthermore, that if she were to act as a subject now, she might be drawn within the danger of

many other laws and statutes, and namely for matter of religion." Then, with the sad foreboding natural to her position, she told them that she thought their proceedings was "merely formal, for that she was already condemned by them that should try her, and bade them look well to their consciences with regard to God, and to their honors with regard to the world."*

In the night, however, her loneliness and defenceless con dition tempered her high spirit, and her courage somewhat yielded. Besides which, Sir Christopher Hatton's argument that her reputation was at stake, induced her womanly nature to abate somewhat of her resolution. In the morning came another boding growl from the she wolf. "Our pleasure is that you make answer to the nobles and peers of my kingdom, as you would answer to myself if I were present. Therefore I order, charge, and command you to answer to them, for I have heard of your (!) arrogance. But act candidly and you may meet with more favor. Elizabeth."

This last line turned the balance, presenting as it did some little hope; and Mary Stuart consented to appear before the English Commission. On the 14th of October, the Court was opened in the great chamber of Fotheringay Castle. A throne was erected to represent the Majesty of England, and facing it, at the lower end of the room, was 4 chair for the Queen of Scotland.

[·] Labanoff, 44.

There came the defenceless woman alone, to confront the ablest lawyers of England. She was ignorant of all their forms and technicalities—nay, even of their laws; she was refused the assistance of any counsel; she had been nineteen years a prisoner under close espionage; her health was gone. Yet fearlessly she nerved her royal heart to confront that terrible array, and alone and unaided as she was, for two whole days she baffled them. The charge was that she had conspired with foreigners to procure—1. The invasion of the realm. 2. The death of Elizabeth.

The prosecutors told her they had her letters to foreigners and to Babington. She asked for their production, and was refused.

They told her that Naue and Curle had testified against her. She demanded to be confronted with them, and was refused.

Against such abominable injustice, Mary of course protested. She acknowledged that she had corresponded with various persons to obtain her freedom, but earnestly denied having even for one moment wished or encouraged injury to Elizabeth.

Never, in the pomp of her youthful royalty, did she stand before the splendid chivalry of France, or amid the ancient nobles of her own kingdom, with such stately dignity, with such distinguished pride of innocence, as now, in hopelessness and hidden pain, she confronted the ministers of her terrible rival's hatred.

"I have often," she said, "made such efforts for the recovery of my liberty as were natural to a human crea ture. Convinced by the sad experience of so many years, that it was in vain to expect it from the justice or generosity of the Queen of England, I have frequently solicited foreign princes, and called upon all my friends to employ all their interest for my relief. I have likewise endeavored to procure for the English Catholics some mitigation of the rigor with which they are now treated, and if I could hope by my death to deliver them from oppression, am willing to die for their sake. I wish, however, to imitate the example of Esther-rather than that of Judith, and would rather make intercession for my people, than shed the blood of the meanest creature in order to save them. And, worn out as I now am with cares and sufferings, the prospect of a crown is not so inviting to me that I should ruin my soul in order to obtain it. I am no stranger to the feelings of humanity, nor unacquainted with the duties of religion, and I abhor the detestable crime of assassination as equally repugnant to both. And if ever I have given consent by my words, or even by my thoughts, to any attempt against the life of the Queen of England, far from declining the judgment of men, I shall not even pray for the mercy of God."*

But of what avail was this? She had spoken solemn truth when she said that "they had condemned her already." Chateauneuf had demanded counsel for her in the

name of the French King, and was instantly refused by Elizabeth, who told him not to "school her." And so, on the third day, the case was carried to the Star Chamber at Westminster, Mary, however, being kept in her chamber at Fotheringay. Then Naue and Curle were called before the Commissioners, and required to swear to the truth of what Walsingham said was their confession.

But Naue declared, as he always had done, that the principal heads of accusation, by which only could a sentence of condemnation be pronounced, were wholly and absolutely false. Walsingham rose fiercely up, and charged the Secretary with contradicting his former testimony; but Naue steadily maintained his position, and solemnly summoned the Court to answer before God, and all Christian kings and princes, if, on such false charges, they should condemn a queen no less a sovereign than their own."*

Naue vindicated himself after getting out of Walsingham's reach, and Curle made the following declaration on his death-bed: "That upon his hope of salvation, he protested his fidelity and true loyalty ever, to the Queen, his mistress, both living and dead, against the calumnies and imputations put in print. And this he spoke with great asseveration, protesting his innocence even at the last gasp, as he should answer it before the tribunal of the eternal Judge."†

But Mary was "already condemned."

[•] Lingard, vi. 217,

Accordingly, on the 25th day of October, 1586, the grand commissioners declared the absent queen guilty of both charges and pronounced upon her the sentence of death. This was signed by the whole forty-six, although ten of them had not been present at Fotheringay!

A few days later, parliament confirmed the sentence and petitioned Elizabeth for a rapid execution of it. She, with her usual hypocrisy, pretended unwillingness, but they well knew how much of such pretensions to believe. The earnest desire of her whole reign had been to destroy Mary, and now that the gripe of her talons was sure, she would play for awhile with the victim before tearing out its palpitating heart and slaking the burning blood-thirst which consumed her.

Her worthy parliament was quite ready to pander to her hypocrisy, and found it necessary to urge her merciful soul on to the consummation of the sacred deed. The speaker of the house, an individual of the name of Puckering, entreated her to remember that "those who had signed the association were bound by their oath to kill the Queen of Scots. If they should do it without license, they would neur the indignation of her majesty; if they did not do it, they would be perjured and incur the indignation of God!" Oh, he had a rare and delicate conscience, had Puckering Bat has another a nument left if the first should fail:

*No. only the life In the selvation of Elizabeth was at

princess whom God had delivered into her hands to be put to death."* Good Puckering! pious Puckering!

Yet not so pious as godly Sir James Croft, who moved "that some earnest and devout prayer to God, to incline har majesty's heart to grant their petition, might be composed and printed, in order to be used daily in the House of Commons and by its members in their chambers and lodgings."

And when to this, the parliament's petition added that "while Mary was alive there could be no security for the queen's person nor for the preservation of the state religion," how could the pious, pitiful Tudor refuse the prayer of her loving subjects? She did not, long.

On the 19th of November Lord Buckhurst and Beale, clerk of the council, announced to Mary Stuart that she was sentenced to death. She heard it with her usual calm, sweet dignity, and said to them, "After so many sufferings death comes to me as a welcome deliverer. I am proud to think that my life is deemed of importance to the Catholic religion, and as a martyr for it, I am now willing to die."

The special and resident ambassadors of France interceded carnestly with Elizabeth, but were put off with

^{*} Lingari, vi. 219--Note.

[†] Ibid.

Gray to plead for his mother, and that wretched villain, while he openly asked for a remission of the sentence hissed in Elizabeth's willing ear, "Remember that the dead cannot bite!"

So a few more insults to the victim, a little more dallying on the part of Elizabeth, and this most infamous murder shall be wrought. Shortly after the sentence Paulet entered Queen Mary's apartments and ordered her chair of state and canopy to be removed. This done, he put on his hat and sat down. He next ordered her billiard table to be removed, telling her roughly that she had no need of worldly amusements and had better prepare herself for death. She replied that she had never played upon it, since he and his employers had kept her busy in other matters. When they tore down the royal arms of Scotland from the wall, she had the place filled by a crucifix, and said that was far better. Then she went diligently to work to set her house in order, that so she might depart upon the journey from which she would not return.

Meantime, Elizabeth, after vainly attempting to procure her assassination, signs the death-warrant. Still she endeavors to get some of the responsibility off her shoulders; but she finds none of her servants willing to share it. When she hands the signed paper to Davison, one of her secretaries, she accompanies it with words that might mean she did not wish him to use it. He tries to get an absolute direction from her and for a long time fails. At last he asks plainly,

"Does your majesty intend to proceed with the execution or not?"

And the queen howls back to him-

"YEA! BY GOD!"*

· Lingard, vi. 224.



Chapter IX.

Last Words.

1687.

MARY STUART, Queen of Scots, is now condemned to death Awaiting either the fatal warrant from the hand of her "dear sister and cousin," or the secret dagger of some member of the "Association," all of whom are empowered to slay her. Elizabeth prefers assassination. See how she woos Sir Amyas Paulet with dulcet, honeyed words to sully his gentleman's sword with the blood of her muchabused captive and heiress:

"TO MY LOVING AMIAS:

"Amias, my most faithful and careful servant, God reward thee triblefold for the most troublesome charge so well discharged. If you knew, my Amias, how kindly, besides most dutifully, my greatful heart accepts and praiseth your spotless endeavors and faithful actions performed in so dangerous and crafty a charge, it would

you to carry this most instant thought, that I cannot balance in any weight of my judgment the value that I prize you at, and suppose no treasure can countervail such a faith, and shall condemn me in that fault which yet I never committed. If I reward not such desert, yet let me lack when I most need it if I acknowledge not such a merit non omnibus datum."*

What mean all these hollow sugar-plums? this empty, honeyed verbiage? this cold and snaky involution of style? Let Mr. Secretary Walsingham discover the kernel and explain to Paulet the hidden meaning:

"We find, by a speech lately made by her Majesty, that she doth note in you a lack of that care and zeal for her service that she looketh for at your hands, in that you have not in all this time (of yourselves, without other provocation) found out some way to shorten the life of the Queen of Scots, considering the great peril she is subject to so long as the said queen shall live. I pray you let both this and the inclosed be committed to the fire, as your answer shall be, after it has been communicated to her Majesty for her satisfaction."

But Paulet, in reply, bewails the unhappy day "in which he is required, by direction of his most gracious overeign, to do an act which God and the law forbiddeth.

God forbid. should make so foul a shipwreck of my conscience, or leave so great a blot to my poor posterity, as shed blood without law or warrant."*

Such is rough Paulet's answer to the foul proposals of his horrible mistress. She herself must sign the deathwarrant, the blood that spouts from Mary's neck must stain those jewelled fingers crimson for evermore.

Let us go back to the victim, as she sits now face to face with the King of Terrors. Looking beyond him, and through the mists and darkness of the valley of the shadow of death to the breaking dawn of the eternal day, to the golden light that shall envelop her martyr head, to the repose which her earth-wearied heart shall enjoy, even "that rest which remaineth for the people of God."

"With all my heart, madam, do I render thanks to God that He, by means of your commands, hath pleased to put an end to my wearisome pilgrimage of life. I do not wish it prolonged, having already had too much time to learn its bitterness. Only, I implore your Majesty, that as I can expect no favor from the zealous ministers who hold the first places in the English state, I may obtain from you only, and not from others, these following kindnesses:

"First. Since I may not hope for a burial in England according to the Catholic solemnities, practised by the

ancient kings your ancestors and mine; and since in Scotland they have violated and defiled the ashes of my fathers, grant that when my adversaries shall be sullied with my innocent blood, my domestics may bear my body to some consecrated earth to be there entombed; preferably in France, where repose the bones of the queen my most honored mother: so that this poor body, which never knew repose so long as it was united with my soul, may find it at last when separated

"Secondly. Because I fear the tyranny of those into whose power you have abandoned me, I beseech your Majesty that I may not be executed in any hidden place, but in the sight of my domestics and others, who may be witnesses of my faith and of my obedience to the true Church, and who may defend my last hours and my latest sighs from the false reports that my adversaries may circulate.

"In the third place, I request that my domestics, who have served me so faithfully through so much annoyance, may retire freely whither they may desire, and enjoy the modest benefices that my poverty has left them in my will.

"I conjure you, madam, by the blood of Jesus Christ, by our kindred, by the memory of Henry VII. our common father, and by the Title of Queen, which I bear still, even unto death, not to refuse me such reasonable demands, and

to assure me of them by a word from your own hand; and thereupon I will die as I have lived,

"Your affectionate sister and prisoner,

"MARIE, REYNE."

To this letter Elizabeth gives no reply.

On the 23d of November, 1586, the Queen of Scota makes solemn protestation of the faith for which she is about to die:

"IEHSUS MARIA.



"Holy Father: Inasmuch as it has pleased God in His divine providence, to order in his Church, that all those who, under His Son Jesus Christ the Crucified, believe in Him and are baptized in the name of the Holy Trinity, should recognize as mother one universal and Catholic Church, whose commandments, with the ten of the law, must be obeyed under pain of damnation, it is necessary that all who aspire to eternal life should have their eyes fixed thereon;

"Therefore I, born of kings who, like their kindred, were all baptized in that Church even as I was; I who, though unworthy, was called even from the breast to the royal dignity, anointed and consecrated thereto by her authority and her ministers, who was nurtured and

educated under her aisles and in her bosom, and by her instructed in the obedience due from all Christians to him whom she, guided by the Holy Spirit, has chosen according to the ancient decrees and the order of the primitive Church to the Holy Apostolic See (write to you. I recognize you) as our earthly head, to whom Jesus Christ, by his last testament, speaking to St. Peter, the foundation of the Church, the living stone, has given power to bind and loose poor sinners from the bonds of Satan, absolving us, by yourself or your commissioned ministers, from all crimes and sins by us committed and done, if we repent and, as much as lieth in us, make satisfaction for them, after confessing according to the command of the Church.

"I call my Saviour Jesus Christ, the Most Holy Trinity, the glorious Virgin Mary, all the Angels and Archangels, St. Peter the Pastor, my peculiar intercessor and advocate; St. Paul, Apostle to the Gentiles; St. Andrew, and all the Holy Apostles, and generally all the Saints in Paradise, to witness that I have always lived in the Faith of the Universal Church, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman."

After this profession of adherence to her faith, she proceeds to tell that the sentence of death has been read to her; how her prayer for a priest has been refused, and their offer of a minister declined by her. She repeats their declaration that the new religion is unsafe while she lives, and begs his Holiness to order prayers in the various churches for her and for all who may suffer in her cause; entreat

ing him also to befriend, and to incite the Christian monarchs to befriend her servitors. She asks for his general absolution, proclaims her own unworthiness, and declares that only the blood of Christ, interposed between her and the justice of God, can avail to save her soul. She expresses her great willingness to die for her creed, mourns over the defection of her son, and concludes by craving the papal benediction, and by another earnest appeal in behalf of her servants.

To Don Bernard de Mendoza she makes much the same complaints, requests and protestations. One sentence is particularly touching, when we think of the feeling of the writer, a woman, and condemned to death at the moment: "I hear them at work in my hall. I presume that they are erecting the scaffold whereupon I am to perform the last scene of this tragedy."

Her letters to the Duc de Guise, and to the Archbishop of Glasgow, are to the same effect. I will, however, close here her correspondence with her last letter to her murderess, Elizabeth, as noble a production as ever came from any victim's pen. It is written from Fotheringay, December 19, 1586:

"MADAM: Not having been able to obtain permission from those to whom you have, as it were, given me up, to lay before you what I had at heart, as well for my acquittal from any malevolence, cruelty, or hostility against those to

whom I am joined by blood, as also to be able to communi cate charitably with you matters which might serve to your safety and preservation, as well as the maintenance of peace in this island—a matter which could have done no hurt, since it rested with you to have taken or rejected my advice—to have believed or disbelieved my discourse, as you deemed best. I am resolved for the future to strengthen myself in Jesus Christ alone, who, to those that sincerely invoke him in tribulation, never is wanting in justice and consolation, and chiefly at the time when deprived of all human aid they are under His holy protection. To Him be the glory! He has not disappointed my expectation, having given me courage and force in spe contra spem (in hoping against hope) to endure the unjust calumnies, accusations, and contumelies of those who have no such jurisdiction over me, which a constact resolution to suffer death for the maintenance and authority of the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church.

"Now that the final sentence of the states of your realm has been communicated to me on your part—Lords Buckhurst and Beale having warned me to prepare for the close of my long and troublous pilgrimage—I have begged them to thank you on my part for such agreeable news, and to request you to grant me certain points for the discharge of my conscience, in which Lord Paulet has since informed me that you were willing to gratify me, having restored my almoner and the money that was taken from me, assuring

me that the rest would follow. For these favors, I am anxious to return you thanks, and to ask you a further and last favor, which, for several reasons, I wish to make to you I can look for nothing but cruelty from the Puritans, who are now the highest in authority, and the fiercest against me-God knows from what cause! I accuse nobody, but from my heart forgive each, as I hope for forgiveness myself, especially from God. And since I know that you, more than any other, should be touched to the heart by the honor or dishonor of your blood, and of a queen and of the daughter of a king, I beg of you, madam, for the honor of Jesus (to whose Name all powers are obedient) to grant that after my enemies have satiated their savage thirst for my innocent blood, you will allow my poor desolate servants to carry my body to be interred in holy ground, with the bodies of my ancestors in France, and especially of the late Queen my mother. I ask this, considering that in Scotland the bodies of my royal predecessors have been outraged, and the churches demolished and profaned, and that suffering in this country, I cannot find place with your royal predecessors, who are also mine; and what is more, according to our religion, we deem it of importance to be interred in consecrated ground. And since they have told me* that you do not wish in any way to force my conscience nor my religion, and that you have even granted me a priest, I hope you will not refuse me this last request

[•] The worth of their information will seen be seen.

which I make you, permitting at least free sepulture to my body when separated from the soul, since, while they are united, they never obtained liberty to live in repose, though they procured it for you; for which, before God, I do not blame you; but may God enable you to see the truth of all after my death.

"As I fear the secret tyranny of those to whose power you have abandoned me, I entreat you not to allow me to be put to death without your knowledge; not because I fear torture, which I am ready to endure, but on account of the reports that might be circulated unless I suffered in the pressence of witnesses who are beyond suspicion. Such calumnies, I am persuaded, have been circulated respecting others in a different station. I therefore require that my servants should be spectators and witnesses of my end in the faith of my Saviour, and in obedience to his Holy Church; and that afterwards all of them may bear away my body, as secretly as you please, without being deprived of the bequests I have left them, which are far too small for their faithful services. Be pleased to let me send back a jewel which I have received from you, with my last farewell, or sooner if you please. I beg of you, besides, to permit me to send a jewel, a last adieu and my final benediction, to my son, of which he was deprived when you informed me of his refusal to enter into a treaty in which I should be comprehended—by the ill-omened counsel of whom? This last point I leave to your favorable discretion and conscience; as to the others, I require of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, and in respect to our consanguiaity, and for the favor of Henry VII., your grandsire and mine, and by the honor of the dignity which we have held, and by our common sex, that my petition should be granted.

"For the rest, I suppose you very well know that they have removed my canopy of state in your name, and afterwards told me that it was not done by your command, but by the advice of some of your council. I thank God that such cruelty, serving only as a vent for malice, and afflicting me after my death had been determined, has not come from you. I fear that other matters have been similarly managed, since they would not permit me to write to you, until they had, so far as was in their power, degraded me from my royalty and nobility, telling me that I was merely a dead woman, incapable of any dignity. I should wish that all my papers should be presented to you, without alteration, to the end that it might be apparent that is is not the mere care for your safety which prompts my persecutors. If you will grant this, my last request, command that I may see your reply, for otherwise they will dispose of me as they please; and I wish to know your last reply to this my last petition. Finally, I pray the God of Mercy and the just Judge, to illuminate you with the light of His Holy Spirit, and to give me grace to die in perfect charity, as I am disposed to do, pardoning all those who have caused or participated in my death. Such will be my prayer to

the last. I think myself happy in departing from life before the persecution which I see impending over this island,
if God be not more truly feared, and vanity and worldly
policy better regulated and disposed. Accuse me not of
presumption, if, in quitting this world and preparing for a
better, I remind you that one day you will have to answer
for your charge, as well as those who have been sent before
you to their doom; and I desire that you think in time,
that from the first dawn of intelligence, we ought to esteem
our soul above all temporal things, which should yield to
those that are eternal.

- "From Fotheringay, this 19th of Dec., 1586.
- "Your sister and cousin, and wrongfully your prisoner,

 "MARY, THE QUEEN."*

It is said that this letter drew tears from Elizabeth; but, be that as it may it certainly obtained no other notice.

• Labanoff, vl. 45.



Chapter X.

1 he Report of the Executioners

I DESIRE simply to say that in this chapter I will not even refer to any authority which is even slightly favorable to the cause of Mary Stuart, but will merely give an abstract of the report given by the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent, her executioners, to the privy council of her majesty Queen Elizabeth. It will be found in the History of Scotland by her posthumous enemy Doctor Robertson, Harpers' edition of 1855, page 437.

"Upon Tuesday, February 7, we, the earls, came hither, and in presence of her people read to her the proceedings of her majesty's (Elizabeth) commission and bade her prepare herself against the next morning. And to the effect that no Christian duty might be omitted, that might be for her comfort, and tend to the salvation of her body and soul in the world to come, we offered unto her, if it would please her, to confer with the (Protestant) Bishop and Dean of Peterbrough, which Dean we had, for that purpose,

appointed to be lodged within a mile of that place. There upon she replied, crossing herself in the Name of the Father the Son and the Holy Ghost, that she was ready to die in the Catholic Roman faith, which her ancestors had professed and from which she would not be removed. And, albeit we used many persuasions to the contrary, yet we prevailed nothing; and, therefore, when she demanded the admittance of a priest, we utterly denied that to her.

"Touching her body (see her last letters) we knew not her majesty's (Elizabeth's) pleasure, and therefore could neither say that her petition was denied or granted. For the practice of Babington she utterly denied it. Being charged with the depositions of Naué and Curle to prove it against her, she replied that she accused none, but that hereafter, when she shall be dead, and they shall remain alive, it shall be seen how indifferently she was dealt with, and what measures had been used to her.

"We caused all the soldiers to watch all night, and ordered that only four of her servants should be with her at her execution, they remaining aloof and guarded with certain persons, so that they might not come near her.

"On Wednesday morning, when she was ordered to come down stairs, she obeyed, but stopped upon the staircase to say to Andrew Melville, in our hearing, "Melville, thou hast been an honest servant unto me, and I pray thee to continue so towards my son. I have not impugned his religion nor the religion of others, but wish him well. And

would that he should also: beseeching God that he would send him His Holy Spirit and illuminate him. Melville's answer was that he would do so, and at that instant would beseech God for His Holy Spirit to assist him. Then she demanded to speak with her priest, which was denied her, the rather that she came with a superstitious pair of beads and a crucifix.

"After she came to the scaffold, the Dean of Peterborough, according to a direction that he had received the night before, would have made a godly admonition to her to repent and die well in the fear of God and in charity to the world. (She refused to hear his admonition), and, thereupon, to the intent that it might appear that we and the whole assembly had a Christian desire that she might die well, a godly prayer, conceived by the dean, was read and pronounced by us all, whereof we can show your lordships a copy.

"This done, she pronounced a prayer upon her knees to this effect:—To be seech God to send her His Holy Spirit, and that she trusted to receive her salvation in His blood, and of His grace, to be received into His kingdom. She be sought God to forgive her enemies as she forgave them: to turn His wrath from this land; to bless her majesty (Elizabeth) that she might serve Him. Likewise to be merciful to her son; to have compassion on His church, and, although, she was not worthy to be heard, yet she had

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confidence in His mercy, and prayed all the saints to pray unto the Saviour to receive her. After this, turning to her servants she desired them to pray that her Saviour would receive her.

"Then upon petition made by her executioners she pardoned them, and said she was glad that the end of all her sorrows were so near. Then she disliked the whining and weeping of her women, saying that they ought to thank God for her resolution, and kissing them, willed them to depart from the scaffold; and so, farewell."

"And so, resolutely kneeling down, laid her neck upon the scaffold, and so the execution proceeded."

This is the substance of the report.



Chapter XI.

The Eighth of February.

1587.

On the 7th of February, in the year of our Lord 1587, the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent, with Andrews, Sheriff of Nottinghamshire, arrived at the Castle of Fotheringay and demanded access to the presence of Mary Queen of Scots.

That lady was in bed, but instantly rose, clad herself and ordered the gentlemen to be admitted. Lord Shrewsbury entered first, uncovered, and at his command, Mr. Secretary Beale read the death-warrant. Mary made the sign of the cross, bade them welcome and thanked them for their message. She told them how glad she was to be released from her many bitter sorrows, and laying her hand upon the Holy Gospels, called their inspirer to witness that she was guiltless of any attempt upon the life of the Queen of England.

The Earl of Kent was kind enough to observe, "That book is a Popish Testament, and of course the oath is of no value."

"It is a Catholic Testament," said the lady, gently, "and on that account *I* prize it the more; and therefore, according to your own reasoning, you ought to judge my oath the more satisfactory."

His lordship then recommended to her to renounce her Papistical superstitions; but she declined to do so.

Then she asked for her chaplain the Abbé Le Préau, but Kent told her "that to grant such a request would be contrary to the law of God, and would endanger the safety both of the bodies and souls of the commissioners."

After some conversation, she asked when she was to suffer, and was told, "At eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

When the gentlemen retired, her attendants, whom she had requested to be present, burst into a passion of tears; but she bade them to be still. "This is not a time to weep," she said, "but to rejoice. In a few hours you will see the end of my misfortunes. My enemies may now say what they please; but the Earl of Kent has betrayed the secret, that my religion is the real cause of my death. Be then resigned, and leave me to my devotions."

The earl had said to her, "Madam, your death will be the life of our religion, as your life would be its death."

Some hours she passed with God in prayer, and then at

supper-time came out. She ate lightly, and drank a glass of wine to the health of her servitors, who threw themselves upon their knees and pledged her back, while the great irrepressible tears burst from their eyes and dropped in the crimson wine. Then she humbly begged their forgiveness if she had ever spoken or acted unkindly, and pardoned them for any possible shortcoming of theirs. Then she wrote to Henry of France and to the Duke of Guise, begging them to be kind to these faithful, loving hearts, who clung to her in this last extremity; and to Le Préau, her chaplain, to moan that she was not allowed to see him in this awful hour, to make protestation of her firmness in the faith, to tell him how much she suffered because he could not be nigh her to give her the last sacraments of her religion, and the last consolations that the ministers of God's Gospel of pity are commissioned to give to the dying sinner, who seeks him with such humble love and trust as Mary Stuart did.

"Oh, father," she pleads, "pray with me and watch with me this night, for the satisfaction of my sins, and send me your absolution. I will try to see you in their presence, and, if I be allowed, will demand your benediction on my knees. Tell me the best prayers for to-night and to-morrow, for my time on earth is short."*

Then through the long night, with the sound of the hammer on her scaffold ringing from the next room, she

knelt before the agonized figure of her dear crucified Redeemer. She read the divine history of his sacred passion; she read a sermon on the subject of the penitent thief; she drew from the bleeding lips of the five wounds of Jesus the blood of remission and the waters of consolation; and her saintly soul grew strong within her, and leaping, with the renewed strength of God's pardon, up from the sorrowful earth, found rest and refreshment already on the bosom of that dear Lord who died for her.

At four in the morning she lay down upon her bed, but not to sleep. Her attendants, looking on her steadfastly, saw, through the mist of their tears, that her lips were moving in incessant prayer.

Oh, did through those moments of repose, did the smile of her mother reappear? did her glad, sweet youth in loving France come back? did she see the sunny skies or the purple bloom of the vineyards? was the pomp of her young royalty visible? was the shadow of her yearning human love between her heart and heaven? I fancy not; I think that she but heard the choirs on high, saw but the crown eternal, but the unfading palm-branch, but the blue rushing of the stream of life that floweth from the throne of God and of the Lamb.

At day-break she arose, called her small household round her, and once more bade them farewell: read to them her last will: gave them her money and apparel, kissed the wild bobbing women, and gave her hand to the strong men, who bowed down over it and wept bitterly. Then she went to her oratory, and they knelt, crying, behind her.

There Kent, and Shrewsbury, and Sheriff Andrews, found her. Thence she arose, and taking the crucifix from the altar in her right hand, and her prayer-book in her left, she followed them. Her servants forbidden to follow her, knelt for her benediction. She gave it and passed on. Then the door closed and the wild wail of their loving agony arose and shook the hall.

Besides what the Commissioners reported, she said to Melville: "Pray for your mistress and your queen?" She begged that her women might attend her to disrobe her, and the Earl of Kent refused her.

"My lord," she said, "your mistress, being a maiden queen, will vouchsafe, in regard to womanhood, that I have some of my own women about me at my death."

Kent gave no answer, and she said:

"You might, I think, grant me a far greater courtesy were I a woman of lesser calling than the Queen of Scots."

No answer still. And then-

"My lords, I am a cousin of your queen, a descendant of the blood royal of Henry the Seventh; a married Queen of France, and the anointed Queen of Scotland."

Then they allowed Jane Kennedy and Mistress Curle to wait on her.

She wore her richest royal robes as she walked to the scaffold, and approached it with the graceful majesty that ever distinguished her. Then Dr. Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough, began to preach, exhorting her to forsake that creed "in the which continuing she must be damned." This he repeated, with the delicacy and delight in damning their fellow-beings which characterize such persons. Mary begged him not to trouble himself or her. On his persisting, she turned away from him. He walked round the scaffold, confronted her, and began again. Then the Earl of Shrewsbury commanded him to stop preaching and begin to pray; a command which the worthy divine instantly obeyed. But, meantime, Mary was repeating in Latin the Psalms for the dying. Then she knelt down and prayed for her son and for Elizabeth; for Scotland, her enemies, and herself; and holding up the image of her suffering Saviour, she cried out: "As Thy arms, O my God, were stretched out upon the Cross, so receive me into the embrace of their mercy, and forgive me all my sins."

"Madam," cried courteous Kent, "you had better leave such Popish trumperies and bear Him in your heart."

And Mary answered: "Were He not already in my heart. His image would not be in my hands."

Then they bound a gold-edged handkerchief over her eyes, and she saying, "Oh, Lord! into Thy hands I command my spirit," knelt down.

At the first blow, the executioner split the lower part of her skull; at the second, he cut deeply into her neck; at the third, he severed her head from her body and holding t up by the long grey hair, he said:

"God save Queen Elizabeth!"

The people sobbed and wept.

"So perish all her enemies," said the Dean of Peterborough.

And the people sobbed and wept.

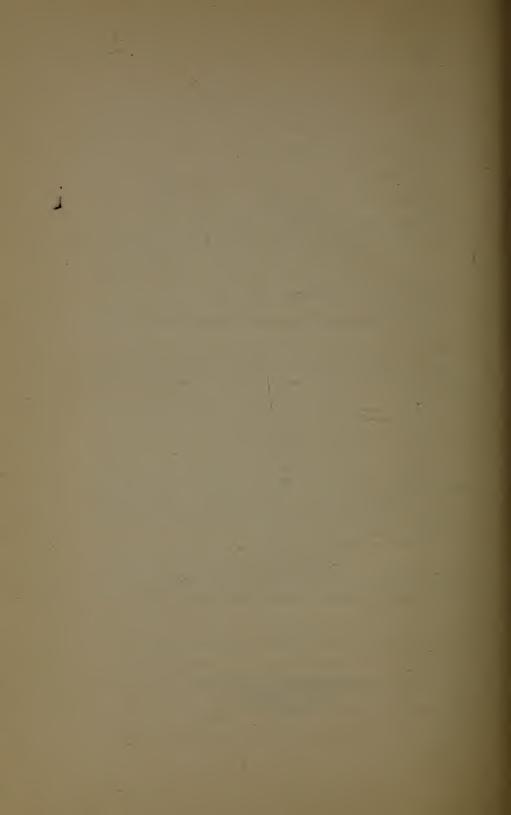
"So perish all the enemies of the Gospel," cried the Earl of Kent.

And the people sobbed and wept; but no man said "Amen!"*

Her body was embalmed, and buried in Peterborough Cathedral. Her son removed it to Westminster, where it sleeps now.

Robertson, 270-273; Lingard, vi. 225-231; Labanoff, vi. 483, 491-497; Beil,
 197-211; Chalmers, i. 819-332; Tytler, ii. 341-353; Abbott, 275-283.





APPENDIX.

A.

See pages 83, 148, 159, 163, 187, 190.

Extracts from George Buchannan's Epithalamium on the marriage of Francis and Mary. First addressing Francis he says:

- "If matchless beauty your nice fancy move,
 Behold an object worthy of your love;
 How loftily her stately front doth rise,
 What gentle lightning flashes from her eyes,
 What awful majesty her carriage bears,
 Maturely grave even in her tender years.
- "Thus outwardly adorned, her sacred mind
 In purest qualities comes not behind;
 Her nature has the seeds of virtue sown,
 By moral precepts to perfection grown:
 Her wisdom doth all vicious weeds control,
 Such power has right instruction on the soul.
- "Are you ambitious of an ancient line
 Where heralds makes the pompous branches shine?

She can a hundred monarchs reckon o er,
Who in unbroken race the Scotian sceptre bore.
"Hymen is come, with him the happy day,
So long expected, chases night away;
You've got, most noble Dauphin, your desire,
What more could heaven bestow or man require!

Indulgently the favoring powers above
Gave you at home an object of your love;
That passion which with infancy began,
Took firmer root as you advanced to man.
You by no proxy, as most monarchs, wooed,
Nor feared deceitful envoys should delude.
Your own fond eyes the peerless nymph survey.
A constant witness what she did or said,
Your passion sprung not from her wealth or stee.
But from a virtue than her sex more great;
From piercing wit in her which early shined,
And bashful modesty with sceptres joined,
Features divine, no coldly pictured grace,
But life-like conjuring beauty in the face."

And then to the regal bride:

"But let not fond regrets disturb your mind,
Your country and your mother left behind!
This is your country too; what wealth of friends.
What kindred on your nuptial pomp attends!
All are alike to you where'er you tread,
The mighty living and the mighty dead;

And one awaits you, dear beyond the rest,
Smiles on his lips and rapture in his breast;
The eldest, gentlest of the royal line,
Linked in fraternal fellowship with thine,
But shortly he will be to you above
A brother or a mother's holy love.

"Grant me ye destinies to live so long,

Till France and Scotland's union be my sorg;

An union which way time and death defy,

And with the stars have co-eternity."

And this peem is by the author of the infamous

(B.)—See page 85.

TRE WAKEMANITES.

REDDA WAXEMAN, who gave her name to this sect of fanatics, was of Connecticut; a poor, uneducated, but ambitious and shrewd woman. Brought by poverty to a near relationship with the streets, which she trod in daily pilgrimage in search of food and raiment, she conceived the idea of self-aggrandizement, to result from the fallacies of others less strongly-minded, but equally as ignorant as herself. Assuming the garb of religion, she sought the privilege of praying with the sick. This in some instances accorded her, she took the advantage of it; in her incapacity to convict, she confused the minds of the invalids who listened to her. Enchantment and the virtues of hemlock in the art of saving, afforded her abundant themes, and by long suffering she not only convinced herself of the truth of what she preached, but obtained a few converts. A man named Sly, a few relatives and somewhere about a dozen outsiders, meeting in solemn conclave, after prayer and the reading of the Scriptures, actually certified that the Angel or God was seen to descend on her, and they at once dubbed her a "prophetess." We next find her preaching to the faithful few, her discourses being invariably based upon the one text from the 14th verse of the 2d chapter of Hebrews.

Time passed on, and proselytes flocked in. Thus established,

she pursued her course of money-making, drawing upon the pockets of her fanatical followers, until she capped the climax by accusing one Amos Hunt of bewitching her. Thus she collected five hundred dollars. So far had she now possessed herself of the minds of her adherents, that at her will means were taken to crush the evil spirit, said to be this Amos Hunt, whose surviving was an hindrance to her schemes. Justus Williams, too, had come under her wrath, and he became the first victim of their fanatical zeal. The whipping with peeled witch-willow sticks, the killing by cutting the throat we pass over, remarking only on the supposed power of the Prophetess exemplified by stabbing the form of the cross on the body of deceased. Charles Sandford, another of this precious crew, followed with his deeds, and as the blood flowed from the wounds he inflicted on his two victims, Messrs. Umderfield and Sperry, he stood over their corpses and gloated in the cry of "blood, blood, how bright it seems, and how easy it flows. would not have blood for the redemption of man?"

The prayers of these fanatics, offered up in regard to Amos Hunt, shows the animus that promoted them. It reiterated the charges of anti-Christian possession, and prayed God to relieve the world by putting a curse on this man. "When he dies," said the prophetess, "the world will be redeemed, and I shall lead my followers to the glory of the future."

This is a noticeable case of the results following this class of disease. It presents more features of the brutal insensibility caused by misplaced zeal, than can be found in recent relations of life.

One chief idea in this creed was, the necessity of murdering somebody for the advancement of religion.

(C.)—See page 101.

DE SEATON, le 5 janvier, 1561-63.

RICHT excellent, right heich, and michtie Princesse, owr dearest sister and cousine, we grete yow wele. Quharas, by your letters of the 23th of november, we understand that, for owr answer gevin to sir Peter Mawtas, as he has reported it, ye se na caus to be thairin sa wele satisfeit as ye luikit for, we can nocht wele imagyn quhat lack culd be fund thairin: far as our meanyng in the self is, and hes ben sincere, just and upright, sa in the uttering of owr mynd to him, we sa temperat owr answer, as we thocht mycht wele stand with zowr contentment, and quietnes of ws baith: and to that end wissit that the treaty quhilk ze require to be ratefyit, might be revewed by some commissioners sufficiently authorizat on baith parties; quharanto ze have in zour letter apponit sic ane just and necessarie consideratioun, that the warld sall nocht, by oure dealing, be oppin assemblee of ambassadours, take occasioun to judge that thamytie is nocht sound, bot in some poyntts shakin or crasit. As we nocht onlie do wele allow, bot alsua takis the same for a plane declaratioun of zour gude mynd and ane infallible takin of zour naturall gude luifment towert ws. And thairfore quhair se think it bettir that we suld communicate athir prevelie to zour servand, Thomas Randolphe, or rather be oure own letters to zou, quhat be the very just causes that move us thus to stay in

the ratificatioun: we do willinglie embrace that same rather, and presentlie meane so plaine to utter oure mynd unto you, as ze sall wele persave the memory of all former strange accidentis is clene extinguissit upoun oure part, and that now, without any reservatioun we deale franchlie with zou, in sic sort as is convenient for tua sisters, professing sic firm amitie to treate togidder. We lei. at this time to tweche in quhat time that the treaty wus past, be quhais commandment, quhat ministeris, how thay war authorizat; or particularlie to examyn the sufficiency of thair comissioun; quhilkies heides are not so slender, bot the leist of tham is worthy of sum consideratioun: onlie will we presentlie tweche that hede, quhilk is mete for us to provide, and that quhilk on zour part is nocht inconvenient, but sic as in honour, justice and reason ze may wele allow. How prejudiciall that treatie is to sic title and interes as be birth and naturall discente of zour awin linage may fall to us, be veray inspectioun of the treaty itself ze may easelie persave; and how slenderlie a matter of sa greit consequence is wrappit up in obscure termis. We know how neir we ar discendid of the blude of Ingland, and quhat devisis has been attempt to make us, as it wer, a strangear from it. We traist, being so neir zour cousine, ze wald be laith we sould ressave so manifest ane injurie, as awnterlie to be debarrit from that title, quhilk in possibilitie may fall unto us. We wil deale franclile with zou, and wiss that ze deale freudlie with us; we will have at this presentt na juge of the equitie of oure demand, but zour self. Gif we had sic a mater to treat with any uther prince, thair is na persoun quhais avise we wald rather follow: sa greit a count do we make of zour amytie towert us, and sic a opinion have we conceyvit of zour uprightness in judgment, that althot the mater partlie tweche zour self, we dar aventure to put mekle in zour handes. We will require nathing of you, bot that quhilk we could wele fynd in oure hart to grant unto you, gif the like caise wer ours.

For that treatie, insafer as conceernis us, we can be content to do all that of reasoun may be requirit of us, or rather to entre into a new of sic substance, as may stand without oure awin prejudice, in favouris of you and the lawchfull of zour body; providit alvayes that oure interest to that crown, failzeing of zour self and the lawchfull ishe of zour body, may thairwithall be put in gude suretie, with al circumstances necessar and in forme requisit quhilk mater being anys in this sort knyt up betwix us, and be the meanes thairof the haill sede of dissentioun taken up by the rute, we doubt nocht bot herefter oure behavour togidder in all respectissall represent to the warld als greit and firm amytie, betwix quhatsamever cupple of dearest frendis mentionat in thame,—lat be to surpass the present examplis of oure awin age—to the greit confort of oure subjects, and perpetuall quietness of baith the realmes quhilkies we ar bund in the sicht of God be all gude meanys to procure.

We leif to zour awn consideratioun quhat reasonis we mycht allege to confirme the equitie of our demand, and quhat is prohable that utheris wald alledge, gif they wer in oure place, quhilkies we pas over with silence. Ze see quhat abundance of luif nature hes wrocht in oure harte towartis you, quhairby we ar movit rather to admit sumthing that uthers perchance wald esteme to be an inconvenient, then leif ony rute of breache; and to set aside the maner of treating accustomat amanges utheris princes, leving all ceremonys, to propone and utter the boddum of oure mynd nakitlie without ony circumstances; quhilk fassioun of deling ir our opinioun deservis to be answerit in the like franknes. Gif God will graunt ane gude occasioun that we may mete togidder, quhilk we wyss may be sone, we traist ze sall mair cherelie persave the sinceritie of oure gude meanying than we can express be writing. In the meane season we desire zou hartelye, as ze terme us zour gude sister, sa ymagin with zour self, that we ar sa in effect; and that ze may luke for na les assurit and firme amytie at our handes, than we war zour naturall sister in deid; quhairof ze sall fra tyme to tyme have gude experience, sa lang as it sall pleis zou to continew on zour part the gude intelligence begun betwix us. And thus richt excellent, richt heigh and michtie Princesse, oure deirest sister and cousine, we commit zou to the tuitioun of the Almichty.

Geven under owre signet, at Sayton, the fift day of januar, and of oure reigne the twenty zere 1561.

Zour gud sister and loving cousign,

MARIE R.

Au dos: To the richt excellent, right heich and michty Princesses our dearest sistee and cousin THE QUENE OF INGLAND.

* Labored L 198.

(D.) -- Hee page 214.

Part of N. Hubert's, or French Paris's, confession concerning the above letter:

Interrogné quant premierement il entra en credit avec la Royne? Resp.—Que ce fust comme la Royne fust à Kalendar, allant Glasgow; qu'allors elle lui bailla une bourse la, ou il avoit envyron ou 3 ou 200 escus, pour la porter à Monsieur de Boduel; lequel aprez avoir reçén la dicte hourse sur le chemin entre Kalendar et Glasgow, lui dict que le dict Paris s'en alla avec la Royne, et qu'il se itat pres d'elle, et qu'il regardast bien à ce qu'elle feroit, lui disant que la Royne luy donnerait des letters pour les lui porter. La Royne estant arrevée à Glasgow luy dict, je t'envoyra à Lislebourg (i. e. Edingburgh) tient toy prest; et ayant demeuré là deux iours avec lad. dame, laquelle escript des lettres et à luy les bailla, dysant, Vous dires de bouche à Moursieur de Bonduel qu'il baille ces lettres qui s'addressent à Monsieur de Lethington à luy mesme. et qu'il parle à luy, & voyez les parler ensemble, & regardes la fasson de faire, & quelle miene ilz feront, car c'est ce, disoit elle, pour sçavoir, lequell est meilleur, pour loger le Roye à Craig millar, ou à Kirk-a-field afin d'avoyr bon air. Estant led. Paris arryve à Lislebourg, trouve led. de Boduel en son logis à l'Abbay. lequel lui dist, Ha Paris, tu es le bien verue. Mousieur, dict-il, voici des lettres que la Royne vous envoye & avari ? Vacaiou de

Liddington, vous priant de les luy delivrer, & que, je vous vis parler ensemble pour veoir votre fasson de faire, et comment vous accordiez ensemble. Fort-bien, dit-il car j'ay ce jourd'huy parlé à luy, et luy a donne une haquierre. Le lendemain led. Paris dict, qu'il vint au logis dud. Boduel par trois fois le chercher, à 8, 9, & 10 heures, & ne sceut jamais trouver; & l'ayant cherché il voit venir une troupe de gens de vers le Kirk-de-Field, là ou estoit led. Sieur ooduct et Monsieur Jacques Balfour, costé à costé ensemble, les quefles s'en allerent disner au logis dud. Monsieur, Jacques. Led. Caris pria Monsieur de Boduel de la despecher vers la Royne. Apres atsner, dit-il je le feray; et quant-il retourna querir sa despeche apres disner, il trouva le Sieur de Boduel & led. M. Jacques seurs teste à teste en une chambre, & led. Sièur de Boduel qui escrivit de sa propre main, et apres avoir faict, il dict à Paris. Voyla la response; retourne t'en à la Koyne, et me recommandes bien humblement à sa bonne grace, & lui dictez que tout ira bien, Car Monsieur Jacques, Balfour, & moy n'avons dormits toute la nuit ains avons mis ordre en toute, & avons apresté le logis. Et dites à la Royne, que je luy envoye ce diamant que tu luy porteras & que si j'avois mon cœur, je le luy envoyerois tres volontiers, mais je ne l'ay pas moy. Va t'en à Mons. de Liddington, et luy demandez, s'il veult rescrie à la Royne; ce que led. Paris faicte & le trouve à la chambres des comptes & luy demande s'il plaisoit rendre la response aux lettres de la Royne, que Monsieur de Boduel lui avoit baillées. Oui, dit-il à la dessus ill prend du papier incontinent, et escript & quant faict, led. Paris lui dict que la Royne l'avoit commandé de luy demander lequel de deux logis seroit le meilleur pour le Roy car elle ne bougera de là jusques à ce qu'il auroyst rapporté sa responce. Led. Liddington lui respondit, que le Kirk-de-Field seroit bon, & led. Sieur de Boduel et lui avoient advisé ensemble là dessus, ainsi led. Paris partit pour s'en aller à Glascow vers la Royne, et estant de retour à Lislebourg, & avoir faict son message qui lui estoit donne desd. Seig. de bouche, a Royne lui demande, s'il avoict veu parler Mess. de Boduell & Liddington ensemble.

(E.) -See page 297.

MARGARET COUNTESS OF LENNOX TO MARY QUEEN OF SCOTTS.

November, 1575.

It may please your Majesty, I have received your token, and mind both by your letter and other ways, much to my comfort, specially perceiving what zealous natural care your Majesty hath of our sweet and peerless jewel* in Scotland. I have been no less fearful and careful as your Majesty of him, that the wicked Governor † should not have power to do ill to his person, whom God preserve from his enemies! Nothing I neglected; but presently upon the receipt of your Majesty's, the Court being far off, I sent one trusty, who hath done so much as if I myself had been there, both to understand the part and for prevention of evil to come; he hath dealt with such as both may and will have regard to our jewel's preservation, and will use a bridle to the wicked when need require.

I beseech your Majesty, fear not, but trust in God that all shall be well; the treachery of your traitors is known better than before. I shall always play my part to your Majesty's content, willing God, so as may tend to both our comforts. And now must I yield your Majesty my most humble thanks for your good remem

brances and bounty to our little daughter here, who some day may serve your highness, Almighty God grant, and to your Majesty long and happy life. Hackney, this VIth of November.

Before the Countess signs the letter, her daughter-inlaw, Lady Elizabeth Lennox, inserts the following lines to her royal sister-in-law:

I most humbly thank your Majesty that it pleased your highness to remember me, your poor servant, both with a token and in my Lady Grace's letter, which is not little to my comfort. I can but wish and pray God for your Majesty's long and happy estate, till time I may do your Majesty's better service, which I think long to do; and shall always be as ready thereto as any servant your Majesty hath, according as in duty I am bound. I beseech your highness, pardon these rude lines, and accept the good heart of the writer, who loves and honors your Majesty unfeignedly.

Your Majesty's most humble and lowly servant during life,

E. LENNOX.

Then follows the signature of Darnley's mother, who subscribes herself, "Your Majesty's most humble and loving mother and aunt,—M. S."

Indorsed—"My Lady's Grace the Countess of Lennox to the Queen of Scotts."

This letter is from Darnley's mother, who although persuaded by Morton to join her husband in the accusation of the Queen, soon saw her innocence, and with humble love acknowledged it.

(F.)

MARIE STUART À ANTOINE BABINGTON.

Le 17 juillet 1586.

Féal et bein aymè, suyvant le zèle et entière affection dont j'ay remarqué qu'avez esté poussés en ce qui concerne la cause commune de la relligion et de la mienne aussy en particulier, j'ay tousjours faict estat et fondement de vous, comme d'ung principal et très digne instrument pour estre employé et en l'ung et en l'aultre. Ce ne m'a esté moindre consolation d'avoir esté adverty de vostre estat, comme vous l'avez faict par voz dernières lettres, et trouvé moyen de renouveller noz intelligences, que j'estoys auparavant contristée pour me trouver sans l'ung et sans l'aultre. Je vous prie doncq m'escrire à l'advenir, le plus souvant que pourrez, de toutes les occurrences que jugerez importer aulcunement le bien de mes affaires, comme, de ma part, je ne fauldray aussy de tenir pareille correspondence avecq vous, le plus soigneusement et avecq toute la dilligence qui me sera possible.

Je ne puis que louer, pour plusieurs grandes et importantes considérations, qui seroient icy trop longues à réciter, le désir que vous avez en général d'empescher de bonne heure les desseings de noz ennemys qui taschent d'abolir nostre relligion en ce royaulme, en nous ruynant tous ensemble. Car j'ay dès longtemps remonstré aux aultres princes catholiques estrangers, et l'expérience le confirme, que, tant plus nous differons d'y mettre la main des deux costés, tant plus grand advantage nous donnons à nos adversayres

de se prévaloyr contre lesdits princes, comme ilz ont faict contre le Roy d'Espaigne; et ce pendant les catholiques d'icy, demeurant exposés à toutes sortes de persécutions et de cruaultés, diminuent de plus en plus de nombre, de forces et de moyens. Tellement que je crains fort que, si l'on n'y remédie de bonne heure, ilz seront réduicts en tel estat qu'il ne leur sera jamais plus possible de se remettre sus ny de s'ayder d'aulcun secours qu'on leur pourra cy après prêter.

Quant à mon particulier, je vous prie d'asseurer noz principaux amys que, quand bien je n'auroys aulcun intérest pour moy mesmes en ceste affaire (car je n'estime ce que je peus prétendre que bien peu au prix du bien publicq de cest estat), je seray tousjours preste et très affectionnée à y employer ma vie et tout ce que j'ay ou pourray avoir de plus en ce monde.

Or, pour donner ung bon fondement à ceste entreprinse, afin de la pouvoir conduyre à ung heureuz succez, il fault que vous considériez, de point en point, quel nombre de gens, tant de pied que de cheval, pourrez lever entre tous, et quels capitaynes vous leur donnerez en chasque comté, en cas qu'on ne puisse avoir ung général en chef; de quelles villes, ports et havres vous vous tenez asseurez, tant vers le nord qu'aux pays de l'ouest et du sud, pour y recevoir secours des Pays-Bas, de France et d'Espaigne; quel endroict vous estimés le plus propre et advantageux pour le rendezvous de toutes voz forces, et de quel costé estes d'advis qu'il fauldra puis après marcher; quel nombre de forces estrangières, tant de pied que de cheval, voudres-vous demander (lesquelles il fauldra proportionner suyvant le nombre des vostres propres), et pour combien de temps payées; ensemble les munitions et havres les plus commodes, pour leur descente en ce royaume, des trois endroicts que dessus; la quantité d'armes et d'argent dont il vous fauldra pourvoir en cas que n'en ayez des vostres; [comment les six gentilshommes sont délibérez de procéder;] et le moyen qu'il fauldra aussi prendre pour me délivrer de ceste prison.

Ayant prins une bonne résolution entre vous mesmes (qui estes les principaux instruments, et le moings en nombre qu'il vous sers

possible) sur toutes ces particularitez, je suis d'advis que la communiquiez en toute diligence à Bernardino de Mendoza, ambassadeur ordinaire du Roy d'Espaigne en France, lequel, oultre l'expérience qu'il a de l'estat des affaires de par deçà, ne fauldra, je vous puis asseurer, de s'y employer de tout son pouvoir. J'auray soing de l'advertir de ceste affaire et de la luy recommander bien instamment, comme aussy à tels aultres que je trouveray estre nécessaire. Mais il fault que fassiez choiz bien à propos de quelque personnage secret et fidèle pour manier ceste affaire avecq Mendoza et aultres hors du royaume, duquel seul vous vous puissiés tous fier, afin que ladicte négociation soyt tenue tant plus secrète; ce que je vous recommande sur toutes choses pour vostre proper seureté. vostre messagier* vous rapporte une responce bien fondée et certaine asseurance du secours que demandez, vous pourrés alors donner ordre (mais non devant, car ce seroyt en vain) que tous ceux de vostre party par deçà facent provision, le plus secrettement qu'il sera possible, d'armes, bons chevaux et argent comptant, pour estre prests à marcher avec tout cest ecquipaige aussytost qu'ilz seront mandé par leurs chefs et conducteurs en chasque comté. Et, à fin de tant mieulx pallier cest affayre (communiquant seulement aux principaux le fondement de l'entreprinse), il suffira, pour ung commencement, que donniez seulement à entendre aux aultres que tous ces aprests ne se font à aultre fin que pour vous fortifier entre vous mesmes, si la nécessité le requeroyt, contre les puritains de ce royaulme, dont les principaux, commandant ès Pays-Bas, avecq les meilleures forces de ce dict royaume, auroyent entreprins (comme vous en pourrés faire courir le bruict) d'exterminer à leur retour tous les catholiques et d'usurper la couronne, non seulement contre moy mesmes et les aultres quy y ont légitime prétension, mais, qui plus est, contre leur propre Royne qui rigne à présent, si elle ne vouldra consentir de se laisser entièrement gouverner a leur appétit. Ces plainctes pourront servir fort à propos pour fonder et establir une assotiation et confédération générale entre

vous tous, comme pour vostre juste dessense et conservation de vostre relligion, vies, terres et possessions, contre l'oppression et entreprinses desdits puritains, sans rien toucher directement par escript, rien qui puisse estre au préjudice de la Royne; à la préservation de laquelle et de ses légitimes héritiers (ne faisant toutesfois en ce point aucune mention de moy) vous ferez plustost semblant d'estre très affectionnez. Ces choses estant ainsy préparées, et les forces, tant dedans que dehors le royaulme, toutes prestes, il fauldra [abors mettre les six gentilshommes en besoigne et] donner ordre que [leur desseing estant effectué,] je puisse, quant et quant, estre tirée hors d'icy, et que toutes voz forces soynt en ung mesmes temps en campaigne pour me recevoir pendant qu'on attendra le secours estranger, qu'il fauldra alors haster en toute dilligence. [Or, d'aultant qu'on ne peust constituer ung jour préfix pour l'accomplissement de ce que lesdicts gentilshommes ont entreprins, je vouldrois qu'ilz eussent tousjours auprès d'eulx, ou pour le moings en cour, quatre vaillans hommes bien montés pour donner advis en toute dilligence du succez dudict desseing, aussytost qu'il sera effectué, à ceulx qui auront charge de me tirer hors d'icy, afin de s'y pouvoir transporter avant que mon gardien soyt adverty de ladicte exécution, ou, à tout le moings, avant qu'il ayt le loisir de se fortifier dedans la maison, ou de me transporter ailleurs. Il seroyt nécessaire qu'on envoyast deux ou trois de ces dicts advertisseurs par divers chemins, afin que, l'un venant, à faillir, l'aultre puisse passer oultre ; et il fauldroyt en un mesme instant essayer d'empescher les passages ordinaires aux postes et courriers.*]

C'est le project que je trouve le plus à propos pour ceste entreprinse, afin de la conduire avecq esgard de nostre propre seureté. De s'esmouvoir de ce costé devant que vous soyez asseurés d'ung bon secours estrangier, ne seroyt que vous mettre, sans aulcun propos, en dangier de participer à la misérable fortune d'aultres

^{*} Les passages imprimés en italiques et entre crochets, p. 387 et 389, relatifs au projet d'assassinat, présentant une contradiction évidente avec ce qui suit immédiatement, j'ai la conviction que ce sont les interpolations faites par Phelippes dans le chiffre original.

qui ont par cydevant entreprins sur ce suject; et de me tirer hors d'icy sans estre premièrement bien asseurez de me pouvoir mettre au milieu d'une bonne armée ou en quelque lieu de seureté, jusques à ce que noz forces fussent assemblées et les estrangiers arrivés, ne seroyt que donner assés d'occasion à ceste Royne là, si elle me prenoyt de rechef, de m'enclorre en quelque fosse d'où je ne pourrois jamais sortir, si pour le moings j'en pouvois eschaper à ce prix Let de persécuter avecq toute extrémité ceulx qui m'aurovnt assisté, dont j'auroys plus de regret que d'aversité quelconque qui me pourroyt eschoir à moy mesmes. Et pour aultant, il fault que ie vous admoneste de rechef, le plus instamment qu'il m'est possible, que preniez garde et usiez d'ung soing et vigilance extraordinaire pour acheminer et asseurer si bien tout ce qui apartiendra à l'exécution de cest entreprinse que, movennant l'ayde de Dieu, vous la puissiés conduyre à une bonne et heureuse fin, remettant au jugement de noz principaulx amis de par-deçà, avec lesquels devez traicter cy-dessus, qu'ilz advisent sur ledict project (lequel ne servira que pour une proposition et ouverture) comme tous ensemble trouverez le plus expédient; et à vous en particulier je remets aussy d'asseurer les gentilshommes susdits de tout ce qui sera requis de ma part pour l'entire accomplissement de leurs bonnes intentions. Vous pourrés aussy adviser et conclurre tous ensemble si (en cas que leur desseing ne prenne pied, comme il peult advenir) il sera néantmoings expédient ou non d'entreprendre ma délivrance et l'exécution du reste de l'entreprinse. Mais, si le malheur vouloyt que ne me puissiez avoir, pour estre enfermée dedans la Tour de Londres ou en quelqu'aultre lieu avecq plus grande garde, ne laissés pourtant, je vous prie pour l'honneur de Dieu, de poursuivre le reste de l'entreprinse; car je mourray tousiours très contente quand je sçauray qu'estes délivrés de la misérable servitude en laquelle estes détenus captifz.

J'essayeray de faire prendre les armes aux catholiques d'Escosse et de leur mettre mon filz entre les mains au mesmes temps que ces choses s'effectueront icy, afin que par ce moyen noz ennemys pe puissent tirer auleur secours d'illecq. Je vouldrois aussy qu'or

caschât à faire quelqu'esmeute en Irlande, laquelle devroyt commencer ung peu auparavant qu'on feit rien par deça, afin que l'alarme fust donnée en ung endroict tout contraire a celuy où l'on prétend faire le coup.

Voz raisons qu'on doyt avoir ung général ou chef principal me semblent fort pertinentes, et pour tant seroyt bien à propos d'essayer le comte d'Arundell obliquement, ou quelqu'ung de ses frères, et mesmes d'en rechercher le jeune comte de Northumberland, s'il se trouve en liberté. D'oultremer on peult avoir le comte de West merland, le nom et la maison duquel peult beaucoup, comme sçavez, au pays du nord, et le mylord Paget, qui a aussy beaucoup de moyens en plusieurs comtés, d'icy près; l'ung et l'aultre pourront estre secrettement rammenés en ce pays, et avecq eulx plusieurs aultres des principaux bannys, si l'entreprinse vient à prendre pied. Ledit mylord Paget se trouve de présent en Espaigne, où il pourra traicter tout ce que luv vouldrés communiquer, soyt directement à luy mesmes, ou par son frère Charles, touchant ceste affaire. Prennez garde qu'aulcuns de voz messagiers, qu'envoyerez hors du royaume, ne portent lettres quelconques sur culx: ains envoyez les despesches devant ou après eulx par quelques aultres. vous garde des espions et traictres qui sont entre vous, mesmement de quelques prestres qui ont estó desjà pratiqués par noz ennemys pour vous descouvrir; et surtout ne portés jamais sur vous aucun papier qui puisse nuyre de façon que ce soyt; car de semblables erreurs est par cy-devant procédée la condemnation de ceulx qui ont esté justiciez, contre lesquelz on n'eut sans cela rien prouver-Ne discouvrés voz noms ny intentions que le moings que vous pourrés à l'ambassadeur de France qui est à Londres; car combien qu'il soyt, à ce que j'entends, ung fort honneste gentilhomme, de bonne conscience et relligion, si me doutè-je que son maistre ne tienne avecq ceste Royne là ung aultre train tout contraire à noz intentions, qui pourroyt cetre cause de luy faire interrompre noz desseings s'il en avoyt la cognoissance.

J'ay jusques à présent faict instance qu'on changeast mon logis st pour responce on a nommé le seul chasteau de Dudley, comme

e plus propre pour m'y loger, tellement qu'il y a apparence que le dans la fin de cest esté on m'y mènera. Pourtant advisez, aussytost que j'y seray, sur les moyens dont on pourra user ès environs pour m'en faire eschapper. Si je demeure icy, on ne se peult servir que d'ung de ces trois expédients qui s'ensuyvent : le premier qu'à ung jour préfix, comme je seray sortye pour prendre l'air à cheval sur la plaine, qui est entre ce lieu et Stafford, où vous sçavez qu'il se rencontre ordinairement bien peu de personnes, quelques cinquante ou soixante hommes bien montez et armez me viennent prendre; ce qu'ilz pourront aysément faire, mon gardien n'ayant communément avecq luy que dix-huict ou vingt chevaulx, pourveus seulement de pistolles. Le second est qu'on vienne à minuict, ou tost après, mettre le feu ès granges et estables que vous sçavés estre auprès de la maison, afin que les serviteurs de mon gardien y estant accourus, voz gens ayant chascun une marque pour se recognoistre de nuict, puissent ce pendant surprendre la maison, où j'espère vous pouvoir seconder avecq ce peu de serviteurs que i'y ay. Le troisiesme est que les charrettes qui viennent icy, ordinairement arrivant de grand matin, on les pourroyt accomoder de façon et y apposter tels charretiers, qu'estant soubz la grande porte ies charettes se renverseroynt tellement qu'i accourant, quant et quant, avec ceulx de vostre suyte, vous vous pourriez faire maistre le la maison et m'enlever incontinent, ce qui ne seroyt difficile a exécuter, devant qu'il y peult arriver aulcun nombre de soldats au ecours, d'aultant qu'ilz sont logés en plusieurs endroicts hors d'icy, quelques ungs à demy mile et d'aultres à ung mile entier.

Quelle qu'en soit l'yssue, je vous ay et auray tous jours très grande obligation pour l'offre qu'avez faict de vous mettre en hazard, somme faictes, pour ma délivrance, et j'essaycray, par tous les noyens que jamais je pourray, de le recognoistre en vostre endroict somme méritez. J'ay commandé qu'on vous feit un plus ample alphabet, lequel vous sera baillé avecq la présente. Dieu tout puissant vous ayt en sa saincte garde.

Vostre entièrement bonne amye à jamays,

Au-dessous est ecrit ce qui suit: C'est la copie des lettres de la Royne d'Escosse dernièrement à moy envoyées.

ANTHONIE BABINGTON.

Je pense de vray que c'est la lettre escripte par Sa Majesté à Babington, comme il me souvient.

6 september 1586.

NAU.

Telle ou semblable me semble avoir esté la response escript en françoys par monsieur Nau, laquelle j'ay traduict et mis en chiffre, comme j'en fais mention au pied d'une copie de la lettre de Mr Babington, laquelle monsieur Nau a signé le premier.

GILBERT CURLE.
5 september 1586.

Au dos de la main de Phelippes: Queen

Scots to Anthony Babington.
17 july 1586.

Post-Scriptum attribué à Marie Stuart.

I would be glad to know the names and qualities of the six genmemen which are to accomplish the designment; for that it may be I shall be able, upon knowledge of the parties, to give you some further advice necessary to be followed therein; [And even so, do I wish to be made acquainted with the names of all such principal

* Le chiffre original de ce post-scriptum fut trouvé en 1842, par M. P. F. Tytler, dans le State paper office de Londres (voy. History of Scotland, t. VIII, p. 326), et c'est M. Lemon qui l'a déchiffré. Il n'entrait nullement dans mes intentions d'admettre dans ce Recueil aucune pièce apocryphe: mais comme ce faux post-scriptum me semble une des preuves les plus convaingantes des interpolations introduites dans la lettre même de Marie Stuart, et que j'ai signalées ci-dessus dans la note, p. 390, J'ai cru devoir le reproduire ich

persons, as also who be already as also who be†]. As also from time to time, particularly how you proceed: and as soon as you mey, for the same purpose, who be already, and how far every one, privy hereunto.

script of the Scottish Queen's letter to
Babington

ATTESTATION DE MR. ROBERT LEMON.

I hereby declare, that the above is a true and literal decipher of the document in the State paper office in cipher endorsed by Philipps.—The postscript of the Scottish Qreen's letter to Babington.

—The lines struck through with the pen are in a similar manner struck through in the original. The spelling has been modernized (en janvier 1842).

ROBERT LEMON.

(G.)-See page 363

Le 7 feorier 1582.

Marie Stuart, Royne D'Escosse et Douairière de France; la dicte copie prise sur l'original du dit testament et du dit mémoire olographes et tout escrits et signés de la propre main de la dicte Royne, la veille et le jour de se mort qui fut le 8 fevrier 1587.

Au nom du Père, du Fils, et du Saint Esprit.

Je Marie, par la grace de Dieu, Royne d'Escosse, Douairière de France, estant preste de mourir et n'ayant pas moyen de faire mon testament, j'ay mis ces articles par escrit, lesquels j'entens et veus avoir mesme force que s'ils estoient mis en forme.

Protestant premier de mourir en la foy Catholique, Apostolique, et Romaine. Premier, je veus qu'il soit faict ung service complet pour mon âme en l'eglise de Saint Denis en France, et l'autre à Saint Pierre de Rheims, ou tous mes serviteurs se trouveront en la manière qu'il sera ordonné à ceux à qui j'en donne la charge, icy dessous nommés.

Plus q'ung obit annuel soit fondé pour prier pour mon âme à erpétuité, au lieu et en la manière qu'il sera advisé le plus n'amode.

sour è quoy fournir je veus que mes maisons de Fontainebleau

soient vendues, espérant qu'au surplus le Roy m'aydera, comme pour mon memoire je l'en requiers.

Je veus que ma terre d'Estrépagny demeure à mon cousin de Guize pour unne de ses filles, si elle venoit à extre mariée. En ces quartiers je quitteray la moitié des arrérages qui me sont deus, ou unne partie, à condition que l'autre soit payée pour estre par mes exécuteurs employée en aumosne perpétuelle.

Pour à quoy mieus pourvoir, les papiers seront recherchés et délivrés selon l'assignation pour en faire la poursuitte.

Je veus aussy que l'argent qui se retirera de mon procès de Secondat soit distribué comme il s'ensuit.

Premier, à la descharge du payement de mes debtes et mandements cy après nommés qui ne seront jà payés; premier les deus mil escus de Courle que je veus luy estre payés sans nulle contradiction comme estant en faveur de mariage, sans que Nau, ny autre luy en puisse rien demander, quelque obligation qu'il en aye, d'autant qu'elle n'est que feinte et que l'argent estoit a moy et non emprunté, lequel je ne fis que luy montrer, et l'ai depuis retiré, et me l'a on pris depuis avec le reste à Chartelay, lequel je luy donne s'il le peut recouvrer, comme il a esté promis, pour payement des quatre mil francs promis par ma mort, et mil pour marier unne sienne seur, et m'ayant demandé le reste pour ses despens en prison. Quant à l'assignation de pareille somme à Nau, elle n'est pas d'obligation; et pour ce a tousjours esté mon intention que elle fust la dernière payée, et encores en cas qu'il fasse aparoir n'avoir faict contre la condition pour laquelle je les luy avois donnés, au tesmoignage de mes serviteurs.

Pour la partie de douze cens escus qu'il m'a faict allouer, par luy empruntée pour mon service de Beauregard jusques a six cens escus, et de Gervais trois cens, et le reste je ne sçay d'où, il fault qu'il les repaye de son argent et que j'en soie quitte et l'assignation cassée, car je n'en ay rien receu, mais est le tout en ces coffres, si ce n'estoit que ils en soient payés par decà. Comme que ce soit, il fault que ceste partie me revienne bonne, n'ayant rien receu, et slesse estoit payée, je dois avoir recours sur son bien; et puis je veus que Pasquier compte des deniers que il a despendus et receus par le commandement de Nau par les mains des serviteurs de Monsieur de Chasteauneuf, l'ambassadeur de France.

Plus, je veus que me comptes soyent onys, et mon trésorier payé.

Plus, que les gaiges et parties de mes gens, tant de l'année passée que de la présente, soyent tous payées avant toute autre choses, tant gaiges que pensions, horsmis les pensions de Nau et de Courle, jusques à ce que l'on suche ce qui en doibt avenir, et ce qu'ils auront mérité de moy pour pensions, si ce n'est que la femme de Courle soit en nécessité, ou luy maltraitte pour moy : des gaiges de Nau de mesme.

Je veus que les deus mil quatre cens francs que j'ai donné à Jeanne Knedy luy soient payés en argent, comme il estoit porté en son premier don, quoy faisant la pension de Volly Douglas me reviendra, laquelle je donne à Fontenay pour ses services et despens non récomponsés.

Je veus que les quatre mil escus de ce banquier soyent solicités et repayés, duquel j'ay oublié le nom; mais l'évesque de Glascou s'en resouviendra asses; et si l'assignation première venait à manquer, je veus qu'il leur en soit donnée unne sur les premiers deniers de Secondat.

Les dix mil francs que l'ambassadeur avoit receuz pour moy, je veus qu'ils soient employés entre mes serviteurs qui s'en vont è présent; à sçavoir:

Premier, deus mil francs à mon medecin,
deus mil à Elizabet Courle,
deus mil francs a Sébastien Paiges,
deus mil à Marie Paiges, ma filleule
à Beauregard mil francs,
à Movbray mil francs,
mil à Gourgen,
mil à Gervais

Plus, sur les autres deniers de mon revenu, et reste de Secondat, et de toutes mes casualités, je veus estre employés cinq mil francs à la Miséricorde des enfents de Knems.

A mes escolliers deus mil francs.

Aus Quatres (ordres) Mendiants la somme qui semblera nécessaire à mes exécuteurs, selon les moyens qui se trouverront.

Cinq cens frans aus hospitaus.

A l'escuyer de cuisine Martin je donne mille francs.

Mil francs à Annibal, et le laisse à mon cousin de Guyse, son parrain, à le mettre en quelque lieu pour sa vie en son service.

Je laisse cinq cens frans à Nicolas et cinq cens francs pour ses filles, quand il les marrira.

Je laisse cinq cens francs à Robin Hamilton, et prie mon fils le prendre, et monsieur de Glascou, ou l'evesque de Rosce.

Je laisse à Didier son greffe, sous la faveur du Roy.

Je donne cinq ceus francs à Jean Landor et prie mon cousin de Guyse ou du Mayne le prendre en leur service, et Messieurs de Glascou et de Rosse qu'ils ayent soing de le voir pourveu. Je veus que son père, soit payé de ses gaiges, et luy laisse cinq cens francs.

Je veus que mil francs soyent payés à Gourgeon pour argent et autres choses qu'il m'a fournies en ma nécessité.

Je veus que, si Bourgoin accomplit le voyage du vœu qu'il a faict pour moy à Saint Nicolas, que quinze cens francs lui soient livrés à cet effect.

Je laisse, selon mon peu de moyen, sil mil francs à l'évesque de Glascou, et trois mil à celuy de Rosse.

Et je laisse la donaison de casualités et droicts seigneurians écélés, à mon filleul, fils de monsieur Du Ruisseau.

Je donne trois cens francs à Laurens.

Plus, trois cens francs à Suzanne.

Et laisse dix mil francs entre les quatres parties qui ont esté respondanz pour moy, et au solliciteur Varmy.

Je veus que l'argent provenant des meubles que j'ay ordonnés

estre vendus à Londres, soit peur deffrayer le voya çe des mes gens jusques en France.

Ma coche, je la laisse pour mener mes filles, et les chevaus pour les vendre ou autrement en faire leurs commodités.

Il y a environ cent escus des gaiges des années passées deubs à Bourgoing que je veus luy estre payés.

Je laisse deus mil francs à Melvin, mon maistre d'hostel.

Je ordonne pour principal exécuteur de ma volonté mon cousin le duc de Guise.

Aprés luy l'archevesque de Glascou; l'évesque de Rosse, et monsieur Du Ruisseau, mon chancelier.

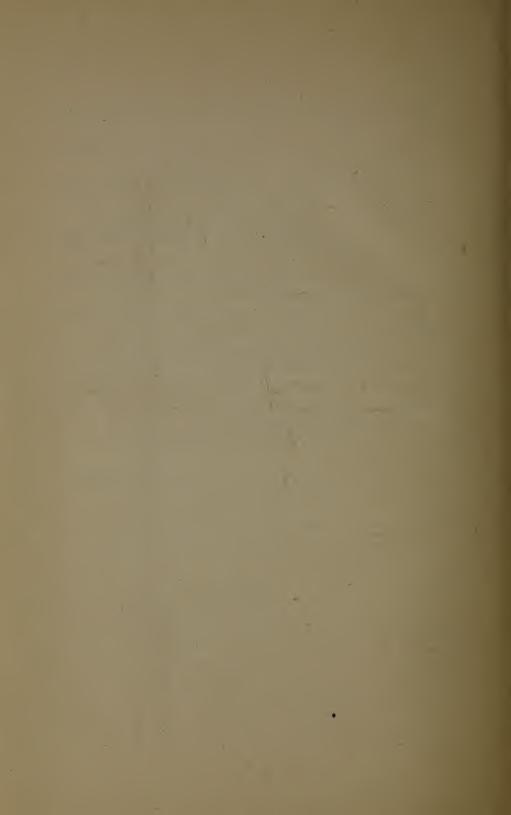
J'entend que sans faute Le Préau jouisse de ses deux prébandes.

Je recommande Marie Paiges, ma filleule, à ma cousine madame de Guyse, et la prie la prendre en son service; et ma trate de Saint Pierre, faire mettre Movbray en quelque bon heu, ou a vetenir et son service pour l'honneur de Dieu.

Faict ce jourd'huy 7 février 1587.

Ainsi signé,

MAP E, RRIER



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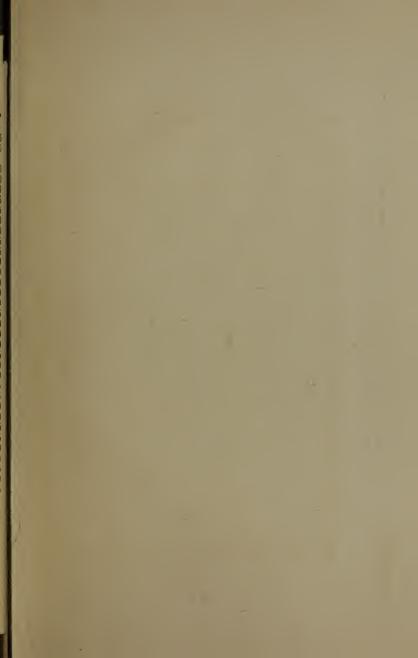
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